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## THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

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### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### MR. PUDDLEHAM'S NEW CHAPEL.

THE vicar devoted a week to the consideration of his grievance about the chapel, and then did write to the marquis. Indeed, there was no time to be lost if he intended to do anything, as on the second day after his interview with Mr. Grimes, Grimes himself, with two of his men to assist him, began his measuring on the devoted spot, sticking in little marks for the corners of the projected building, and turning up a sod here and there. Mr. Grimes was a staunch Churchman; and though in the way of business he was very glad to have the building of a Methodist chapel—or of a Pagan temple, if such might come in his way—yet, even though he possibly might give some offence to the great man's shadow in Bullhampton, he was willing to postpone his work for two or three days at the vicar's request. "Grimes," the vicar said, "I'm not quite sure that I like this."

"Well, sir—no, sir. I was thinking myself, sir, that maybe you might take it unkind in the marquis."

"I think I shall write to him. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving over for

a day or two." Grimes yielded at once, and took his spade and measurements away, although Mr. Puddleham fretted a good deal. Mr. Puddleham had been much elated by the prospect of his new Bethel, and had, it must be confessed, received into his mind an idea that it would be a good thing to quarrel with the vicar under the auspices of the landlord. Fenwick's character had hitherto been too strong for him, and he had been forced into parochial quiescence and religious amity almost in spite of his conscience. He was a much older man than Mr. Fenwick, having been for thirty years in the ministry, and he had always previously enjoyed the privilege of being on bad terms with the clergyman of the Establishment. It had been his glory to be a poacher on another man's manor—to filch souls, as it were, out of the keeping of a pastor of a higher grade than himself—to say severe things of the shortcomings of an endowed clergyman, and to obtain recognition of his position by the activity of his operations in the guise of a blister. Our vicar, understanding something of this, had, with some malice toward the gentleman himself, determined to rob Mr. Puddleham of his blistering powers. There is no

doubt a certain pleasure in poaching which does not belong to the licit following of game, but a man can't poach if the right of shooting be accorded to him. Mr. Puddleham had not been quite happy in his mind amidst the ease and amiable relations which Mr. Fenwick enforced upon him, and had long since begun to feel that a few cabbages and peaches did not repay him for the loss of those pleasant and bitter things which it would have been his to say in his daily walks and from the pulpit of his Salem, had he not been thus hampered, confined and dominated. Hitherto he had hardly gained a single soul from under Mr. Fenwick's grasp—had indeed on the balance lost his grasp on souls, and was beginning to be aware that this was so because of the cabbages and the peaches. He told himself that though he had not hankered after these flesh-pots, that though he would have preferred to be without the flesh-pots, he had submitted to them. He was painfully conscious of the guile of this young man, who had, as it were, cheated him out of that appropriate acerbity of religion without which a proselyting sect can hardly maintain its ground beneath the shadow of an endowed and domineering Church. War was necessary to Mr. Puddleham. He had come to be hardly anybody at all because he was at peace with the vicar of the parish in which he was established. His eyes had been becoming gradually open to all this for years; and when he had been present at the bitter quarrel between the vicar and the marquis, he had at once told himself that now was his opportunity. He had intended to express a clear opinion to Mr. Fenwick that he, Mr. Fenwick, had been very wrong in speaking to the marquis as he had spoken; and as he was walking out of the farm-house he was preparing some words as to the respect due to those in authority. It happened, however, that at that moment the wind was taken out of his sails by a strange comparison which the vicar made to him between their own sins, two ministers of God as they were, and the sins of Carry

Brattle. Mr. Puddleham at the moment had been cowed and quelled. He was not quite able to carry himself in the vicar's presence as though he were the vicar's equal. But the desire for a quarrel remained, and when it was suggested to him by Mr. Packer, the marquis' man of business, that the green opposite to the vicarage gate would be a convenient site for his chapel, and that the marquis was ready to double his before-proffered subscription, then he saw plainly that the moment had come, and that it was fitting that he should gird up his loins and return all future cabbages to the proud donor.

Mr. Puddleham had his eye keenly set on the scene of his future ministration, and was aware of Grimes' default almost as soon as that man with his myrmidons had left the ground. He at once went to Grimes with heavy denunciations, with threats of the marquis and with urgent explanation as to the necessity of instant work. But Grimes was obdurate. The vicar had asked him to leave the work for a day or two, and of course he must do what the vicar asked. If he couldn't be allowed to do as much as that for the vicar of the parish, Bullhampton wouldn't be, in Mr. Grimes' opinion, any place for anybody to live in. Mr. Puddleham argued the matter out, but he argued in vain. Mr. Grimes declared that there was time enough, and that he would have the work finished by the time fixed—unless, indeed, the marquis should change his mind. Mr. Puddleham regarded this as a most improbable supposition. "The marquis doesn't change his mind, Mr. Grimes," he said; and then he walked forth from Mr. Grimes' house with much offence.

By this time all Bullhampton knew of the quarrel—knew of it, although Mr. Fenwick had been so very careful to guard himself from any quarreling at all. He had not spoken a word in anger on the subject to any one but his wife, and in making his request to Grimes had done so with hypocritical good-humor. But nevertheless he was aware that the parish was becoming hot about it; and when he sat down to write his letter to

the marquis, he was almost minded to give up the idea of writing, to return to Grimes and to allow the measuring and sod-turning to be continued. Why should a place of worship opposite to his gate be considered by him as an injury? Why should the psalm-singing of Christian brethren hurt his ears as he walked about his garden? And if, through the infirmity of his nature, his eyes and his ears were hurt, what was that to the great purport for which he had been sent into the parish? Was he not about to create enmity by his opposition? and was it not his special duty to foster love and good-will among his people? After all, he, within his own vicarage grounds, had all that it was intended that he should possess; and that he held very firmly. Poor Mr. Puddleham had no such firm holding; and why should he quarrel with Mr. Puddleham because that ill-paid preacher sought so earnestly to strengthen the ground on which his Salem stood?

As he passed, however, to think of all this, there came upon him the conviction that in this thing that was to be done the marquis was determined to punish him personally, and he could not resist the temptation of fighting the marquis. And then, if he succumbed easily in this affair, would it not follow almost as a matter of course that the battle against him would be carried on elsewhere? If he yielded now, resolving to ignore altogether any idea of his own comfort or his own taste, would he thereby maintain that tranquillity in his parish which he thought to be desirable? He had already seen that in Mr. Puddleham's manner to himself which made him sure that Mr. Puddleham was ambitious to be a sword in the right hand of the marquis.

Personally, the vicar was himself pugnacious. Few men, perhaps, were more so. If there must be a fight, let them come on and he would do his best. Turning the matter thus backward and forward in his mind, he came at last to the conclusion that there must be a fight, and consequently he wrote the following letter to the marquis:

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Jan. 3, 186-  
"MY LORD MARQUIS:

"I learned by chance the other day in the village that a new chapel for the use of the Methodist congregation of the parish was to be built on the little open green immediately opposite the vicarage gate, and that this special spot of ground had been selected and given by your lordship for this purpose. I do not at all know what truth there may be in this, except that Mr. Grimes, the carpenter here, has received orders from your agent about the work. It may probably be the case that the site has been chosen by Mr. Packer, and not by your lordship. As no real delay to the building can at this time of the year arise from a short postponement of the beginning, I have asked Mr. Grimes to desist till I shall have written to you on the subject.

"I can assure your lordship, in the first place, that no clergyman of the Established Church in the kingdom can be less unwilling than I am that they who dissent from my teaching in the parish should have a commodious place of worship. If land belonged to me in the place, I would give it myself for such a purpose; and were there no other available site than that chosen, I would not for a moment remonstrate against it. I had heard, with satisfaction, from Mr. Puddleham himself, that another spot was chosen near the cross-roads in the village, on which there is more space, to which, as I believe, there is no objection, and which would certainly be nearer than that now selected to the majority of the congregation.

"But of course it would not be for me to trouble your lordship as to the ground on which a Methodist chapel should be built, unless I had reason to show why the site now chosen is objectionable. I do not for a moment question your lordship's right to give the site. There is something less than a quarter of an acre in the patch in question; and though hitherto I have always regarded it as belonging in some sort to the vicarage—as being a part, as it were, of the entrance—I feel convinced that you, as landlord of the ground, would not enter-

tain the idea of bestowing it for any purpose without being sure of your right to do so. I raise no question on this point, believing that there is none to be raised; but I respectfully submit to your lordship whether such an erection as that contemplated by you will not be a lasting injury to the vicarage of Bullhampton, and whether you would wish to inflict a lasting and gratuitous injury on the vicar of a parish the greatest portion of which belongs to yourself.

"No doubt life will be very possible to me and my wife, and to succeeding vicars and their wives, with a red-brick chapel built as a kind of watch-tower over the vicarage gate. So would life be possible at Turnover Park with a similar edifice immediately before your lordship's hall door. Knowing very well that the reasonable wants of the Methodists cannot make such a building on such a spot necessary, you no doubt would not consent to it; and I now venture to ask you to put a stop to this building here for the same reason. Were there no other site in the parish equally commodious, I would not say a word.

"I have the honor to be your lordship's most obedient servant,

"FRANCIS FENWICK."

Lord Trowbridge, when he received this letter—when he had only partially read it, and had not at all digested it—was disposed to yield the point. He was a silly man, thinking much too highly of his own position, believing himself entitled to unlimited deference from all those who in any way came within the rays of his magnificence, and easily made angry by opposition; but he was not naturally prone to inflict evil, and did in some degree recognize it as a duty attached to his splendor that he should be beneficent to the inferiors with whom he was connected. Great as was his wrath against the present vicar of Bullhampton, and thoroughly as he conceived it to be expedient that so evil-minded a pastor should be driven out of the parish, nevertheless he felt some scruple at taking a step which would be injurious to the parish vicar, let the

parish vicar be who he might. Packer was the sinner who had originated the new plan for punishing Mr. Fenwick—Packer, with the assistance of Mr. Puddleham; and the marquis, though he had in some sort authorized the plan, had in truth thought very little about it. When the vicar spoke of the lasting injury to the vicarage, and when Lord Trowbridge remembered that he owned two thousand and two acres within the parish—as Mr. Puddleham had told him—he began to think that the chapel had better be built elsewhere. The vicar was a pestilent man, to whom punishment was due, but the punishment should be made to attach itself to the man rather than to the man's office. So was working the marquis' mind till the marquis came upon that horrid passage in the vicar's letter in which it was suggested that the building of a Methodist chapel in his own park, immediately in front of his own august hall door, might under certain circumstances be expedient. The remark was almost as pernicious and unpardonable as that which had been made about his lordship's daughters. It was manifest to him that the vicar intended to declare that marquises were no more than other people, and that the declaration was made and insisted on with the determination of insulting him. Had this apostate priest been capable of feeling any proper appreciation of his own position and that of the marquis, he would have said nothing of Turnover Park. When the marquis had read the letter a second time and had digested it, he perceived that its whole tenor was bad, that the writer was evil-minded, and that no request made by him should be granted. Even though the obnoxious chapel should have to be pulled down for the benefit of another vicar, it should be put up for the punishment of this vicar. A man who wants to have a favor done for him can hardly hope to be successful if he asks for the favor with insolence. So the heart of the marquis was hardened, and he was strengthened to do that which misbecame him both as a gentleman and a landlord.



He did not answer the letter for some time, but he saw Packer, saw his head agent, and got out the map of the property. The map of the property was not very clear in the matter, but he remembered the space well, and convinced himself that no other place in all Bullhampton could be so appropriate for a Methodist chapel. At the end of a week he caused a reply to be written to Mr. Fenwick. He would not demean himself by writing with his own hand, but he gave his orders to the head agent. The head agent merely informed the vicar that it was considered that the spot of ground in question was the most appropriate in the village for the purpose in hand.

Mrs. Fenwick, when she heard the reply, burst out into tears. She was a woman by no means over-devoted to the things of this world—who thought much of her duties and did them—who would have sacrificed anything for her husband and children—who had learned the fact that both little troubles and great, if borne with patience, may be borne with ease; but she did think much of her house, was proud of her garden, and rejoiced in the external prettiness of her surroundings. It was gall to her that this hideous building should be so placed as to destroy the comeliness of that side of her abode. "We shall hear their singing and ranting whenever we open our front windows," she said.

"Then we won't open them," said the vicar.

"We can't help ourselves. Just see what it will be whenever we go in and out! We might just as well have it inside the house at once."

"You speak as though Mr. Puddleham were always in his pulpit."

"They're always doing something; and then the building will be there, whether it is open or shut. It will alter the parish altogether, and I really think it will be better that you should get an exchange."

"And run away from my enemy?"

"It would be running away from an intolerable nuisance."

"I won't do that," said the vicar.

"If there were no other reasons for staying, I won't put it in the power of the Marquis of Trowbridge to say that he has turned me out of my parish, and so punished me because I have not submitted myself to him. I have not sought the quarrel. He has been overbearing and insolent, and now is meanly desirous to injure me because I will not suffer his insolence. No doubt, placed as he is, he can do much, but he cannot turn me out of Bullhampton."

"What is the good of staying, Frank, if we are to be made wretched?"

"We won't be made wretched. What! be wretched because there is an ugly building opposite to your outside gate! It is almost wicked to say so. I don't like it. I like the doing of the thing less even than the thing itself. If it can be stopped, I will stop it. If it could be prevented by any amount of fighting, I should think myself right to fight in such a cause. If I can see my way to doing anything to oppose the marquis, it shall be done. But I won't run away." Mrs. Fenwick said nothing more on the subject at that moment, but she felt that the glory and joy of the vicarage were gone from it.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### SAM BRATTLE GOES OFF AGAIN.

MR. GRIMES had suggested to the vicar in a very low whisper that the new chapel might perhaps be put down as a nuisance. "It ain't for me to say, of course," said Mr. Grimes, "and in the way of business one building is as good as another as long as you see your money. But buildings is stopped because they're nuisances." This occurred a day or two after the receipt of the agent's letter from Turnover, and the communication was occasioned by orders given to Mr. Grimes to go on with the building instantly, unless he intended to withdraw from the job. "I don't think, Grimes, that I can call a place of Christian worship a nuisance," said the vicar. To this Grimes rejoined that he had known a nunnery bell to be stopped

because it was a nuisance, and that he didn't see why a Methodist chapel bell was not as bad as a nunnery bell. Fenwick had declared that he would fight if he could find a leg to stand upon, and he thanked Grimes, saying that he would think of the suggestion. But when he thought of it, he did not see that any remedy was open to him on that side. In the mean time, Mr. Puddleham attacked Grimes with great severity because the work was not continued. Mr. Puddleham, feeling that he had the marquis at his back, was eager for the fight. He had already received in the street a salutation from the vicar, cordial as usual, with the very slightest bend of his neck and the sourest expression of his mouth. Mrs. Puddleham had already taught the little Puddlehams that the vicarage cabbages were bitter with the wormwood of an endowed Establishment, and ought no longer to be eaten by the free children of an open Church. Mr. Puddleham had already raised up his voice in his existing tabernacle as to the injury which was being done to his flock, and had been very touching on the subject of the little vineyard which the wicked king coveted. When he described himself as Naboth, it could not but be supposed that Ahab and Jezebel were both in Bullhampton. It went forth through the village that Mr. Puddleham had described Mrs. Fenwick as Jezebel, and the torch of discord had been thrown down and war was raging through the parish.

There had come to be very high words indeed between Mr. Grimes and Mr. Puddleham, and some went so far as to declare that they had heard the builder threaten to punch the minister's head. This Mr. Grimes denied stoutly, as the Methodist party were making much of it in consequence of Mr. Puddleham's cloth and advanced years. "There's no lies is too hot for them," said Mr. Grimes, in his energy, "and no lawlessness too heavy." Then he absolutely refused to put his hand to a spade or a trowel. He had his time named in his contract, he said, and nobody had a right to drive him. This

was ended by the appearance on a certain Monday morning of a Baptist builder from Salisbury, with all the appurtenances of his trade, and with a declaration on Mr. Grimes' part that he would have the law on the two leading members of the Puddleham congregation, from whom he had received his original order. In truth, however, there had been no contract, and Mr. Grimes had gone to work upon a verbal order, which, according to the Puddleham theory, he had already vitiated by refusing compliance with its terms. He, however, was hot upon his lawsuit, and thus the whole parish was by the ears.

It may be easily understood how much Mr. Fenwick would suffer from all this. It had been specially his pride that his parish had been at peace, and he had plumed himself on the way in which he had continued to clip the claws with which nature had provided the Methodist minister. Though he was fond of a fight himself, he had taught himself to know that in no way could he do the business of his life more highly or more usefully than as a peacemaker; and as a peacemaker he had done it. He had never put his hand within Mr. Puddleham's arm, and whispered a little parochial nothing into his neighbor's ear, without taking some credit to himself for his cleverness. He had called his peaches angels of peace, and had spoken of his cabbages as being dove-winged. All this was now over, and there was hardly one in Bullhampton who was not busy hating and abusing somebody else.

And then there came another trouble on the vicar. Just at the end of January, Sam Brattle came up to the vicarage and told Mr. Fenwick that he was going to leave the mill. Sam was dressed very decently, but he was attired in an un-Bullhampton fashion, which was not pleasant to Mr. Fenwick's eyes; and there was about him an air which seemed to tell of filial disobedience and personal independence.

"But you mean to come back again, Sam?" said the vicar.

"Well, sir, I don't know as I do. Father and I has had words."

"And that is to be a reason why you should leave him? You speak of your father as though he were no more to you than another man."

"I wouldn't ha' borne not a tenth of it from no other man, Mr. Fenwick."

"Well, and what of that? Is there any measure of what is due by you to your father? Remember, Sam, I know your father well."

"You do, sir."

"He is a very just man, and he is very fond of you. You are the apple of his eye, and now you would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"You ask mother, sir, and she'll tell you how it is. I just said a word to him—a word as was right to be said—and he turned upon me and bade me go away and come back no more."

"Do you mean that he has banished you from the mill?"

"He said what I tells you. He told mother afterward that if so as I would promise never to mention that thing again, I might come and go as I pleased. But I wasn't going to make no such promise. I up and told him so, and then he—cursed me."

For a moment or two the vicar was silent, thinking whether in this affair Sam had been most wrong, or the old man. Of course he was hearing but one side of the question: "What was it, Sam, that he forbid you to mention?"

"It don't matter now, sir; only I thought I'd better come and tell you, along of your being the bail, sir."

"Do you mean that you are going to leave Bullhampton altogether?"

"To leave it altogether, Mr. Fenwick. I ain't doing no good here."

"And why shouldn't you do good? Where can you do more good?"

"It can't be good to be having words with father day after day."

"But, Sam, I don't think you can go away. You are bound by the magistrates' orders. I don't speak for myself, but I fear the police would be after you."

"And is it to go on allays—that a chap can't move to better hisself, because them fellows can't catch the men as murdered old Trumbull? That can't

be law, nor yet justice." Upon this there arose a discussion, in which the vicar endeavored to explain to the young man that as he had evidently consorted with the men who were, on the strongest possible grounds, suspected to be the murderers, and as he had certainly been with those men where he had no business to be—namely, in Mr. Fenwick's own garden at night—he had no just cause of complaint at finding his own liberty more crippled than that of other people. No doubt Sam understood this well enough, as he was sharp and intelligent; but he fought his own battle, declaring that as the vicar had not prosecuted him for being in the garden, nobody could be entitled to punish him for that offence; and that, as it had been admitted that there was no evidence connecting him with the murder, no policeman could have a right to confine him to one parish. He argued the matter so well that Mr. Fenwick was left without much to say. He was unwilling to press his own responsibility in the matter of the bail, and therefore allowed the question to fall through, tacitly admitting that if Sam chose to leave the parish there was nothing in the affair of the murder to hinder him. He went back, therefore, to the inexpediency of the young man's departure, telling him that he would rush right into the devil's jaws. "May be so, Mr. Fenwick," said Sam, "but I'm sure I'll never be out of 'em as long as I stays here in Bullhampton."

"But what is it all about, Sam?"

The vicar, as he asked the question, had a very distinct idea in his own head as to the cause of the quarrel, and was aware that his sympathies were with the son rather than with the father. Sam answered never a word, and the vicar repeated his question: "You have quarreled with your father before this, and have made it up. Why should not you make up this quarrel?"

"Because he cursed me," said Sam.

"An idle word, spoken in wrath! Don't you know your father well enough to take that for what it is worth? What was it about?"

"It was about Carry, then."

"What had you said?"

"I said as how she ought to be let come home again, and that if I was to stay there at the mill, I'd fetch her. Then he struck at me with one of the mill-bolts. But I didn't think much o' that."

"Was it then he—cursed you?"

"No; mother came up, and I went aside with her. I told her as I'd go on speaking to the old man about Carry; and so I did."

"And where is Carry?" Sam made no reply to this whatever. "You know where she can be found, Sam?" Sam shook his head, but didn't speak. "You couldn't have said that you would fetch her, if you didn't know where to find her."

"I wouldn't stop till I did find her, if the old man would take her back again. She's bad enough, no doubt, but there's others worse nor her."

"Where did you see her last?"

"Over at Pycroft."

"And whither did she go from Pycroft, Sam?"

"She went to Lon'on, I suppose, Mr. Fenwick."

"And what is her address in London?"

In reply to this Sam again shook his head. "Do you mean to seek her now?"

"What's the use of seeking her, if I ain't got nowhere to put her into? Father's got a house and plenty of room in it. Where could I put her?"

"Sam, if you'll find her and bring her to any place for me to see her, I'll find a home for her somewhere. I will indeed. Or, if I knew where she was, I'd go up to London to her myself. She's not my sister!"

"No, sir, she ain't. The likes of you won't likely have a sister the likes of her. She's a—"

"Sam, stop. Don't say a bitter word of her. You love her."

"Yes, I do. That don't make her not a bad 'un."

"So do I love her. And as for being bad, which of us isn't bad? The world is very hard on her offence."

"Down on it, like a dog on a rat."

"It is not for me to make light of her sin, but her sin can be washed away as well as other sin. I love her too. She was the brightest, kindest, sauciest little lass in all the parish when I came here."

"Father was proud enough of her then, Mr. Fenwick."

"You find her and let me know where she is, and I will make out a home for her somewhere; that is, if she will be tractable. I'm afraid your father won't take her at the mill."

"He'll never set eyes on her again, if he can help it. As for you, Mr. Fenwick, if there was only a few more like you about, the world wouldn't be so bad to get on in. Good-bye, Mr. Fenwick."

"Good-bye, Sam, if it must be so."

"And don't you be afeard about me, Mr. Fenwick. If the hue-and-cry is out anyways again me, I'll turn up. That I will—though it was to be hung afterward—sooner than you'd be hurt by anything I'd been a-doing."

So they parted, as friends rather than as enemies, though the vicar knew very well that the young man was wrong to go and leave his father and mother, and that in all probability he would fall at once into some bad mode of living. But the conversation about Carry Brattle had so softened their hearts to each other that Mr. Fenwick found it impossible to be severe. And he knew, moreover, that no severity of expression would have been of avail. He couldn't have stopped Sam from going had he preached to him for an hour.

After that the building of the chapel went on apace, the large tradesman from Salisbury being quicker in his work than could have been the small tradesman belonging to Bullhampton. In February there came a hard frost, and still the bricklayers were at work. It was said in Bullhampton that walls built as those walls were being built could never stand. But then it might be that these reports were spread by Mr. Grimes; that the fanatical ardor of the Salisbury Baptist lent something to the rapidity of his operations; and that the Bullhampton feeling in favor of Mr. Fenwick and the Church Establishment added

something to the bitterness of the prevailing criticisms. At any rate, the walls of the new chapel were mounting higher and higher all through February, and by the end of the first week in March there stood immediately opposite to the vicarage gate a hideously ugly building, roofless, doorless, windowless, with those horrid words, "New Salem, 186-," legibly inscribed on a visible stone inserted above the doorway—a thing altogether as objectionable to the eyes of a Church-of-England parish clergyman as the imagination of any friend or enemy could devise. We all know the abominable adjuncts of a new building—the squalid, half-used heaps of bad mortar, the eradicated grass, the truculent mud, the scattered brickbats, the remnants of timber, the débris of the workmen's dinners, the morsels of paper scattered through the dirt! There had from time to time been actual encroachments on the vicarage grounds, and Mrs. Fenwick, having discovered that the paint had been injured on the vicarage gate, had sent an angry message to the Salisbury Baptist. The Salisbury Baptist had apologized to Mr. Fenwick, saying that such things would happen in the building of houses, etc., and Mr. Fenwick had assured him that the matter was of no consequence. He was not going to descend into the arena with the Salisbury Baptist. In this affair the Marquis of Trowbridge was his enemy, and with the marquis he would fight if there was to be any fight at all. He would stand at his gate and watch the work and speak good-naturedly to the workmen, but he was in truth sick at heart. The thing, horrible as it was to him, so fascinated him that he could not keep his mind from it. During all this time it made his wife miserable. She had literally grown thin under the infliction of the new chapel. For more than a fortnight she had refused to visit the front gate of her own house. To and from church she always went by the garden wicket, but in going to the school she had to make a long round to avoid the chapel, and this round she made day after day. Fenwick himself, still hoping

that there might be some power of fighting, had written to an enthusiastic archdeacon, a friend of his, who lived not very far distant. The archdeacon had consulted the bishop—really troubled deeply about the matter—and the bishop had taken upon himself, with his own hands, to write words of mild remonstrance to the marquis. "For the welfare of the parish generally," said the bishop, "I venture to make this suggestion to your lordship, feeling sure that you will do anything that may not be unreasonable to promote the comfort of the parishioners." In this letter he made no allusion to his late correspondence with the marquis as to the sins of the vicar. Nor did the marquis in his reply allude to the former correspondence. He expressed an opinion that the erection of a place of Christian worship on an open space outside the bounds of a clergyman's domain ought not to be held to be objectionable by that clergyman; and that, as he had already given the spot, he could not retract the gift. These letters, however, had been written before the first brick had been laid, and the world in that part of the country was of opinion that the marquis might have retracted his gift. After this, Mr. Fenwick found no ground whatever on which he could fight his battle. He could only stand at his gateway and look at the thing as it rose above the ground, fascinated by its ugliness.

He was standing there once, about a month or five weeks after his interview with Sam Brattle, just at the beginning of March, when he was accosted by the squire. Mr. Gilmore, through the winter—ever since he had heard that Mary Lowther's engagement with Walter Marable had been broken off—had lived very much alone. He had been pressed to come to the vicarage, but had come but seldom, waiting patiently till the time should come when he might again ask Mary to be his wife. He was not so gloomy as he had been during the time the engagement had lasted, but still he was a man much altered from his former self. Now he came across the road and spoke a word or two to his friend: "If



I were you, Frank, I should not think so much about it."

"Yes, you would, old boy, if it touched you as it does me. It isn't that the chapel should be there: I could have built a chapel for them with my own hands on the same spot, if it had been necessary."

"I don't see what there is to annoy you."

"This annoys me—that after all my endeavors there should be people here, and many people, who find a gratification in doing that which they think I shall look upon as an annoyance. The sting is in their desire to sting, and in my inability to show them their error, either by stopping what they are doing or by proving myself indifferent to it. It isn't the building itself, but the double disgrace of the building."

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CHAPTER XXXVII.  
FEMALE MARTYRDOM.

EARLY in February, Captain Marrable went to Dunripple to stay with his uncle, Sir Gregory, and there he still was when the middle of March had come. News of his doings reached the ladies at Loring, but it reached them through hands which were not held to be worthy of a perfect belief—at any rate, on Mary Lowther's part. Dunripple Park is in Warwickshire, and lies in the middle of a good hunting country. Now, according to Parson John, from whom these tidings came, Walter Marrable was hunting three days a week; and as Sir Gregory himself did not keep hunters, Walter must have hired his horses: so said Parson John, deploring that a nephew so poor in purse should have allowed himself to be led into such heavy expense. "He brought home a little ready money with him," said the parson; "and I suppose he thinks he may have his fling as long as that lasts." No doubt Parson John, in saying this, was desirous of proving to Mary that Walter Marrable was not dying of love, and was, upon the whole, leading a jolly life, in spite of the little misfortune that had happened to him.

But Mary understood all this quite as well as did Parson John himself, and simply declined to believe the hunting three days a week. She said not a word about it, however, either to him or to her aunt. If Walter could amuse himself, so much the better; but she was quite sure that at such a period of his life as this he would not spend his money recklessly. The truth lay between Parson John's stories and poor Mary's belief. Walter Marrable was hunting—perhaps twice a week, hiring a horse occasionally, but generally mounted by his uncle, Sir Gregory. He hunted, but did so after a lugubrious fashion, as became a man with a broken heart, who was laden with many sorrows, and had just been separated from his lady-love for ever and ever. But still, when there came anything good in the way of a run, and when our captain could get near to hounds, he enjoyed the fun and forgot his troubles for a while. Is a man to know no joy because he has an ache at his heart?

In this matter of disappointed, and, as it were, disjointed, affection, men are very different from women, and for the most part much more happily circumstanced. Such sorrow a woman feels, but a man starves it. Many will say that a woman feels it because she cannot but feed it, and that a man starves it because his heart is of the starving kind. But in truth the difference comes not so much from the inner heart as from the outer life. It is easier to feed a sorrow upon needle-and-thread and novels than it is upon lawyers' papers, or even the out-of-door occupations of a soldier home upon leave who has no work to do. Walter Marrable told himself again and again that he was very unhappy about his cousin, but he certainly did not suffer in that matter as Mary suffered. He had that other sorrow, arising from his father's cruel usage of him, to divide his thoughts, and probably thought quite as much of the manner in which he had been robbed as he did of the loss of his love.

But poor Mary was, in truth, very wretched. When a girl asks herself that

question, What shall she do with her life? it is so natural that she should answer it by saying that she will get married and give her life to somebody else. It is a woman's one career, let women rebel against the edict as they may; and though there may be word-rebellion here and there, women learn the truth early in their lives. And women know it later in life when they think of their girls; and men know it, too, when they have to deal with their daughters. Girls, too, now acknowledge aloud that they have learned the lesson, and *Saturday Reviewers* and others blame them for their lack of modesty in doing so—most unreasonably, most uselessly, and, as far as the influence of such censors may go, most perniciously. Nature prompts the desire, the world acknowledges its ubiquity, circumstances show that it is reasonable, the whole theory of creation requires it; but it is required that the person most concerned should falsely repudiate it, in order that a mock modesty may be maintained in which no human being can believe! Such is the theory of the censors who deal heavily with our Englishwomen of the present day. Our daughters should be educated to be wives, but, forsooth! they should never wish to be wooed! The very idea is but a remnant of the tawdry sentimentality of an age in which the mawkish insipidity of the women was the reaction from the vice of that preceding it. That our girls are in quest of husbands, and know well in what way their lines in life should be laid, is a fact which none can dispute. Let men be taught to recognize the same truth as regards themselves, and we shall cease to hear of the necessity of a new career for women.

Mary Lowther, though she had never encountered condemnation as a husband-hunter, had learned all this, and was well aware that for her there was but one future mode of life that could be really blessed. She had eyes, and could see; and ears, and could hear. She could make—indeed she could not fail to make—comparisons between her aunt and her dear friend, Mrs. Fenwick. She saw, and could not fail to see, that the

life of the one was a starved, thin, poor life, which, good as it was in its nature, reached but to few persons and admitted but of few sympathies; whereas the other woman, by means of her position as a wife and a mother, increased her roots and spread out her branches, so that there was shade, and fruit, and beauty, and a place in which the birds might build their nests. Mary Lowther had longed to be a wife, as do all girls healthy in mind and body; but she had found it to be necessary to her to love the man who was to become her husband. There had come to her a suitor recommended to her by all her friends—recommended to her also by all outward circumstances—and she had found that she did not love him. For a while she had been sorely perplexed, hardly knowing what it might be her duty to do—not understanding how it was that the man was indifferent to her—doubting whether, after all, the love of which she had dreamt was not a passion which might come after marriage, rather than before it—but still fearing to run so great a hazard. She had doubted, feared, and had hitherto declined, when that other lover had fallen in her way. Mr. Gilmore had wooed her for months without touching her heart. Then Walter Marrable had come and had conquered her almost in an hour. She had never felt herself disposed to play with Mr. Gilmore's hair, to lean against his shoulder, to be touched by his fingers—never disposed to wait for his coming or to regret his going. But she had hardly become acquainted with her cousin before his presence was a pleasure to her; and no sooner had he spoken to her of his love than everything that concerned him was dear to her. The atmosphere that surrounded him was sweeter to her than the air elsewhere. All those little aids which a man gives to a woman were delightful to her when they came to her from his hands. She told herself that she had found the second half that was needed to make herself one whole; that she had become round and entire in joining herself to him; and she thought that she understood well why it had been that Mr.

Gilmore had been nothing to her. As Mr. Fenwick was manifestly the husband appointed for his wife, so had Walter Marrable been appointed for her. And so there had come upon her a dreamy conviction that marriages are made in heaven. That question, whether they were to be poor or rich, to have enough or much less than enough for the comforts of life, was no doubt one of much importance; but in the few happy days of her assured engagement it was not allowed by her to interfere for a moment with the fact that she and Walter were intended each to be the companion of the other as long as they two might live.

Then by degrees—by degrees, though the process had been quick—had fallen upon her that other conviction, that it was her duty to him to save him from the burdens of that life to which she herself had looked forward so fondly. At first she had said that he should judge of the necessity, swearing to herself that his judgment, let it be what it might, should be right to her. Then she had perceived that this was not sufficient—that in this way there would be no escape for him—that she herself must make the decision and proclaim it. Very tenderly and very cautiously had she gone about her task, feeling her way to the fact that this separation, if it came from her, would be deemed expedient by him. That she would be right in all this was her great resolve—that she might after all be wrong, her constant fear. She, too, had heard of public censors, of the girl of the period, and of the forward indelicacy with which women of the age were charged. She knew not why, but it seemed to her that the laws of the world around her demanded more of such rectitude from a woman than from a man; and, if it might be possible to her, she would comply with these laws. She had convinced herself, forming her judgment from every tone of his voice, from every glance of his eye, from every word that fell from his lips, that this separation would be expedient for him. And then, assuring herself that the task should be hers, and not his, she had

done it. She had done it, and, counting up the cost afterward, she had found herself to be broken in pieces. That wholeness and roundness in which she had rejoiced had gone from her altogether. She would try to persuade herself that she could live as her aunt had lived, and yet be whole and round. She tried, but knew that she failed. The life to which she had looked forward had been the life of a married woman; and now, as that was taken from her, she could be but a thing broken, a fragment of humanity, created for use, but never to be used.

She bore all this well for a while, and indeed never ceased to bear it well to the eyes of those around her. When Parson John told her of Walter's hunting, she laughed and said that she hoped he would distinguish himself. When her aunt on one occasion congratulated her, telling her that she had done well and nobly, she bore the congratulation with a smile and a kind word. But she thought about it much, and within the chambers of her own bosom there were complaints made that the play which had been played between him and her during the last few months should for her have been such a very tragedy, while for him the matter was no more than a melodrama, touched with a pleasing melancholy. He had not been made a waif upon the waters by the misfortune of a few weeks, by the error of a lawyer, by a mistaken calculation—not even by the crime of his father. His manhood was, at any rate, perfect to him. Though he might be a poor man, he was still a man with his hands free and with something before him which he could do. She understood, too, that the rough work of his life would be such that it would rub away, perhaps too quickly, the impression of his late love, and enable him hereafter to love another. But for her!—for her there could be nothing but memory, regrets, and a life which would simply be a waiting for death. But she had done nothing wrong, and she must console herself with that, if consolation could there be found.

Then there came to her a letter from

Mrs. Fenwick, which moved her much. It was the second which she had received from her friend since she had made it known that she was no longer engaged to her cousin. In her former letter, Mrs. Fenwick had simply expressed her opinion that Mary had done rightly, and had, at the same time, promised that she would write again, more at length, when the passing by of a few weeks should have so far healed the first agony of the wound as to make it possible for her to speak of the future. Mary, dreading this second letter, had done nothing to elicit it, but at last it came. And as it had some effect on Mary Lowther's future conduct, it shall be given to the reader :

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Mar. 12, 186--.

"DEAREST MARY :

"I do so wish you were here, if it were only to share our misery with us. I did not think that so small a thing as the building of a wretched chapel could have put me out so much and made me so uncomfortable as this has done. Frank says that it is simply the feeling of being beaten, the insult not the injury, which is the grievance; but they both rankle with me. I hear the click of the trowel every hour, and though I never go near the front gate, yet I know that it is all muddy and foul with brick-bats and mortar. I don't think that anything so cruel and unjust was ever done before; and the worst of it is that Frank, though he hates it just as much as I do, does preach such sermons to me about the wickedness of caring for small evils. 'Suppose you had to go to it every Sunday yourself?' he said the other day, trying to make me understand what a real depth of misery there is in the world. 'I shouldn't mind that half so much,' I answered. Then he bade me try it; which wasn't fair, because he knows I can't. However, they say it will all tumble down, because it has been built so badly.

"I have been waiting to hear from you, but I can understand why you should not write. You do not wish to speak of your cousin, or to write without

speaking of him. Your aunt has written to me twice, as doubtless you know, and has told me that you are well, only more silent than heretofore. Dearest Mary, do write to me and tell me what is in your heart. I will not ask you to come to us—not yet—because of our neighbor, but I do think that if you were here I could do you good. I know so well—or fancy that I know so well—the current in which your thoughts are running! You have had a wound, and think that therefore you must be a cripple for life. But it is not so; and such thoughts, if not wicked, are at least wrong. I would that it had been otherwise. I would that you had not met your cousin." ("So would not I," said Mary to herself, but as she said it she knew that she was wrong. Of course it would be for her welfare, and for his too, if his heart was as hers, that she should never have seen him.) "But because you have met him, and have fancied that you and he would be all in all together, you will be wrong indeed if you let that fancy ruin your future life. Or if you encourage yourself to feel that, because you have loved one man from whom you are necessarily parted, therefore you should never allow yourself to become attached to another, you will indeed be teaching yourself an evil lesson. I think I can understand the arguments with which you may perhaps endeavor to persuade your heart that its work of loving has been done, and should not be renewed; but I am quite sure that they are false and inhuman. The Indian, indeed, allows herself to be burned through a false idea of personal devotion; and if that idea be false in a widow, how much false is it in one who has never been a wife.

"You know what have ever been our wishes. They are the same now as heretofore; and his constancy is of that nature that nothing will ever change it. I am persuaded that it would have been unchanged even if you had married your cousin, though in that case he would have been studious to keep out of your way. I do not mean to press his claims at present. I have told him that he should be patient, and that if the thing

be to him as important as he makes it, he should be content to wait. He replied that he would wait. I ask for no word from you at present on this subject. It will be much better that there should be no word. But it is right that you should know that there is one who loves you with a devotion which nothing can alter.

"I will only add to this my urgent prayer that you will not make too much to yourself of your own misfortune, or allow yourself to think that because this and that have taken place, therefore everything must be over. It is hard to say who make the greatest mistakes—women who treat their own selves with too great a reverence, or they who do so with too little.

"Frank sends his kindest love. Write to me at once, if only to condole with me about the chapel.

"Most affectionately yours,

"JANET FENWICK.

"My sister and Mr. Quickenham are coming here for Easter week, and I have still some hopes of getting my brother-in-law to put us up to some way of fighting the marquis and his myrmidons. I have always heard it said that there was no case in which Mr. Quickenham couldn't make a fight."

Mary Lowther understood well the whole purport of this letter—all that was meant as well as all that was written. She had told herself again and again that there had been that between her and the lover she had lost—tender embraces, warm kisses, a bird-like pressure of the plumage—which alone should make her deem it unfit that she should be to another man as she had been to him, even should her heart allow it. It was against this doctrine that her friend had preached, with more or less of explicitness, in her sermon. And how was the truth? If she could take a lesson on that subject from any human being in the world, she would take it from her friend Janet Fenwick. But she rebelled against the preaching, and declared to herself that her friend had never been tried, and therefore did not understand the case. Must she not be guided by her own feel-

ings, and did she not feel that she could never lay her head on the shoulder of another lover without blushing at her memories of the past?

And yet how hard was it all! It was not the joys of young love that she regretted in her present mood, not the loss of those soft delights of which she had suddenly found herself to be so capable; but that all the world should be dark and dreary before her. And he could hunt, could dance, could work—no doubt could love again! How happy would it be for her if her reason would allow her to be a Roman Catholic and a nun!

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### A LOVER'S MADNESS.

THE letter from Mrs. Fenwick which the reader has just seen was the immediate effect of a special visit which Mr. Gilmore had made to her. On the 10th of March he had come to her with a settled purpose, pointing out to her that he had now waited a certain number of months since he had heard of the rupture between Mary and her cousin, naming the exact period which Mrs. Fenwick had bade him wait before he should move again in the matter, and asking her whether he might not now venture to take some step. Mrs. Fenwick had felt it to be unfair that her very words should be quoted against her as to the three or four months, feeling that she had said three or four instead of six or seven to soften the matter to her friend; but nevertheless she had been induced to write to Mary Lowther.

"I was thinking that perhaps you might ask her to come to you again," Mr. Gilmore had said when Mrs. Fenwick rebuked him for his impatience. "If you did that, the thing might come on naturally."

"But she wouldn't come if I did ask her."

"Because she hates me so much that she will not venture to come near me?"

"What nonsense that is, Harry! It has nothing to do with hating. If I thought that she even disliked you, I



should tell you so, believing that it would be for the best. But of course if I asked her here just at present, she could not but remember that you are our nearest neighbor, and feel that she was pressed to come with some reference to your hopes."

"And therefore she would not come?"

"Exactly; and if you will think of it, how could it be otherwise? Wait till he is in India. Wait, at any rate, till the summer, and then Frank and I will do our best to get her here."

"I will wait," said Mr. Gilmore, and immediately took his leave, as though there were no other subject of conversation now possible to him.

Since his return from Loring, Mr. Gilmore's life at his own house had been quite secluded. Even the Fenwicks had hardly seen him, though they lived so near to him. He had rarely been at church, had seen no company at home since his uncle the prebendary had left him, and had not dined even at the vicarage more than once or twice. All this had of course been frequently discussed between Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, and had made the vicar very unhappy. He had expressed a fear that his friend would be driven half crazy by a foolish indulgence in a hopeless passion, and had suggested that it might perhaps be for the best that Gilmore should let his place and travel abroad for two or three years, so that in that way his disappointment might be forgotten. But Mrs. Fenwick still hoped better things than this. She probably thought more of Mary Lowther than she did of Harry Gilmore, and still believed that a cure for both their sorrows might be found, if one would only be patient and the other would not despair.

Mr. Gilmore had promised that he would wait, and then Mrs. Fenwick had written her letter. To this there came a very quick answer. In respect to the trouble about the chapel, Mary Lowther was sympathetic and droll, as she would have been had there been upon her the weight of no love misfortune. "She had trust," she said, "in Mr. Quickenham, who no doubt would succeed in harassing the enemy, even though he might be

unable to obtain ultimate conquest. And then there seemed to be a fair prospect that the building would fall of itself, which surely would be a great triumph. And, after all, might it not fairly be hoped that the pleasantness of the vicarage garden, which Mr. Puddleham must see every time he visited his chapel, might be quite as galling and as vexatious to him as would be the ugliness of the Methodist building to the Fenwicks?"

"You should take comfort in the reflection that his sides will be quite as full of thorns as your own," said Mary; "and perhaps there may come some blessed opportunity for crushing him altogether by heaping hot coals of fire on his head. Offer him the use of the vicarage lawn for one of his school tea-parties, and that, I should think, would about finish him."

This was all very well, and was written on purpose to show to Mrs. Fenwick that Mary could still be funny in spite of her troubles; but the pith of the letter, as Mrs. Fenwick well understood, lay in the few words of the last paragraph:

"Don't suppose, dear, that I am going to die of a broken heart. I mean to live and to be as happy as any of you. But you must let me go on in my own way. I am not at all sure that being married is not more trouble than it is worth."

That she was deceiving herself in saying this Mary knew well enough; and Mrs. Fenwick, too, guessed that it was so. Nevertheless, it was plain enough that nothing more could be said about Mr. Gilmore just at present.

"You ought to blow him up and make him come to us," Mrs. Fenwick said to her husband.

"It is all very well to say that, but one man can't blow another up as women do. Men don't talk to each other about the things that concern them nearly, unless it be about money."

"What do they talk about, then?"

"About matters that don't concern them nearly—game, politics and the state of the weather. If I were to mention Mary's name to him, he would feel it to be an impertinence. You can say what you please."

Soon after this Gilmore came again to the vicarage, but he was careful to come when the vicar would not be there. He sauntered into the garden by the little gate from the churchyard, and showed himself at the drawing-room window, without going round to the front door. "I never go to the front now," said Mrs. Fenwick: "I have only once been through the gate since they began to build."

"Is not that very inconvenient?"

"Of course it is. When we came home from dining at Sir Thomas' the other day, I had myself put down at the church gate and walked all the way round, though it was nearly pitch-dark. Do come in, Harry."

Then Mr. Gilmore came in and seated himself before the fire. Mrs. Fenwick understood his moods so well that she would not say a word to hurry him. If he chose to talk about Mary Lowther, she knew very well what she would say to him, but she would not herself introduce the subject. She spoke for a while about the Brattles, saying that the old man had suffered much since his son had gone from him. Sam had left Bullhampton at the end of January, never having returned to the mill after his visit to the vicar, and had not been heard of since. Gilmore, however, had not been to see his tenant; and, though he expressed an interest about the Brattles, had manifestly come to the vicarage with the object of talking upon matters more closely interesting to himself.

"Did you write to Loring, Mrs. Fenwick?" he asked at last.

"I wrote to Mary soon after you were last here."

"And has she answered you?"

"Yes; she wrote again almost at once. She could not but write, as I had said so much to her about the chapel."

"She did not allude to—anything else, then?"

"I can't quite say that, Harry. I had written to her out of a very full heart, telling her what I thought as to her future life generally, and just alluding to our wishes respecting you."

"Well?"

"She said just what might have been expected—that for the present she would rather be let alone."

"I have let her alone. I have neither spoken to her nor written to her. She does not mean to say that I have troubled her?"

"Of course you have not troubled her, but she knows what we all mean."

"I have waited all the winter, Mrs. Fenwick, and have said not a word. How long was it that she knew her cousin before she was engaged to him?"

"What has that to do with it? You know what our wishes are; but, indeed, indeed, nothing can be done by hurrying her."

"She was engaged to that man and the engagement broken off, all within a month. It was no more than a dream."

"But the remembrance of such dreams will not fade away quickly. Let us hope that hereafter it may be as a dream, but time must be allowed to efface the idea of its reality."

"Time! yes; but cannot we arrange some plan for the future? Cannot something be done? I thought you said you would ask her to come here?"

"So I did, but not yet."

"Why shouldn't she come now? You needn't ask because I am here. There is no saying whom she may meet, and then my chance will be gone again."

"Is that all you know about women, Harry? Do you think that the girl whom you love so dearly will take up with one man after another in that fashion?"

"Who can say? She was not very long in taking up, as you call it, with Captain Marrable. I should be happier if she were here, even if I did not see her."

"Of course you would see her, and of course you would propose again, and of course she would refuse you."

"Then there is no hope?"

"I do not say that. Wait till the summer comes; and then, if I can influence her, we will have her here. If you find that remaining at the Privets all alone is wearisome to you—"

"Of course it is wearisome."



"I hope it will be all right now, Mr. Fenwick," the girl said.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XI.]



"Then go up to London, or abroad, or anywhere for a change. Take some occupation in hand and stick to it."

"That is so easily said, Mrs. Fenwick."

"No man ever did anything by moping, and you mope. I know I am speaking plainly, and you may be angry with me, if you please."

"I am not at all angry with you, but I think you hardly understand."

"I do understand," said Mrs. Fenwick, speaking with all the energy she could command; "and I am most anxious to do all that you wish. But it cannot be done in a day. If I were to ask her now, she would not come; and if she came, it would not be for your good. Wait till the summer. You may be sure that no harm will be done by a little patience."

Then he went away, declaring again that he would wait with patience, but saying, at the same time, that he would remain at home. "As for going to London," he said, "I should do nothing there. When I find that there is no chance left, then probably I shall go abroad."

"It is my belief," said the vicar that evening, when his wife told him what had occurred, "that she will never have him—not because she does not like him, or could not learn to like him if he were as other men are, but simply because he is so unreasonably unhappy about her. No woman was ever got by that sort of puling and whining love. If it were not that I think him crazy, I should say that it was unmanly."

"But he is crazy."

"And will be still worse before he has done with it. Anything would be good now which would take him away from Bullhampton. It would be a mercy that his house should be burned down, or that some great loss should fall upon him. He sits there at home and does nothing. He will not even look after the farm. He pretends to read, but I don't believe that he does even that."

"And all because he is really in love, Frank."

"I am very glad that I have never been in love with the same reality."

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"You never had any need, sir. The plums fell into your mouth too easily."

"Plums shouldn't be too difficult," said the vicar, "or they lose their sweetness."

A few days after this, Mr. Fenwick was standing at his own gate, watching the building of the chapel and talking to the men, when Fanny Brattle from the mill came up to him. He would stand there by the hour at a time, and had made quite a friendship with the foreman of the builder from Salisbury, although the foreman, like his master, was a dis-senter, and had come into the parish as an enemy. All Bullhampton knew how infinite was the disgust of the vicar at what was being done, and that Mrs. Fenwick felt it so strongly that she would not even go in and out of her own gate. All Bullhampton was aware that Mr. Puddleham spoke openly of the vicar as his enemy, in spite of the peaches and cabbages on which the young Puddlehams had been nourished; and that the Methodist minister had more than once, within the last month or two, denounced his brother of the Established Church from his own pulpit. All Bullhampton was talking of the building of the chapel—some abusing the marquis and Mr. Puddleham and the Salisbury builder; others, on the other hand, declaring that it was very good that the Establishment should have a fall. Nevertheless, there Mr. Fenwick would stand and chat with the men, fascinated after a fashion by the misfortune which had come upon him. Mr. Packer, the marquis' steward, had seen him there, and had endeavored to slink away unobserved—for Mr. Packer was somewhat ashamed of the share he had had in the matter—but Mr. Fenwick had called to him and had spoken to him of the progress of the building.

"Grimes never could have done it so fast," said the vicar.

"Well, not so fast, Mr. Fenwick, certainly."

"I suppose it won't signify about the frost?" said the vicar. "I should be inclined to think that the mortar will want repointing."



Mr. Packer had nothing to say to this. He was not responsible for the building. He endeavored to explain that the marquis had nothing to do with the work, and had simply given the land.

"Which was all that he could do," said the vicar, laughing.

It was on the same day, and while Packer was still standing close to him, that Fanny Brattle accosted him. When he had greeted the young woman and perceived that she wished to speak to him, he withdrew within his own gate, and asked her whether there was anything that he could do for her. She had a letter in her hand, and after a little hesitation she asked him to read it. It was from her brother, and had reached her by private means. A young man had brought it to her when her father was in the mill, and had then gone off, declining to wait for any answer.

"Father, sir, knows nothing about it as yet," she said.

Mr. Fenwick took the letter and read it. It was as follows :

"DEAR SISTER :

"I want you to help me a little, for things is very bad with me. And it is not for me, neither, or I'd sooner starve nor ax for a sixpence from the mill. But Carry is bad too, and if you've got a trifle or so, I think you'd be of a mind to send it. But don't tell father, on no account. I looks to you not to tell father. Tell mother, if you will, but I looks to her not to mention it to father. If it be so you have two pounds by you, send it to me in a letter, to the care of

"Muster Thomas Craddock,

"Number 5 Crooked Arm yard,

"Cowcross street,

"City of London.

"My duty to mother, but don't say a word to father, whatever you do. Carry don't live nowhere there, nor they don't know her.

"Your affectionate brother,

"SAM BRATTLE."

"Have you told your father, Fanny?"

"Not a word, sir."

"Nor your mother?"

"Oh yes, sir. She has read the letter,

and thinks I had better come to you to ask what we should do."

"Have you got the money, Fanny?"

Fanny Brattle explained that she had in her pocket something over the sum named, but that money was so scarce with them now at the mill that she could hardly send it without her father's knowledge. She would not, she said, be afraid to send it and then to tell her father afterward. The vicar considered the matter for some time, standing with the open letter in his hand, and then he gave his advice.

"Come into the house, Fanny," he said, "and write a line to your brother, and then get a money order at the post-office for four pounds, and send it to your brother; and tell him that I lend it to him till times shall be better with him. Do not give him your father's money without your father's leave. Sam will pay me some day, unless I be mistaken in him."

Then Fanny Brattle with many grateful thanks did as the vicar bade her.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE THREE HONEST MEN.

THE vicar of Bullhampton was—a "good sort of fellow." In praise of him to this extent it is hoped that the reader will cordially agree. But it cannot be denied that he was the most imprudent of men. He had done very much that was imprudent in respect to the Marquis of Trowbridge; and since he had been at Bullhampton had been imprudent in nearly everything that he had done regarding the Brattles. He was well aware that the bold words which he had spoken to the marquis had been dragons' teeth sown by himself, and that they had sprung up from the ground in the shape of the odious brick building which now stood immediately in face of his own vicarage gate. Though he would smile and be droll and talk to the workmen, he hated that building quite as bitterly as did his wife. And now in regard to the Brattles there came upon him a great trouble. About a week after he had lent

the four pounds to Fanny on Sam's behalf, there came to him a dirty note from Salisbury, written by Sam himself, in which he was told that Carry Brattle was now at the Three Honest Men, a public-house in one of the suburbs of that city, waiting there till Mr. Fenwick should find a home for her, in accordance with his promise given to her brother. Sam, in his letter, had gone on to explain that it would be well that Mr. Fenwick should visit the Three Honest Men speedily, as otherwise there would be a bill there which neither Carry nor Sam would be able to defray. Poor Sam's letter was bald, and they who did not understand his position might have called it bold. He wrote to the vicar as though the vicar's coming to Salisbury for the required purpose was a matter of course; and demanded a home for his sister without any reference to her future mode of life or power of earning her bread, as though it was the vicar's manifest duty to provide such home. And then that caution in regard to the bill was rather a threat than anything else. If you don't take her quickly from the Three Honest Men, there'll be the very mischief of a bill for you to pay. That was the meaning of the caution, and so the vicar understood it.

But Mr. Fenwick, though he was imprudent, was neither unreasonable nor unintelligent. He had told Sam Brattle that he would provide a home for Carry, if Sam would find his sister and induce her to accept the offer. Sam had gone to work and had done his part. Having done it, he was right to claim from the vicar his share of the performance. And then was it not a matter of course that Carry, when found, should be without means to pay her own expenses? Was it to be supposed that a girl in her position would have money by her? And had not Mr. Fenwick known the truth about their poverty when he had given those four pounds to Fanny Brattle to be sent up to Sam in London? Mr. Fenwick was both reasonable and intelligent as to all this; and, though he felt that he was in trouble, did not for a moment think of denying his responsibility or evading the

performance of his promise. He must find a home for poor Carry, and pay any bill at the Three Honest Men which he might find standing there in her name.

Of course he told his trouble to his wife, and of course he was scolded for the promise he had given: "But, my dear Frank, if for her, why not for others? and how is it possible?"

"For her, and not for others, because she is an old friend, a neighbor's child and one of the parish." That question was easily answered.

"But how is it possible, Frank? Of course one would do anything that is possible to save her. What I mean is, that one would do it for all of them if only it were possible."

"If you can do it for one, will not even that be much?"

"But what is to be done? Who will take her? Will she go into a reformatory?"

"I fear not."

"There are so many, and I do not know how they are to be treated except in a body. Where can you find a home for her?"

"She has a married sister, Janet."

"Who would not speak to her or let her inside the door of her house! Surely, Frank, you know the unforgiving nature of women of that class for such sin as poor Carry Brattle's?"

"I wonder whether they ever say their prayers?" said the vicar.

"Of course they do. Mrs. Jay, no doubt, is a religious woman. But it is permitted to them not to forgive that sin."

"By what law?"

"By the law of custom. It is all very well, Frank, but you can't fight against it. At any rate, you can't ignore it till it has been fought against and conquered. And it is useful. It keeps women from going astray."

"You think, then, that nothing should be done for this poor creature who fell so piteously with so small a sin?"

"I have not said so. But when you promised her a home, where did you think of finding one for her? Her only fitting home is with her mother, and you

know that her father will not take her there."

Mr. Fenwick said nothing more at that moment, not having clearly made up his mind as to what he might best do; but he had before his eyes, dimly, a plan by which he thought it possible that he might force Carry Brattle on her father's heart. If this plan might be carried out, he would take her to the mill-house and seat her in the room in which the family lived, and then bring the old man in from his work. It might be that Jacob Brattle, in his wrath, would turn with violence upon the man who had dared thus to interfere in the affairs of his family, but he would certainly offer no rough usage to the poor girl. Fenwick knew the man well enough to be sure that he would not lay his hands in anger upon a woman.

But something must be done at once—something before any such plan as that which was running through his brain could be matured and carried into execution. There was Carry at the Three Honest Men, and, for aught the vicar knew, her brother staying with her—with his, the vicar's, credit pledged for their maintenance. It was quite clear that something must be done. He had applied to his wife, and his wife did not know how to help him. He had suggested the wife of the ironmonger at Warminster as the proper guardian for the poor child, and his own wife had at once made him understand that this was impracticable. Indeed, how was it possible that such a one as Carry Brattle should be kept out of sight and stowed away in an open hardware-shop in a provincial town? The properest place for her would be in the country, on some farm; and, so thinking, he determined to apply to the girl's eldest brother.

George Brattle was a prosperous man, living on a large farm near Fordingbridge, ten or twelve miles the other side of Salisbury. Of him the vicar knew very little, and of his wife nothing. That the man had been married fourteen or fifteen years, and had a family growing up, the vicar did know, and, knowing it, feared that Mrs. Brattle of Startup, as their farm was

called, would not be willing to receive this proposed new inmate. But he would try. He would go on to Startup after having seen Carry at the Three Honest Men, and use what eloquence he could command for the occasion.

He drove himself over on the next day to meet an early train, and was in Salisbury by nine o'clock. He had to ask his way to the Three Honest Men, and at last had some difficulty in finding the house. It was a small beershop in a lane on the very outskirts of the city, and certainly seemed to him, as he looked at it, to be as disreputable a house, in regard to its outward appearance, as ever he had proposed to enter. It was a brick building of two stories, with a door in the middle of it which stood open, and a red curtain hanging across the window on the left-hand side. Three men dressed like navvies were leaning against the door-posts. There is no sign, perhaps, which gives to a house of this class so disreputable an appearance as red curtains hung across the window; and yet there is no other color for pot-house curtains that has any popularity. The one fact probably explains the other. A drinking-room with a blue or a brown curtain would offer no attraction to the thirsty navvy, who likes to have his thirst indulged without criticism. But, in spite of the red curtain, Fenwick entered the house and asked the uncomely woman at the bar after Sam Brattle. Was there a man named Sam Brattle staying there—a man with a sister?

Then were let loose against the unfortunate clergyman the flood-gates of a drunken woman's angry tongue. It was not only that the landlady of the Three Honest Men was very-drunk, but also that she was very angry. Sam Brattle and his sister had been there, but they had been turned out of the house. There had manifestly been some great row, and Carry Brattle was spoken of with all the worst terms of reproach which one woman can heap upon the name of another. The mistress of the Three Honest Men was a married woman, and, as far as that went, respectable; whereas poor Carry was not married, and certainly not

respectable. Something of her past history had been known. She had been called names which she could not repudiate, and the truth of which even her brother on her behalf could not deny; and then she had been turned into the street. So much Mr. Fenwick learned from the drunken woman, and nothing more he could learn. When he asked after Carry's present address the woman jeered at him, and accused him of base purposes in coming after such a one. She stood with arms akimbo in the passage, and said she would raise the neighborhood on him. She was drunk and dirty, as foul a thing as the eye could look upon; every other word was an oath, and no phrase used by the lowest of men in their lowest moments was too hot or too bad for her woman's tongue; and yet there was the indignation of outraged virtue in her demeanor and in her language, because this stranger had come to her door asking after a girl who had been led astray. Our vicar cared nothing for the neighborhood, and indeed cared very little for the woman at all, except in so far as she disgusted him; but he did care much at finding that he could obtain no clue to her whom he was seeking. The woman would not even tell him when the girl had left her house, or give him any assistance toward finding her. He had at first endeavored to mollify the virago by offering to pay the amount of any expenses which might have been left unsettled, but even on this score he could obtain no consideration. She continued to revile him, and he was obliged to leave her; which he did, at last, with a hurried step, to avoid a quart pot which the woman had taken up to hurl at his head upon some comparison which he most indiscreetly made between herself and poor Carry Brattle.

What should he do now? The only chance of finding the girl was, as he thought, to go to the police-office. He was still in the lane, making his way back to the street which would take him into the city, when he was accosted by a little child. "You be the parson?" said the child. Mr. Fenwick owned that he was a parson. "Parson from Bull-

'umpton?" said the child, inquiringly. Mr. Fenwick acknowledged the fact. "Then you be to come with me." Whereupon Mr. Fenwick followed the child, and was led into a miserable little court, in which the population was squalid, thick and juvenile. "She be here, at Mrs. Stiggs'," said the child. Then the vicar understood that he had been watched, and that he was being taken to the place where she whom he was seeking had found shelter.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### TROTTER'S BUILDINGS.

IN the back room up stairs of Mrs. Stiggs' house in Trotter's Buildings the vicar did find Carry Brattle, and he found also that since her coming thither on the preceding evening—for only on the preceding evening had she been turned away from the Three Honest Men—one of Mrs. Stiggs' children had been on the look-out in the lane.

"I thought that you would come to me, sir," said Carry Brattle.

"Of course I should come. Did I not promise that I would come? And where is your brother?"

But Sam had left her as soon as he had placed her in Mrs. Stiggs' house, and Carry could not say whither he had gone. He had brought her to Salisbury, and had remained with her two days at the Three Honest Men, during which time the remainder of their four pounds had been spent; and then there had been a row. Some visitors to the house recognized poor Carry, or knew something of her story, and evil words were spoken. There had been a fight, and Sam had thrashed some man—or some half dozen men, if all that Carry said was true. She had fled from the house in sad tears, and after a while her brother had joined her—bloody, with his lips cut and a black eye. It seemed that he had had some previous knowledge of this woman who lived in Trotter's Buildings—had known her or her husband—and there he had found shelter for his sister, having explained that a clergyman would call for

her and pay for her modest wants, and then take her away. She supposed that Sam had gone back to London, but he had been so bruised and mauled in the fight that he had determined that Mr. Fenwick should not see him. This was the story as Carry told it; and Mr. Fenwick did not for a moment doubt its truth.

"And now, Carry," said he, "what is it that you would do?"

She looked up into his face—and yet not wholly into his face, as though she were afraid to raise her eyes so high—and was silent. His were intently fixed upon her as he stood over her, and he thought that he had never seen a sight more sad to look at. And yet she was very pretty—prettier, perhaps, than she had been in the days when she would come up the aisle of his church to take her place among the singers, with red cheeks and bright flowing clusters of hair. She was pale now, and he could see that her cheeks were rough—from paint, perhaps, and late hours and an ill life; but the girl had become a woman, and the lines of her countenance were fixed and were very lovely, and there was a pleading eloquence about her mouth for which there had been no need in her happy days at Bullhampton. He had asked her what she would do. But had she not come there, at her brother's instigation, that he might tell her what she should do? Had he not promised that he would find her a home if she would leave her evil ways? How was it possible that she should have a plan for her future life? She answered him not a word, but tried to look into his face and failed.

Nor had he any formed plan. That idea, indeed, of going to Startup had come across his brain—of going to Startup and of asking assistance from the prosperous elder brother. But so diffident was he of success that he hardly dared to mention it to the poor girl.

"It is hard to say what you should do," he said.

"Very hard, sir."

His heart was so tender toward her that he could not bring himself to pro-

pose to her the cold and unpleasant safety of a reformatory. He knew, as a clergyman and as a man of common sense, that to place her in such an establishment would, in truth, be the greatest kindness that he could do her. But he could not do it. He satisfied his own conscience by telling himself that he knew that she would accept no such refuge. He thought that he had half promised not to ask her to go to any such place. At any rate, he had not meant that when he had made his rash promise to her brother; and though the promise was rash, he was not the less bound to keep it. She was very pretty and still soft, and he had loved her well. Was it a fault in him that he was tender to her because of her prettiness and because he had loved her as a child? We must own that it was a fault. The crooked places of the world, if they are to be made straight at all, must be made straight after a sterner and a juster fashion.

"Perhaps you could stay here for a day or two?" he said.

"Only that I've got no money."

"I will see to that—for a few days, you know. And I was thinking that I would go to your brother George."

"My brother George!"

"Yes—why not? Was he not always good to you?"

"He was never bad, sir; only—"

"Only what?"

"I've been so bad, sir, that I don't think he'd speak to me, or notice me, or do anything for me. And he has got a wife, too."

"But a woman doesn't always become hard-hearted as soon as she is married. There must be some of them that will take pity on you, Carry." She only shook her head. "I shall tell him that it is his duty, and if he be an honest, God-fearing man, he will do it."

"And should I have to go there?"

"If he will take you—certainly. What better could you wish? Your father is hard, and, though he loves you still, he cannot bring himself to forget."

"How can any of them forget, Mr Fenwick?"



"I will go out at once to Startup, and as I return through Salisbury I will let you know what your brother says." She again shook her head. "At any rate, we must try, Carry. When things are difficult, they cannot be mended by people sitting down and crying. I will ask your brother, and if he refuses, I will endeavor to think of something else. Next to your father and mother, he is certainly the first that should be asked to look to you." Then he said much to her as to her condition, preached to her the little sermon with which he had come prepared—was as stern to her as his nature and love would allow, though, indeed, his words were tender enough. He strove to make her understand that she could have no escape from the dirt and vileness and depth of misery into which she had fallen without the penalty of a hard, laborious life, in which she must submit to be regarded as one whose place in the world was very low. He asked her whether she did not hate the disgrace and the ignominy and the vile wickedness of her late condition. "Yes, indeed, sir," she answered, with her eyes still only half raised toward him. What other answer could she make? He would fain have drawn from her some deep and passionate expression of repentance, some fervid promise of future rectitude, some eager offer to bear all other hardships, so that she might be saved from a renewal of the past misery. But he knew that no such eloquence, no such energy, no such ecstasy, would be forthcoming. And he knew, also, that humble, contrite and wretched as was the girl now, the nature within her bosom was not changed. Were he to place her in a reformatory, she would not stay there. Were he to make arrangements with Mrs. Stiggs, who in her way seemed to be a decent, hard-working woman—to make arrangements for her board and lodging, with some collateral regulations as to occupation, needlework and the like—she would not adhere to them. The change from a life of fevered though most miserable excitement to one of dull, pleasureless and utterly uninteresting propriety, is one that can hardly be made

without the assistance of binding control. Could she have been sent to the mill, and made subject to her mother's softness as well as to her mother's care, there might have been room for confident hope. And then, too—but let not the reader read this amiss—because she was pretty and might be made bright again, and because he was young and because he loved her, he longed, were it possible, to make her paths pleasant for her. Her fall, her first fall, had been piteous to him, rather than odious. He, too, would have liked to get hold of the man and to have left him without a sound limb within his skin—to have left him pretty nearly without a skin at all; but that work had fallen into the miller's hands, who had done it fairly well. And, moreover, it would hardly have fitted the vicar. But, as regarded Carry herself, when he thought of her in his solitary rambles, he would build little castles in the air on her behalf, in which her life should be anything but one of sackcloth and ashes. He would find for her some loving husband, who should know and should have forgiven the sin which had hardly been a sin, and she should be a loving wife with loving children. Perhaps, too, he would add to this, as he built his castles, the sweet smiles of affectionate gratitude with which he himself would be received when he visited her happy hearth. But he knew that these were castles in the air, and he endeavored to throw them all behind him as he preached his sermon. Nevertheless he was very tender with her, and treated her not at all as he would have done an ugly young parishioner who had turned thief upon his hands.

"And now, Carry," he said, as he left her, "I will get a gig in the town and drive over to your brother. We can but try it. I am clear as to this, that the best thing for you will be to be among your own people."

"I suppose it would, sir, but I don't think she'll ever be brought to have me."

"We will try, at any rate. And if she will have you, you must remember

that you must not eat the bread of idleness. You must be prepared to work for your living."

"I don't want to be idle, sir." Then he took her by the hand and pressed it, and bade God bless her, and gave her a little money, in order that she might make some first payment to Mrs. Stiggs. "I'm sure I don't know why you should do all this for the likes of me, sir," said the girl, bursting into tears. The vicar did not tell her that he did it because she was gracious in his eyes, and perhaps was not aware of the fact himself.

He went to the Dragon of Wantley, and there procured a gig. He had a contest in the inn-yard before they would let him have the gig without a man to drive him; but he managed it at last, fearing that the driver might learn something of his errand. He had never been at Startup Farm before, and knew very little of the man he was going to see on so very delicate a mission; but he did know that George Brattle was prosperous, and that in early life he had been a good son. His last interview with the farmer had had reference to the matter of bail required for Sam, and on that occasion the brother had, with some persuasion, done as he was asked. George Brattle had contrived to win for himself a wife from the Fordingbridge side of the country who had had a little money; and as he, too, had carried away from the mill a little money in his father's prosperous days, he had done very well. He paid his rent to the day, owed no man anything, and went to church every other Sunday, eschewing the bad example set to him by his father in matters of religion. He was hard-fisted, ignorant and self-confident, knowing much about corn and the grinding of it, knowing something of sheep and the shearing of them, knowing also how to get the worth of his ten or eleven shillings a week out of the bones of the rural laborers; but knowing very little else. Of all this Fenwick was aware, and, in spite of that church-going twice a month, rated the son as inferior to the father, for about the old miller there was a stubborn constancy which almost amounted to heroism.

With such a man as was this George Brattle, how was he to preach a doctrine of true human charity with any chance of success? But the man was one who was pervious to ideas of duty, and might probably be pervious to feelings of family respect. And he had been good to his father and mother, regarding with something of true veneration the nest from which he had sprung. The vicar did not like the task before him, dreading the disappointment which failure would produce; but he was not the man to shrink from any work which he had resolved to undertake, and drove gallantly into the farmyard, though he saw both the farmer and his wife standing at the back door of the house.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### STARTUP FARM.

FARMER BRATTLE—who was a stout man about thirty-eight years of age, but looking as though he were nearly ten years older—came up to the vicar, touching his hat, and then putting his hand out in greeting:

"This be a pleasure something like, Muster Fenwick, to see thee here at Startup. This be my wife. Molly, thou hast never seen Muster Fenwick from Bull'umpton. This be our vicar, as mother and Fanny says is the pick of all the parsons in Wiltshire."

Then Mr. Fenwick got down and walked into the spacious kitchen, where he was cordially welcomed by the stout mistress of Startup Farm.

He was very anxious to begin his story to the brother alone. Indeed, as to that, his mind was quite made up, but Mrs. Brattle, who within the doors of that house held a position at any rate equal to that of her husband, did not seem disposed to give him the opportunity. She understood well enough that Mr. Fenwick had not come over from Bullhampton to shake hands with her husband and to say a few civil words. He must have business, and that business must be about the Brattle family. Old Brattle was supposed to be in money

difficulties, and was not this an embassy in search of money? Now, Mrs. George Brattle, who had been born a Huggins, was very desirous that none of the Huggins money should be sent into the parish of Bullhampton. When, therefore, Mr. Fenwick asked the farmer to step out with him for a moment, Mrs. George Brattle looked very grave and took her husband apart and whispered a word of caution in his ear:

"It's about the mill, George; and don't you do nothing till you've spoke to me."

Then there came a stolid look, almost of grief, upon George's face. There had been a word or two before this between him and the wife of his bosom as to the affairs of the mill.

"I've just been seeing somebody at Salisbury," began the vicar abruptly, as soon as they had crossed from the yard behind the house into the enclosure around the ricks.

"Some one at Salisbury, Muster Fenwick? Is it any one as I knows?"

"One that you did know well, Mr. Brattle. I've seen your sister Carry." Again there came upon the farmer's face that heavy look, which was almost a look of grief, but he did not at once utter a word. "Poor young thing!" continued the vicar. "Poor, dear, unfortunate girl!"

"She brought it on herself and on all of us," said the farmer.

"Yes, indeed, my friend. The light, unguarded folly of a moment has ruined her, and brought dreadful sorrow upon you all. But something should be done for her, eh?"

Still the brother said nothing.

"You will help, I'm sure, to rescue her from the infamy into which she must fall if none help her?"

"If there's money wanted to get her into any of them places—" began the farmer.

"It isn't that; it isn't that, at any rate, as yet."

"What be it, then?"

"The personal countenance and friendship of some friend that loves her. You love your sister, Mr. Brattle?"

"I don't know as I does, Muster Fenwick."

"You used to, and you must still pity her."

"She's been and wellnigh broke the hearts of all on us. There wasn't one of us as wasn't respectable till she come up; and now there's Sam. But a boy as is bad ain't never so bad as a girl."

It must be understood that in the expression of this opinion Mr. Brattle was alluding not to the personal wickedness of the wicked of the two sexes, but to the effect of their wickedness on those belonging to them.

"And therefore more should be done to help a girl."

"I'll stand the money, Muster Fenwick, if it ain't much."

"What is wanted is a home in your own house."

"Here!—at Startup?"

"Yes, here—at Startup. Your father will not take her."

"Neither won't I. But it ain't me in such a matter as this. You ask my missus and see what she'll say. Besides, Muster Fenwick, it's clean out of all reason."

"Out of all reason to help a sister?"

"So it be. Sister, indeed! Why did she go and make— I won't say what she's made of herself. Ain't she brought trouble and sorrow enough upon us? Have her here! Why, I'm that angry with her I shouldn't be keeping my hands off her. Why didn't she keep herself to herself and not disgrace the whole family?"

Nevertheless, in spite of these strong expressions of opinion, Mr. Fenwick, by the dint of the bitter words which he spoke in reference to the brother's duty as a Christian, did get leave from the farmer to make the proposition to Mrs. George Brattle—such permission as would have bound the brother to accept Carry, providing that Mrs. George would also consent to accept her. But even this permission was accompanied by an assurance that it would not have been given had he not felt perfectly convinced that his wife would not listen for a moment to the scheme. He spoke of his

wife almost with awe when Mr. Fenwick left him to make this second attack. "She has never had nothing to say to none sich as that," said the farmer, shaking his head, as he alluded both to his wife and to his sister; "and I ain't sure as she'll be first-rate civil to any one as mentions sich in her hearing."

But Mr. Fenwick persevered, in spite even of his caution. When the vicar re-entered the house, Mrs. George Brattle had retired to her parlor, and the kitchen was in the hands of the maid-servant. He followed the lady, however, and found that she had been at the trouble, since he had seen her last, of putting on a clean cap on his behalf. He began at once, jumping again into the middle of things by a reference to her husband.

"Mrs. Brattle," he said, "your husband and I have been talking about his poor sister Carry."

"The least said the soonest mended about that one, I'm afeard," said the dame.

"Indeed, I agree with you. Were she once placed in safe and kind hands, the less then said the better. She has left the life she was leading—"

"They never leaves it," said the dame.

"It is so seldom that an opportunity is given them. Poor Carry is at the present moment most anxious to be placed somewhere out of danger."

"Mr. Fenwick, if you ask me, I'd rather not talk about her: I would indeed. She's been and brought a slur upon us all, the vile thing! If you ask me, Mr. Fenwick, there ain't nothing too bad for her."

Fenwick, who, on the other hand, thought that there could be hardly anything too good for his poor penitent, was beginning to be angry with the woman. Of course he made in his own mind those comparisons which are common to us all on such occasions. What was the great virtue of this fat, well-fed, selfish, ignorant woman before him, that she should turn up her nose at a sister who had been unfortunate? Was it not an abominable case of the Pharisee

thanking the Lord that he was not such a one as the Publican — whereas the Publican was in a fair way to heaven?

"Surely you would have her saved, if it be possible to save her?" said the vicar.

"I don't know about saving. If such as them is to be made all's one as others as have always been decent, I'm sure I don't know who it is as isn't to be saved."

"Have you never read of Mary Magdalen, Mrs. Brattle?"

"Yes, I have, Mr. Fenwick. Perhaps she hadn't got no father nor brothers and sisters and sisters-in-law as would be pretty well broken-hearted when her vileness would be cast up agen' 'em. Perhaps she hadn't got no decent house over her head afore she begun. I don't know how that was."

"Our Saviour's tender mercy, then, would not have been wide enough for such sin as that?" This the vicar said with intended irony, but irony was thrown away on Mrs. George Brattle.

"Them days and ours isn't the same, Mr. Fenwick, and you can't make 'em the same. And our Saviour isn't here now to say who is to be a Mary Magdalen and who isn't. As for Carry Brattle, she has made her bed and she must lie upon it. We sha'n't interfere."

Fenwick was determined, however, that he would make his proposition. It was almost certain now that he could do no good to Carry by making it, but he felt that it would be a pleasure to him to make this self-righteous woman know what he conceived to be her duty in the matter: "My idea was this—that you should take her in here and endeavor to preserve her from future evil courses."

"Take her in here?" shrieked the woman.

"Yes, here. Who is nearer to her than a brother?"

"Not if I know it, Mr. Fenwick; and if that is what you have been saying to Brattle, I must tell you that you've come on a very bad errand. People, Mr. Fenwick, knows how to manage things such as that for themselves in their own houses. Strangers don't usually talk

about such things, Mr. Fenwick. Perhaps, Mr. Fenwick, you didn't know as how we have got girls of our own, coming up. Have her here! at Startup? I think I see her here!"

"But Mrs. Brattle—"

"Don't Mrs. Brattle me, Mr. Fenwick, for I won't be so treated. And I must tell you that I don't think it over-decent of you—a clergyman, and a young man, too, in a way—to come talking of such a one in a house like this."

"Would you have her starve or die in a ditch?"

"There ain't no question of starving. Such as her don't starve. As long as it lasts they've the best of eating and drinking—only too much of it. There's prisons: let 'em go there if they means repentance. But they never does—never till there ain't nobody to notice 'em any longer; and by that time they're mostly thieves and pickpockets."

"And you would do nothing to save your own husband's sister from such a fate?"

"What business had she to be a sister to any honest man? Think of what she's been and done to my children, who wouldn't else have had nobody to be ashamed of. There never wasn't one of the Hugginses who didn't behave herself—that is, of the women," added Mrs. George, remembering the misdeeds of a certain drunken uncle of her own, who had come to great trouble in the matter of horseflesh. "And now, Mr. Fenwick, let me beg that there mayn't be another word about her. I don't know nothing of such women, nor what is their ways, and I don't want. I never didn't speak a word to such a one in my life, and I certainly won't begin under my own roof. People knows well enough what's good for them to do, and what isn't, without being dictated to by a clergyman. You'll

excuse me, Mr. Fenwick, but I'll just make bold to say as much as that. Good-morning, Mr. Fenwick."

In the yard, standing close by the gig, he met the farmer again.

"You didn't find she'd be of your way of thinking, Muster Fenwick?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Brattle."

"I knowed she wouldn't. The truth is, Muster Fenwick, that young women as goes astray after that fashion is just like any sick animal, as all the animals as ain't comes and sets upon immediately. It's just as well, too. They knows it beforehand, and it keeps 'em straight."

"It didn't keep poor Carry straight."

"And, by the same token, she must suffer, and so must we all. But, Muster Fenwick, as far as ten or fifteen pounds goes, if it can be of use—"

But the vicar, in his indignation, repudiated the offer of money, and drove himself back to Salisbury with his heart full of sorrow at the hardness of the world. What this woman had been saying to him was only what the world had said to her—the world that knows so much better how to treat an erring sinner than did our Saviour when on earth.

He went with his sad news to Mrs. Stiggs' house, and then made terms for Carry's board and lodging—at any rate for a fortnight. And he said much to the girl as to the disposition of her time. He would send her books, and she was to be diligent in needlework on behalf of the Stiggs family. And then he begged her to go to the daily service in the cathedral—not so much because he thought that the public worship was necessary for her, as that thus she would be provided with a salutary employment for a portion of her day. Carry, as she bade him farewell, said very little. Yes, she would stay with Mrs. Stiggs. That was all that she did say.

## DAUGHTERS OF TOIL.

O H, pale with want and still despair,  
And faint with hastening others' gain,  
Whose finely-fibred natures bear  
The double curse of work and pain ;  
Whose days are long with toil unpaid,  
And short to meet the crowding want ;  
Whose nights are short for rest delayed,  
And long for stealthy fears to haunt,—

To whom my lady, hearing faint  
The distance-muffled cry of need,  
Grants, through some alms-dispensing saint,  
The cup of water, cold indeed,  
The while my lord, pursuing gains  
Amid the market's sordid strife,  
With wageless labor from your veins  
Wrings out the warm, red wine of life,—

What hope for you that better days  
Shall climb the yet unreddened east ?  
When famine in the morning slays,  
Why look for joy at midday feast ?  
Far shines the Good, and faintly throws  
A doubtful gleam through mist and rain,  
But evil Darkness presses close  
His face against the window-pane.

What hope for you that mansions free  
Await in some diviner sphere,  
Whose sapphire wall can never be  
Devoured, like widows' houses here ?  
Too close these narrow walls incline,  
This slender daylight beams too pale,  
For Heaven's all-loving warmth to shine,  
Or God's blue tenderness avail.

O brothers ! sisters ! who would fain  
Some balm of healing help apply—  
Cheer some one agony of pain,  
One note of some despairing cry—  
Whose good designs uncertain wait,  
By tangled social bands perplexed,  
Oh read the sacred sentence straight :  
Do justice first—love mercy next !

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.



## WEAR AND TEAR.

**W**EAR is a natural and legitimate result of use, and comes alike to man, to engine and to the clothing of small boys. It is gradual, and so may be anticipated. It is what we all put up with as the result of activity and increasing years. Tear comes of hard or evil usage, of putting things to wrong purposes—using a chisel for a screw-driver. Long strain, or habitual tug, or sudden demand of strength from weakness, causes tear. Normal only to small boys' breeches, it is not so to man or engine.

The life we are leading at this day in this country is giving occasion to as much wear and many times as much tear as are natural or pleasing to think upon.

The sermon of which these words are the text has been preached many times in many ways to congregations for whom the Dollar Devil had always a more winning eloquence. Like many another man who has talked wearily to his fellows with an honest sense of what they truly need, I feel how vain it is to hope for earnest listeners. Yet here and there may be men and women who are ignorantly sinning against the laws by which they should live or should guide the lives of others, and who will perhaps be willing to heed what one unbiased thinker has to say in regard to the dangers of the way we are treading so recklessly and with so little heed as to where it is leading.

The man who lives an outdoor life by healthful wood and river—who sleeps with the stars visible above him—who wins his bodily subsistence at first-hand from the earth and waters—is a being who defies rain and sun, has a strange sense of elastic strength, may drink if he likes, and may smoke all day long, and feel none the worse for it. Some such return to the earth for life-getting is what gives vigor and developing power to the colonists of an older race cast on a land like ours. A few generations of such men and such fashion of living

store up a capital of vitality which accounts largely for the prodigal activity displayed by their descendants, and made possible only by the sturdy contest with Nature which their ancestors have waged. That such a life is still largely led by multitudes of our countrymen is what alone serves to keep up our pristine force and energy. Are we using not merely the interest on these accumulations of power, but also wastefully spending the capital itself? From a few we have grown to millions, and already in a multitude of ways the Atlantic coast presents the peculiarities of an old nation. Have we lived too fast? The settlers here, as elsewhere, had ample room, and lived sturdily by their own hands, little troubled for the most part with those intense competitions which make it hard to live now-a-days and embitter life at its very source. Neither had they the thousand intricate problems to solve which perplex those who struggle to-day in our teeming city hives. Above all, the educational wants were limited in kind and in degree, and the physical man and woman were what the growing state most wanted.

How much and what kind of good came of the gradual change in all of these matters we well enough know. That in one and another way the cruel competition for the dollar, the new and exacting habits of business, the over-education and the overstraining of our young people, have brought about some great and growing evils, is what is only beginning to be distinctly felt. I would like, therefore, at the risk of being tedious, to re-examine this question—to see if it be true that the nervous system of the American is being sorely overtaxed—to see why this is, and to ascertain how much our habits, our modes of work, and, haply, climatic peculiarities, may have to do with this question. But before venturing upon a subject which may possibly excite controversy and indignation

comment, let me premise that in dealing with it I am talking chiefly of the crowded portions of our country—of our Atlantic States—of our great towns, and especially of their upper classes; and am dealing with those higher questions of mental hygiene of which in general we hear but too little. If the strictures I have to make applied throughout the land—to Oregon as to New England, to the farmer as to the business man, to the women of the artisan class as to those above them socially—then indeed I should cry, God help us and them that are to come after us! Curiously enough, the physical worker is being better and better paid and less and less hardly tasked in this land of ours, while just the reverse obtains in increasing ratios for those who live by the lower form of brain-work; so that, luckily, the bribe to use the hand is growing daily, and pure mechanical labor, as opposed to that of the clerk, is being “leveled upward” with a fortunate celerity.

But before I venture to make good my proposition that we are overtaking our nervous systems in many ways—that we are tearing as well as wearing them—I should be glad to have the privilege of explaining some of the terms we are to use.

The human body carries on several forms of manufacture, with two of which—the evolution of muscular force or motion, and intellection and all moral activities—we are here alone concerned. We are somewhat apt to antagonize these two sets of functions, and to look upon the latter, or brain-labor, only as involving the use or abuse of the nervous system. But really every blow on the anvil is as distinctly an act of the nerve centres as are the highest mental processes. If this be so, how or why is it that excessive muscular exertion—I mean such as is outrageous and continued—does not cause the same appalling effects as are occasioned by a like abuse of the nerve organs in mental actions of various kinds? To some extent this is not always the case, for, as I may point out in the way of illustration hereafter, the centres which originate or

evolve muscular power do sometimes suffer from undue taxation; but it is certainly true that when this happens the evil result is rarely as severe or as lasting as when it is the organs of mental power which have suffered.

In either form of work, motor or mental, the will acts to start the needed processes, and afterward is regulative chiefly. In the case of movement, the spinal nerve centres are most largely called into action. Where mental or moral processes are involved, the active organs lie within the cranium. As I have said just now, when we talk of an overtaxed nervous system it is usually the brain we refer to, and not the spine; and the question therefore arises, Why is it that an excess of physical labor is better borne than a like excess of mental labor? The subject broadens here a little too fast for me or my space, and I shall therefore be brief. Mental overwork is harder, because as a rule it is closet or counting-room or at least indoor work—sedentary, in a word. The man who is intensely using his brain is not collaterally employing any other functions, and the more intense is his application the less locomotive does he become. On the other hand, however abusively a man may use his powers of motion in the way of work, he is at all events encouraging that collateral functional activity which mental labor discourages: he is quickening the heart, driving the blood through unused channels, hastening the breaths and increasing the secretions of the skin—all excellent results, and, even if excessive, better than too long or too thorough deficiency of function.

But there is more than this in the question. We do not know as yet what is the cost in expended material of mental acts as compared to motor manifestations, and here therefore are at fault; because, although it seems so much slighter a thing to think a little than to hit out with the power of a Heenan, it may prove that the expenditure of nerve material is in the former case greater than in the latter.

When a man uses his muscles, after

a time comes the feeling called fatigue—a sensation always referred to the muscles, and due most probably to the deposit in the tissues of certain substances formed during motor activity. Warned by this weariness, the man takes rest—indeed may be forced to do so—but if I am not mistaken he who is intensely using the brain does not feel in the common use of it any sensation which warns him that he has taxed it enough. Indeed, it is apt, like a well-bred creature, to get into a sort of exalted state under the stimulus of need, so that its owner feels amazed at the ease of its processes and at the sense of *wide-awakefulness* and power they give him. It is only after very long abuse that the brain begins to have means of saying, “I have been used enough;” and at this stage the warning is too often in the shape of some one of the many symptoms which indicate that the organ is already talking with the tongue of disease.

I do not know how these views will be generally received, but I am sure that the personal experience of many scholars will decide them to be correct; and they serve to make clear why it is that men do not know they are abusing the organ of thought until it is already suffering deeply, and also wherefore the mind may not be as ruthlessly overworked as the legs or arms.

Another reason why overwork of brain and the moral faculties is so mischievous is seen in a peculiarity which of itself is also an indication of the auto-activity of the separate organs. We will to concentrate attention on certain intellectual work: we do this too long or under improper circumstances: at last we stop and propose to go to sleep or to abandon the task. Not so, says the too-wakeful organ; and whether we will or not the mind keeps turning over the problem in a way made irregular by the denial of full attention, or the imagination soars away with the unrest of a demon; so that a state of morbid wide-awakefulness is attained which I am sure can be matched many times in the experience of every active thinker, and especially among those who have in any way overtaxed the brain;

and who, alas! among us has not done this? The tired body stops at the will of its owner and is still, but the misused slaves of the lamp are not always to be laid as easily as they are raised, and caper viciously in useless mockery of the hard work they had bent over all too long.

Let us agree, then, that mental and moral strain is the heaviest strain—that it is more apt to cause permanent mischief—that a combination of overwork both of body and mind must be doubly serious; and we shall now be in a condition to apply this knowledge.

I have been careful here to state that overwork of both mind and body is doubly mischievous, because nothing is now more sure in hygienic science than that a proper alternation of physical and mental labor is best fitted to ensure a lifetime of wholesome and vigorous intellectual exertion. This is probably due to several causes, but principally to the fact that during active exertion of the limbs the brain cannot be employed intensely, and therefore has secured to it a state of repose which even sleep is not always competent to supply. Perhaps, too, there is concerned a physiological law, which, though somewhat mysterious, I may again and again have to summon to my aid in the way of explanation. It is known as the law of Treviranus, its discoverer, and may thus be briefly stated: Each organ is to every other in the body as an excreting organ. In other words, to ensure perfect health, every tissue, bone, nerve, tendon or muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. To do this every organ must or ought to have its period of activity and of rest, so as to keep the vital fluid in a proper state to nourish every other part. This process in perfect health is a system of mutual assurance, which is probably essential to a condition of entire vigor of both mind and body.

If I have made myself fully understood, we are now prepared to apply some of our knowledge to the solution of certain awkward questions which force

themselves daily upon the attention of every thoughtful and observant physician among us.

And first, then, are we suffering? Are we of the Atlantic coast becoming a nervous race? Do we break down easily—more easily than we should? Are our girls failing from causes which affect the nervous system, and through it all-important organs? And, finally, can it be shown that in our great centres nervous disorders are increasing at a ratio enormously greater than are the other disorders bred by the simple growth of cities?

I want to consider this matter first with regard to our young people, the children of all classes of merchants and professional men. Ask any doctor of your acquaintance to sum up thoughtfully the young girls he knows, and to tell you how many in each score are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or in fact to be wives and mothers at all. I have been asked this question myself very often, and I have heard it asked of others. The answers I am not going to give, chiefly because I should not be believed—a disagreeable position, in which I shall not deliberately place myself. Perhaps I ought to add that the answers I have heard given were appalling.\*

Next, I will ask you to note carefully the expression and figures of the young girls whom you may chance to meet in your walks, or you may watch them at a concert or on some grand occasion, such as the "Peace Jubilee" in Boston. Then I think you will see many very charming faces, the like of which the world cannot match—figures somewhat too spare of flesh, and, especially south of Rhode Island, a marvelous littleness of hand and foot. But look a little farther,

\* If any reader doubts my statement as to the physical failure of our women to fulfill the natural functions of mothers, let him contrast the power of the recently-imported Irish women to nurse their babies with that of the females of our mechanic class. As to the women of the upper classes, if I stated that one in three was perfectly competent as a nurse, I should be well within the mark. The subject is too delicate to be further handled here: let me add, however, that women with us are usually anxious to nurse their own children, and merely cannot, and that the numerous artificial foods for children now for sale singularly prove the truth of my statements.

and especially among these New England young girls: you will be struck with a certain hardness of line in form and feature which should not be seen between thirteen and eighteen, at least; and if you have an eye which rejoices in the tints of health, you will miss them on a multitude of the cheeks we are now so daringly criticising. I do not want to do more than is needed of this ungracious talk: suffice it, that multitudes of our young girls are merely pretty to look at, or not that—that their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs and hysteria—that domestic demon which has made, I am persuaded, almost as much wretchedness as the husband's dram.

Now, what has done all this? I know of many who will tell you that late hours, fashion of dress, dancing, etc., are at fault; while really, with rare exception, the newer fashions have been more healthy than those they superseded, and, save in a twentieth perhaps of all the cases, late hours and over-exertion in the dance are alone utterly incapable of explaining the case. I am far more inclined to suppose that climatic peculiarities have formed the groundwork of evil, and enabled the agencies just now mentioned to produce an effect which would not in some other countries be so severe. I am quite persuaded, indeed, that the development of a nervous temperament is one of the many race-changes we are undergoing, and which are giving us facial, vocal and other peculiarities which are gifts of none of our ancestral stocks. If, as I believe, this change of temperament in a people coming largely from the phlegmatic races is to be seen most remarkably in the more nervous sex, it will not surprise us that it should be fostered by many causes which are fully within our own control. Given such a tendency, want of exercise will fatally increase it, and all the follies of fashion will aid in the work of ruin.

Worst of all, however, to my mind—most destructive in every way—is the American view of female education. The time taken for the most serious education of girls extends upward to the age of

eighteen, and rarely over this. During these years they are undergoing such organic development as renders them remarkably sensitive. From seventeen and afterward I presume that healthy women are nearly as well able to study with proper precautions as men, but before this time over-use, or even too steady use, of the brain is dangerous to health and to every future probability of womanly usefulness. It is no answer to urge in reply that a vast proportion of our girls do not study hard: very many do, especially in our public schools, and the evil does not lie alone in this direction. The hours of school are too long, both for boys and girls. From nine until two and a half or three is a common period. The recess of twenty minutes to half an hour is insufficient as a break, and is not usually filled by enforced exercise. At our Blind Asylum alone the rule prevails of ten minutes of active, light gymnastics between every two hours. As to holidays in our schools, they are dictated by the caprice or religious belief of the teacher.

In the city where this is written there is, so far as I know, not one private girls' school in a building planned for a school-house; and even in our latest-built public school-houses, erected at great expense, ventilation is incomplete or neglected. As a consequence, we hear endless complaints from young ladies of overheated or chilly rooms. If the teacher be old, the room is apt to be too warm; or if she be young, and much afoot about her school, the apartment is apt to be cold.

The question of study is one which I find it difficult to dispose of; but allow three hours at home, and we have at least eight hours a day given up to brain-work. I have no hesitation in deciding, as a physician, that this is far too much for girls at their time of most active physical development.

As to the physician, I know how often and how earnestly this sort of mischief meets with remonstrance from him. He knows well enough that many girls stand it, but that very many do not, and that, as I said above, the brain plods on,

not saying, I will not work, but doing poor work, until the girl fights through, or there is a regular breakdown with weak eyes, headaches, neuralgias, or what not. I am perfectly confident that I shall be told here, But women ought to be able to study hard between fourteen and eighteen years without injury, if boys can do it. Practically, however, the boys of to-day are getting their toughest education later and later in life, while girls leave school at the same age as they did thirty years ago. It used to be common for boys to enter college at fourteen: at present, eighteen is a usual age of admission at Harvard or Yale. Now, let any one compare the scale of studies for both sexes employed half a century ago with that of to-day. He will find that its demands are vastly more exacting than they were—a difference fraught with no evil for men, who attack the graver studies later in life, but most perilous for girls, who are still expected to leave school at eighteen or earlier.

I firmly believe—and I am not alone in this opinion—that as concerns the physical future of women they would do far better if the brain were very lightly tasked and the school-hours but three or four a day until they reach the age of seventeen at least. Anything, indeed, were better than loss of health; and if it be in any case a question of doubt, the school should be unhesitatingly abandoned, as the source of very many of the nervous maladies with which our women are troubled. I am almost ashamed to defend a position which is held by many competent physicians, but an intelligent friend, who has read this page, still asks me why it is that overwork of brain should be so serious an evil to women at the age of womanly development? My best reply to this would be the experience and opinions of those of us who are called upon to see how many school-girls are suffering in health from confinement, want of exercise at the time of day when they most incline to it, bad ventilation, and too steady occupation of mind. At no other time of life is the nervous system so sensitive—so irritable,



I might say—and at no other is abundant fresh air and exercise so all-important. To show more precisely how the growing girl is injured by the causes just mentioned would carry me upon subjects unfit for discussion in these pages, but the thoughtful reader will find on page 495 the materials with which to frame an opinion as to the mechanism of the mischief which we dread.

These, then, are a few of the reasons why it were better not to educate girls at all between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, unless it can be done with absolute and careful reference to their physical health. To-day, the American woman is, to speak plainly, physically unfit for her duties as woman. I would rather she did these more thoroughly before she sets forth her fitness to undertake the weightier tasks of the man.

As I have summoned up climate in the broad sense to account for some peculiarities of the health of our women, so also would I admit it as one of the chief reasons why work among men results so frequently in tear as well as wear. I believe that something in our country makes intellectual work of all kinds harder to do than it is in Europe; and since we do it with a terrible energy, it shows in wear very soon, and almost always in the way of tear also. I presume that few persons who look at our national career will be willing to admit my proposition, but among the higher intellectual workers, such as astronomers, physicists and naturalists, I have frequently heard this belief expressed. One at least among the first of living naturalists is positive that brain-work is with us harder and more hurtful than he found it abroad. Nor, as I have just urged, is he single in this opinion. Certain it is that our thinkers of the classes named are apt to break down with what the doctor knows as cerebral exhaustion—a worn-out brain—in a manner very much more rare among the savants of Europe. A share of this may perhaps be blamed upon certain general habits of life which fall with equal weight of mischief upon many classes of busy men, as I shall presently point out. Still, these will not alto-

gether account for the fact, and I firmly believe that if, like some of the French workers in science whom I have known, we were to rise at daybreak, drink a bowl of coffee with milk, work till a substantial breakfast at 11 A. M., and then, with the rest of the day for labor, dine at six, and play dominoes till a nine or ten o'clock bed-hour, we should still discover that mental work with us is more trying than the European finds it to be. Why this is I cannot say, but it is no more mysterious than the strange fact that agents which, as sedatives or excitants, affect the great nerve centres, do this very differently in different climates. Thus it is possible to drink with safety in England amounts of wine which here would be disagreeable in their first effect and perilous in their ultimate results. The Cuban who takes coffee enormously at home, and smokes endlessly, can do here neither the one nor the other to the same degree. And so also the amount of excitation from work which the brain will bear varies exceedingly with variations of climatic influences.

Although, from what I have seen, I should judge that overtasked men of science are especially liable to the trouble which I have called cerebral exhaustion, all classes of men who use the brain severely, and who have also—and this is important—seasons of excessive anxiety or of grave responsibility, are also subject to the same form of disease; and this is why, I presume, that I, as well as others who are accustomed to encounter nervous disorders, have met with numerous instances of nervous exhaustion among merchants and manufacturers. The lawyer and clergyman also offer examples, but I do not remember ever to have seen a bad case among physicians. Dismissing the easy jest which the latter statement will surely suggest, the reason for this we may presently encounter.

The worst instances to be met with are among young men suddenly cast into business positions involving weighty responsibility. I can recall several where men under or just over twenty-one have



suddenly attempted to carry the responsibilities of great manufactories. Excited and stimulated by the pride of such a charge, they have worked with a certain exaltation of brain, and, achieving success, have been stricken down in the moment of triumph. I think, therefore, that this too-frequent practice of immature men going into business, especially with borrowed capital, is a serious evil. The same person, gradually trained to naturally and slowly increasing burdens, would have been sure of healthy success. In individual cases I have found it so often vain to remonstrate or to point out the various habits which collectively act for mischief on our business class that I may well despair of doing good by a mere general statement. As I have noted them connected with the cases of overwork, I have seen they are these: Late hours of work, irregular meals bolted in haste away from home, the absence of holidays and of pursuits outside of business, and the consequent practice of carrying home, as the only subject of talk, the cares and successes of the counting-house and the stock-board. Most of these evil habits require no comment. What indeed can be said? The man who has worked hard all day, and lunched or dined hastily, comes home or goes to the club to converse—save the mark!—about goods and stocks. Holidays, except in summer, he knows not of, and it is then thought time enough taken from work if the man sleeps in the country and comes into a hot city daily, or at the best has a week or two at the sea-shore. This incessant monotony tells in the end. I have seen men who confessed to me that for ten or twenty years they had worked every day, often traveling at night or on Sundays to save time; and that in all this period they had not taken one day for idle play. These are extreme instances, but they are also in a measure representative of a frightfully general social evil.

Is it any wonder if the asylum for the insane gapes for such men? There comes to them at last a season of business embarrassment, or else, when they get to be fifty or thereabouts, the brain

begins to feel the strain, and just as they are thinking, "Now I will stop and enjoy myself," the brain, which slave-like, never murmurs until it breaks out into open insurrection, suddenly refuses to work, and the mischief is done. There are two periods of life especially prone to these troubles—one when the mind is maturing; another at the turning-point of life, when the brain has attained its fullest power, and has left behind it accomplished the larger part of its best enterprise and most active labor.

I am disposed to think that the variety of work done by lawyers, their long summer holiday, their more general cultivation, their usual tastes for literary or other objects out of their business walks, may, to some extent, save them, as well as the fact that they can rarely be subject to the sudden and fearful responsibilities of business men. Moreover, like the doctor, the lawyer gets his weight upon him slowly, and is thirty at least before it can be severe enough to task him shrewdly. The business man's only limitation is money, and few young mercantile men will hesitate to enter trade on their own account if they can command capital. With the doctor, as with the lawyer, a long intellectual education, a slowly-increasing strain, responsibilities of gradual growth, tend, with his outdoor life, to save him from the form of disease I have been alluding to. This element of open-air life, I suspect, has a large share in protecting men who in many respects lead a most unhealthy life, for the doctor, who is supposed to get a large share of exercise, in reality gets very little after he grows too busy to walk, and has then only the incidental exposure to out-of-door air. When this is associated with a fair share of physical exertion, it is an immense safeguard against the ills of anxiety and too much brain-work. I presume that very few of our generals could have gone through with their terrible task if it had not been that they lived so largely in the open air and exercised so freely. For these reasons I do not doubt that the effects of our great contest upon the Secretary of War and the late President were far

more severely felt than by Grant or Sherman.

Before asking my reader's attention to the peculiar modes in which certain classes of men show the influence of overworked nervous systems, I desire to present a few statements which seem to me singularly conclusive as to the alarming increase of nervous disease in our great towns. There, if anywhere, we shall find evidence of this truth, because there we find in exaggerated shapes all the evils I have been defining. The best mode of testing the matter is to take the statistics of some large city which has grown from a country town to a vast business hive within a very few years. Chicago fulfills these conditions precisely. In 1852 it numbered 49,407 souls. At the close of 1868 it had reached to 252,054. Within these years it has become the keenest and most wide-awake business centre in America. Before me lies the record of its deaths from nervous disease, as well as the statement of each year's total mortality; so that I have it in my power to show the increase of deaths from nerve disorders relatively to the whole annual losses of life from all causes. Let us see what manner of story these figures will tell us. Unluckily, they are rather dry tale-tellers.

The honest use of the mortuary statistics of a great town is no such easy matter, and I must therefore ask that I may be supposed to have taken every possible precaution in order not to exaggerate the reality of a great evil. Certain diseases, such as apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance and lockjaw or tetanus, we all agree to consider as nervous maladies: convulsions, and the vast number of cases known to the death-lists as dropsy of the brain, effusion on the brain, etc., are to be looked upon with more doubt. The former, as every doctor knows, are, in a vast proportion of instances, due to direct disease of the nerve centres; or, if not to this, then to such a condition of irritability of these parts as makes them too ready to cause spasms in response to causes which disturb the extremities of

the nerves, such as teething and the like. This tendency seems to be fostered by the air and habits of great towns, and by all of the agencies which in these places depress the health of a community. The diseases last named, as dropsy of the brain or effusion, probably include a number of maladies, some of them due to scrofula, and to whatever causes that to flourish; others, to the same kind of influences which seem to favor convulsive disorders. Less surely than the other maladies can these, as a class, be looked upon as true nervous diseases; so that in speaking of them I shall be careful to make separate mention of their increase, and to state specifically that in the general summary of the increase of nerve disorders I have thought it right on the whole to include this partially doubtful class.

Taking the years 1852 to 1868, inclusive, it will be found that the population of Chicago has increased 5.1 times and the deaths from all causes 3.7 times; while the nerve deaths, including the doubtful classes labeled in the reports as dropsy of the brain and convulsions, have risen to 20.4 times what they were in 1852. Thus in 1852, '53 and '55, leaving out the cholera year '54, the deaths from nerve disorders were respectively to the whole population as 1 in 1149, 1 in 953 and 1 in 941; whilst in 1866, '67 and '68 they were 1 in 505, 1 in 415.7 and 1 in 287.8. Still omitting 1854, the average relation of neural deaths to the total mortality was, in the first five years beginning with 1852, 1 in 26.1. In the five latter years studied—that is, from 1864 to 1868, inclusive—this relation was 1 nerve death to every 9.9 of all deaths.

I have alluded above to a class of deaths included in my tables, but containing, no doubt, many instances of mortality due to other causes than disease of the nerve organs. Thus many which are stated as owing to convulsions ought to be placed to the credit of tubercular disease of the brain or to heart maladies; but even in practice the distinction as to cause cannot always be made; and as a large proportion of this

loss of life is really owing to brain affections, I have thought best to include the whole class in my statement.

A glance at the individual diseases which are indubitably nervous is more instructive and less perplexing. For example, taking the extreme years, the recent increase in apoplexy is remarkable, even when we remember that it is a malady of middle and later life, and that Chicago, a new city, is therefore entitled to a yearly increasing quantity of this form of death. In 1868 it was 8.6 times as numerous as in 1852. Convulsions as a death cause had in 1868 risen to 22 times as many as in the year 1852. Epilepsy, one of the most marked of all nervous maladies, is more free from the difficulties which belong to the last-mentioned class. In 1852 and '53 there were in all two deaths from this disease: in the next four years there were none. From 1858 to '64, inclusive, there were in all 6 epileptic deaths: then we have in the following years, 5, 3, 11; and in 1868 actually 17 deaths. Passing by palsy, which, like apoplexy, increases in 1868—8.6 times as compared to 1852, and 26 times as related to the four following years—we come to lockjaw, an unmistakable malady. Six years out of the first eleven give us no death from this painful disease: the others, up to 1864, offer one only apiece, and this annual period has but two. Then it rises to 3 each year, to 5 in 1867, and to 12 in 1868. At first sight, this record of mortality from lockjaw would seem to be conclusive, yet it is perhaps, of all the maladies here mentioned, the most deceptive as a means of determining the growth of neural diseases. To make this clear to the general reader, he need only be told that tetanus is nearly always caused by mechanical injuries, and that the natural increase of these in a place like Chicago may account for some part of the increase. Yet, taking the record as a whole, and viewing it only with a calm desire to get at the truth, it is not possible to avoid seeing that the growth of nerve maladies has been inordinate.

The situation of Chicago would alone make it deadly, were it not for the sa-

gacity and civil courage of its present health officers and its bountiful supply of pure water. The qualities, in many respects admirable, which have built this great city on a morass, and made it a vast centre of insatiate commerce, are now at work to undermine the nervous systems of its restless and eager people. With what result, I have here tried to point out, chiefly because it is an illustration in the most concentrated form of causes which are at work very widely throughout the entire land.

I have thus made clear, I trust, the inordinate growth in a great city of that class of diseases which largely depend for their production upon the strain brought to bear on the nervous system by the toils and competitions of a community growing rapidly and stimulated to its utmost capacity. Probably the same rule would be found to apply to other towns, but I have not found time to study their statistics; and for reasons already given, Chicago may be taken as a typical illustration.

I have very little doubt in my own mind that the wearing, incessant cares of overwork, of business anxiety and the like do not only produce directly diseases of the nervous system, but also that these, and the habits growing out of them, are fertile parents of dyspepsia, consumption and maladies of the heart. How often we trace all the forms of the first-named protean disease to these causes is only too well known to every physician, and their connection with cardiac troubles is also well understood.

Where organic disease does not immediately result from too prolonged and too heavy business cares of various kinds, we are apt to witness that form of disorder of which I have already spoken as cerebral exhaustion; and before closing this paper I am tempted to describe briefly the symptoms which warn us of its approach or tell of its complete possession of the unhappy victim. Why it should be so difficult of relief is hard to comprehend, until we remember that the brain is apt to go on doing its weary work automatically and despite the will of the unlucky owner;

so that it gets no thorough rest, and is in the hapless position of a broken limb which is expected to knit while still in use. Where overwork has worn out the spinal or motor centres, it is, on the other hand, easy to enforce repose, and so place them in the best condition for repair. This was often and happily illustrated during the war. Severe marches, bad food and other causes which make war so exhausting, were constantly in action, until certain men were doing their work with too small a margin of reserve-power. Then came such a crisis as the last days of McClellan's retreat to the James river, or the forced march of the Sixth Army Corps to Gettysburg, and at once these men succumbed with palsy of the legs. A few months of absolute rest, good diet, ale, fresh beef and vegetables restored them anew to perfect health. I have seen but few cases of this kind in private practice.

Now let us see what happens when the intellectual organs are put over-long on the stretch, and when moral causes, such as heavy responsibilities and over-anxiety, are at work.

As a rule, one of two symptoms appears first, or perhaps both come together. Work gets to be a little less facile: this astonishes the subject, especially if he has been under high pressure and doing his tasks with that ease which sometimes comes of excitement. With this, or a little later, he discovers that he sleeps badly and that the thoughts of the day infest his dreams, or so possess him as to make slumber difficult. Unrefreshed, he rises and plunges anew into the labor for which he is no longer competent. Let him stop here: he has had his warning. Day after day the work grows more trying, but the varied stimulants to exertion come into play, the mind, aroused, forgets in the cares of the day the weariness of the night season; and so, with lessening power and growing burden, he pursues his purpose. At last come certain new symptoms, such as giddiness, dimness of sight, neuralgia of the face or scalp, with entire nights of insomnia and growing difficulty

in the use of the mental powers; so that to attempt a calculation or any form of intellectual labor is to ensure a sense of distress in the head, or such absolute pain as proves how deeply the organs concerned have suffered. Even to read is sometimes almost impossible; and there still remains the deception arising from the fact that under enough of moral stimulus the man may be able for a few hours to plunge into business cares without such instant pain as completely to incapacitate him for immediate activity. Without fail, however, night brings the punishment; and at last the slightest exertion of mind becomes impossible. In the worst cases the scalp itself grows sore, and a sudden jar hurts the brain, or seems to do so; while the mere act of stepping from a curbstone produces positive pain.

Strange as it may seem, all of this may happen to a man, and he may still struggle onward, ignorant of the terrible demands he is making upon an exhausted brain. Usually by this time he has sought advice, and, if his doctor is worthy of the title, has learned that while there are certain aids for his symptoms in the shape of drugs, there is only one real remedy. Happy he if not too late in discovering that complete and prolonged cessation from work is the one thing needful. Not a week of holiday, or a month, but probably a year or more of utter idleness may be absolutely essential. This alone will answer in cases so extreme as that I have tried to depict, and even this will not always ensure a return to a state of active working health.

I have chosen, for obvious reasons, to draw a general picture. It would have been as easy to tell the story of life after life—of youth, vigorous, eager, making haste to be rich, wrecked and made unproductive and dependent for years or for ever; of middle age, unable or unwilling to pause in the career of dollar-getting, crushed to earth in the hour of fruition, or made powerless to labor longer at any cost for those who were dearest.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

## MURDER MOST FOUL.

## I.

FORTH from the smoke and carnage and thunder of the tremendous third day of Gettysburg there staggered a bewildered fugitive, wounded, fevered and half blinded by pain and blood. His faded, torn and tattered clothing (once, perhaps, a uniform) was blood-stained here and there, and his hatless forehead was marked by a bleeding cut. His left hand, wrapped in bloody bandages, rested in a sling, and he limped as he went with a labored gait. He bore no arms nor knapsack: these had already been flung aside; and now, as he pursued his way, he divested himself hurriedly of all his accoutrements, one after another, and cast them impatiently to the ground. He took no path. He pushed on with unsteady yet rapid strides through bushes, over rocks and fences, straight ahead, with lips compressed in silent agony. His apparently wild and aimless flight had carried him some miles from the actual conflict (which was not yet decided), when his fast diminishing strength was shown in his feebly-tottering steps and in the difficulty with which he kept from plunging headlong to the earth. At this moment he came in view of a farm-house, and the sight stimulated him to renewed effort. Forward he toiled, full of fresh hope, when, half-way between him and the goal of his exertions, there arose a high, broad stone wall. It seemed to him insurmountable, and he groaned in anguish. Nevertheless he essayed to clamber over the obstacle. More than once he fell back from the attempt, but at length, as if with his last expiring energies, he managed to drag himself to the top of the wall. Dizzily he looked about him, as he thought to rest himself a moment; but suddenly all grew blank and he became unconscious.

He fell fainting and insensible to the ground on the inner side of the wall, with a despairing cry for "Water!" He had luckily fallen near a spring-

house, and a startled girl, pail in hand, heard his exclamation and beheld his fall. She at once approached him, put water to his lips, and washed the blood from his face. She continued her ministrations until animation began to return to the seemingly lifeless form. He opened his eyes and gazed at her. Smiling faintly, he fondly murmured, "Indiana!"

His fevered brain evidently mistook her for another. Closing his eyes, he lapsed suddenly into a deep sleep. Taking advantage of this, she hastily proceeded to the farm-house, whence she soon returned with the old farmer and his wife. Spreading a blanket, they placed the wounded soldier upon it and with difficulty bore him to a bed.

"He is a rebel," said the old man.

"But he is a fellow-human," remarked his wife.

"And he is wounded—dying, perhaps, far from home and friends," added the girl, who was obviously the daughter of the aged couple.

On the fourth day of July it was known to all that Lee was beaten and retreating. That general had fallen back into Virginia when the wounded soldier whose fortunes we are following became aware that he had been left behind in the enemy's country. He found himself tenderly cared for in the house of Mr. Ordolf, a plain but substantial farmer, whose wife and daughter were assiduous in their humane attentions to the disabled Confederate. They were mother and sister to him in his forlorn condition, and his grateful affection for them grew day by day as he experienced their unselfish kindness. Toward Mary Ordolf, the daughter, his feelings rapidly grew to be of a holier and more tender character. What she was in form and feature would have been sufficient excuse for this; and then her simple daily life, exhibited in all its gentle purity before him and in his behalf, was enough



to subdue the most obdurate of masculine hearts. It did not take him long to learn that his love was returned, and before he became strong enough to leave his room he and his fair nurse were "engaged." Was it a baleful conjunction, this of the "loyal" maiden and the "rebel" lover? We shall see.

As soon as John Randall (such was the young Confederate's name) was strong enough to march, he felt that he could no longer remain where he was: he had to choose between a Federal prison and an attempt to escape to the Confederacy. He promptly made choice of the latter alternative. Giving his "parole" to the elder Ordolfs and a kiss of eternal fidelity to the weeping Mary, he bade them all farewell and made the venture. He was successful, reaching Richmond safely, and, being shortly declared duly exchanged, took his part in the remainder of the war till the surrender of Lee. In the mean time, however, the Ordolfs heard nothing of him. We leave it to the imagination of her sex to conceive the emotions, ever varying from hope to despair, experienced by Mary Ordolf under these circumstances. On the third of July, 1865, she was sitting on the roof of a huge oak which shaded the spring-house, thinking mournfully of that day, two years before, when the fainting Confederate fell at her feet appealing for succor. In the midst of these reminiscences she thought she heard a noise on the stone wall near her. Turning to look, she saw a man in the act of leaping to the ground. She recognized him in an instant.

"Mary!"

"John!"

And the long separated were once more united. Within a fortnight they were married.

Randall did not long remain with his young wife—his business, he said, calling him to Virginia—and he left her with her parents upon the pretext that his home was not quite prepared for her. He was absent two months, corresponding regularly with her, however. At the end of this period he came again, staying some weeks, and again leaving her on

the same plea. These comings and departures were repeated several times, until Mary and her parents began to suspect that Randall, for some reason, was either ashamed or afraid to introduce his wife to his own family. Mary had been shocked to hear the gossiping whisper that her husband had another wife in Virginia, and she had to acknowledge that his conduct was not above suspicion, notwithstanding his plausible assurances. On his last visit the old farmer insisted that Randall should at once decide either to settle down there with his wife or to take her with him. Irritated by the apparent lack of confidence in him, he at once avowed his determination to carry her to Virginia, and making hurried preparations for the journey, they soon went South together. It was during the trip that Mary first found resolution enough to show her husband a letter which she had received some months before from his home in Virginia. It ran as follows:

"MARY: I have chanced to see a letter addressed to Mr. John Randall, Beeville, Virginia, by you, in which you claim that gentleman as your husband. As I am an intimate acquaintance and near relative of his, I am surprised at your pretensions (whether well or ill founded), for he is still considered a single man here, where he was born and reared, and passes himself as such. If he is married to you or anybody else, I assure you that he keeps the matter a secret here, and I am certain that neither his father nor mother knows anything of it. Tell me all about it, and you will oblige

INDIANA."

"That girl is my evil genius!" exclaimed John Randall, excitedly, when he had read the note. "She is my first cousin, and has always loved me from childhood with a sort of fierce passion. When I first saw you, Mary, I was 'engaged' to her, and I have never had the courage to announce our marriage to her or to my own family. I have weakly kept the secret, putting off the evil day as long as I could, or until my circumstances would justify me in braving the



wrath of my parents and all concerned. But matters have come to a crisis. A day or two will decide whether we are to be repudiated or kindly welcomed."

"John," entreated Mary, "let us return to my father's."

"And thus confirm the gossips in their slanders? Never! The die is cast. Indiana and her friends will rave: let them. Great God! what a creature she must be! Did you answer her letter?"

"I did, giving her, in self-defence, all the information she asked."

"And, yet, with her full knowledge of my marriage with you, she has constantly been eager for me to consummate my engagement with her—indirectly urging it by every means at her command!"

It was Saturday evening when they arrived at the *dépôt* nearest to Beeville, and stopping at the hotel there that night, next day Randall hired a conveyance (driving himself) and started homeward with his bride.

Monday he returned the horses and vehicle.

Tuesday night he escorted a young lady of Beeville to a party, and there bore himself as gayly, apparently, as the other young men.

His wife had mysteriously disappeared! The public of Beeville and vicinity knew not of her coming, and therefore she was not missed.

Where was she?

## II.

TEN days after, the body of an unknown woman was found in the woods a few miles from Beeville. A pistol ball was found buried in her neck; on her throat were the marks of a murderous clutch; and from head to foot she had been beaten and bruised in the most cruel manner. The jury of inquest was not able to identify her, nor was there found any likely clue to lead to the detection of her murderer. Descriptions of the murdered woman and her dress were published, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of her murderer, but all in vain. The body was buried, and within a few weeks the excitement occasioned by the

dreadful horror had completely subsided. It seemed a hopeless mystery, for ever impenetrable.

Meanwhile, the Ordolfs heard regularly from Randall. His first letter explained why Mary did not write: "You will understand why Mary employs me as her amanuensis when I inform you that she was so unfortunate as to have her right hand severely bruised by a slamming car door on our way here. She cannot use it at all at present, but we are in hopes that it will soon be well. With this exception we are enjoying ourselves here, and have every prospect of doing well. Mary is delighted with her reception by my relations and friends, and desires me to assure you of her content."

The next letter from Randall still harped upon the injured hand: "Mary has caught cold in the hand that I told you had been hurt, and it is much inflamed, causing her great pain. A doctor has been called in, who expresses fears as to the result unless great care is taken. But he is noted for making a case appear worse than it really is, and we are not alarmed."

There was some delay in the next letter, causing the simple and confiding Ordolfs much uneasiness. At length it came, fulfilling their wildest fears: "May Heaven help you and all of us to bear it! Our darling Mary is gone: she is dead! Five days ago she was seized with lock-jaw, and expired next day, in spite of every effort to relieve her. She was sensible to the last, but speechless. She was buried yesterday. You may faintly imagine my grief and desolation. You have lost a daughter, but I have lost in her all that was dear to me. God help us all!

"I am too unnerved to write now. But I must beg, as a last favor, that you allow my darling's remains to rest here undisturbed. I will care for them, and water the flowers on her dear grave with my frequent tears. As soon as I have the heart to undertake the task, I will send you all her clothing, etc., reserving to myself only a few mementoes. May Heaven bless you and sustain you!"

The aged couple were heartbroken at the loss of their only child, and mourned with a grief that refused to be comforted. Ah! it was not long before they would have thanked God that their daughter's fate had been no worse than they at first believed.

The rewards offered for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer of the woman had stimulated one man to a patient and ceaseless investigation. He was a sort of amateur detective, named Tinsley, who had no special fitness for his self-assumed office, except an intense curiosity and a persistent brooding that would sometimes bring form and purpose out of chaos. He haunted the spot where the corpse was found, and meditated upon all the circumstances of the case with the dogged pertinacity of stupidity. A brighter person would have yielded the task in despair, but his very dullness kept him at it, and at length gave him a clue that he slowly but steadily followed up. Near the scene of the murder he one day found a *chignon* of coal-black hair. The dead woman's hair was auburn, and when found she wore a *chignon* of the same color. Close to the *chignon* lay a piece of muddy paper. It proved to be an old letter, dated "Near Gettysburg, Pa." It was simply addressed to "My dear husband," and was signed, "Your affectionate wife, Mary." Nobody but Tinsley would have attached any importance to these discoveries, but it being his habit of mind to refer everything to the case then in hand, he at once believed that he had found the key to the awful mystery. Yet how easy it was to account for the presence of those things there! Hundreds of both sexes, from far and near, had visited the noted scene, and it was very probable that some of these had lost the *chignon* and the letter. Tinsley, however, was not at all impressed with this view of the matter, and he thought it worth his while to go to Gettysburg and inquire for "Mary." He did so. It was a weary hunt, and would have seemed a fool's errand to most people; but at length Tinsley got on the track of "Mary," and he pursued it till he was

welcomed by the Ordolfs as a friend and neighbor of—John Randall! He already knew enough to convince him that John Randall's wife was the murdered woman found near Beeville, and that John Randall was her murderer. He had already seen the minister who married them, and now he read Randall's letters written since the hellish deed, and he thrilled with horror at their cold-blooded duplicity and atrociousness. The evidence was appallingly overwhelming. We cast a veil over the scene that occurred when Tinsley told that old, bereft couple what he believed to be the true story of their daughter's end.

All Beeville and the country around was amazed when it was announced that John Randall had been arrested for the murder. It was incredible. His character was excellent, both as a citizen and soldier, and he was noted for his abstinence not only from the vices but from the follies into which young men commonly fall. Yet when all the damning developments appeared, it seemed impossible to doubt his guilt. As he had once been high in public estimation, so now he fell, like Lucifer. The popular indignation rose against him in a tempest, and he was threatened with the summary vengeance of an excited mob.

On the trial it was positively established by the identification of clothing and ornaments that the dead woman was Mary Randall, once Mary Ordolf; that the prisoner married her in 1865, and had since strangely kept that fact a secret, not only from his acquaintances at Beeville, but from his own family; that, in short, he brought her to Virginia, and was last seen with her in a carriage driving through Beeville on the Sunday we have already noted; that at the hotel, on the Saturday night before, he told his wife that he intended next day to take her to his uncle, whose house she never reached; that he was engaged to be married to Indiana Randall, his cousin; and that he had cruelly duped the Ordolfs into believing that his wife had come to a natural death. There was a cloud of other testimony to the like effect, and though he was eloquently

defended, the jury did not hesitate in returning a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, Randall simply answered,

"Nothing!"

His counsel appealed, but in vain—besought executive clemency, but without avail. The day before that set for the execution of the condemned man, the following communication appeared in the *Beeville Gazette*:

"EDITOR GAZETTE: I do not claim to be the only person in town who impartially and critically heard and examined the evidence submitted in the case of Randall, who is so soon to be hanged; but such seems to be the fact. While I must admit that the mass of that testimony appears to bear fatally against the condemned, there are certain odds and ends of it that point away from him to another or others. The man who first found the body said that he saw no tracks of a man near it, only the tracks of a woman or of women. Not distant from the spot was an old well into which the body would have been thrown by the condemned had he killed her: the presumption is that he did not kill her, but that she was killed by some one unable to convey her corpse to that place of concealment. A freedman testified to seeing two females pass that way on the Sunday in question. Mr. Tinsley found a coal-black *chignon* near the scene, which was not claimed as Mrs. Randall's. A certain young lady witness with raven tresses, possessed at least of a motive quite equal to that alleged against Randall, admitted that she knew Randall was married, had seen a letter from his wife to him, had written to her, etc. Is it not barely possible that her information of the marriage may have been derived from the very letter found by Tinsley, dropped there by some one—not Randall?"

"These things that I have briefly mentioned are, of course, inconclusive, but they are terribly suggestive, and I could

not let John Randall die before bringing them to public notice. JUSTICE."

On the day of execution Randall's counsel published a card, in which they said:

"The communication in yesterday's *Gazette*, signed 'Justice,' indirectly imputes to us a gross negligence in the defence of our client. We can only say, in self-justification, that the line of argument indicated and the course of investigation suggested by the facts alluded to, were peremptorily objected to by Mr. Randall himself, and were accordingly abandoned by us."

Randall was hanged in accordance with his sentence—dying without confession or denial.

### III.

AFTER the execution the sheriff forwarded to Mr. Ordolf a sealed letter from Randall, written on the eve of his death. We give an extract:

"I did not do it, nor consent to it, nor know of it until the awful deed was done beyond remedy. I would willingly have sacrificed a thousand lives for her, as I now sacrifice life and reputation to screen the one who is really guilty. With Mary perished every desire in me for life. I long for death—even the death of the gallows. But I would not die leaving you for ever under the horrible belief that I am the murderer of our darling. Oh I adjure you to credit me when I swear here, in the presence of God and eternity, that I am innocent. Mary, who knows me guiltless, will meet me joyfully beyond the tomb."

Indiana Randall was said to be a raving maniac. From the first arrest of John Randall she had exhibited symptoms of a mind unsettled by the weight of sudden and overwhelming grief. Her family gave out that the loss of her lover under such fearful circumstances had temporarily affected her physical and mental health, and friends and acquaintances were requested to forbear their visits until her recovery was announced. She was seen rarely, and then under the

closest surveillance. As the day of Randall's execution approached, it was rumored that she grew worse, and on that day it was whispered that she was so violent as to require strong restraint and constant watching. And it was so. She was mad, but there was a terrible method in her madness. She sought to break from her confinement and rush to the place of execution. She shrieked aloud avowals of her own guilt and declarations of the innocence of John Randall. She prayed to be permitted to rescue him and die in his stead. Alas, poor wretch! she was already beyond the vengeance of law. Could her guilt have been established beyond a doubt, she was now insane, and it was too late to save the condemned.

"I knew," she cried, "that he had gone to see his wife, perhaps to return with her, and I watched daily for his coming back. Constantly alone in these watches, I managed to get one of John's pistols from his room, and this I carried with me, but only for self-defence. I met them that Sunday afternoon, and my soul was in a tumult of emotions as John accosted me and introduced me to his wife. His wife! Yes, I knew it was she before he told me. I had known for months of his secret marriage. Suppressing my feelings as much as I was able, I endeavored to be calm. We had met just beyond the path which leaves the main carriage-road and cuts off about a mile of the distance to the house. As we all could not ride, I suggested that she and I should walk through by the path, while John drove around by the road. John strongly objected to this, but she seemed anxious to accompany me, and he at last reluctantly consented.

"I had no idea of hurting her. The wish was strong in my heart that God would strike her dead, but I had no intention of raising my own hand against her. As we proceeded, talking as well as my state of mind would allow, we came to the spot where her body was found. There the path became so narrow that we had to go singly, and it so chanced that she went before. It flashed upon me like lightning from hell! The

place was desolate and lonely. There she was, a few feet in front of me, all unconscious and at my mercy. It was a mad impulse, but in a moment I drew the pistol and fired! She fell, but attempted to rise. I sprang upon her in a frenzy of excitement, and kicked, beat, bit and choked her until she lay quite still—dead!"

"My child," said her pale and trembling father, "these are but the disordered fancies of fever. You have brooded over this unhappy matter until it has quite upset you. Doubtless you wish to save John—so do we all—but it is folly for you, or any of us, to seek to become a substitute for him. My child, take our assurances that all this circumstantial account of your killing that unfortunate woman is the mad work of a disordered mind. Calm yourself. In a few days you will be better, and will have forgotten all this that you now insist on so vehemently."

"Ah, father," she exclaimed, "it may suit your purpose to argue that I am mad. Perhaps I am. But I know my guilt, and I will no longer conceal it. You all know it, too. Who, that fatal evening, kneeled to the furious and distracted John and besought him to silence? Whose entreaties prevailed on him to adopt the very course which has brought him to the scaffold? To save me you will allow him to be sacrificed! I have been deceived long, but it is not yet too late. I will proclaim my guilt to the world: I will take his place on the gallows! Loose me!" But her cries and struggles were in vain.

Thus she raved of her real or imaginary part in the horrid tragedy, giving now a coherent version, as plausible as it was astounding, and anon a confused and silly jumble of impossibilities that aroused naught but pity and incredulity.

The scaffold from which John Randall had been launched into eternity was still standing in the jail-yard, when one night, close on the stroke of twelve, the guard beheld with terror the noiseless approach of a form arrayed in white. Awed to silence by the apparition, the guard watched its motions with breathless at-

tention. Entering the yard, it proceeded at once to the scaffold and mounted it. In a few moments the staring guard beheld the figure suddenly sink through the platform to the shoulders, where, after some convulsive motions, it remained stationary. To that guard it was the ghost of Randall, and he fell fainting with alarm. In his fall his musket was discharged, and this bring-

ing the jailer and others on the scene, it was speedily discovered that the ghost was a woman! Eluding her guardians, and providing herself with a cord, Indiana Randall followed the man she loved through the same exit he had taken!

Was he alone guilty?

Or was she alone guilty?

Or were both guilty?

W. C. ELAM.

## FUEL.

THE civilization of the present is a rich one, abundant in resources, and under deep obligations to the providence of Nature in the past. But it is a wasteful civilization, heedless of the needs of the future, sustained by a rapid consumption of the earth's reservoirs of force, and failing to borrow from the physical world its grand principle of economy. This is emphatically the age of Steam. The expansion of water-vapor is the power that moves the modern world. But water is simply a vehicle for the expansive force of the heat set free from consumed fuel. Hence the world's capacity of production is dependent upon the extent of its stores of fuel and its economy in their employment.

Latent forces permeate all nature, but man has had, as yet, very slight success in rendering them available for his purposes. These interior forces of matter all tend to act toward a centre, which tendency can be overcome only by the employment of some superior outward attraction. This outward acting force usually takes the form of heat; but heat is so volatile that to be profitably employed it must be produced rapidly, and used at the moment of its production. Thus far, only the combustibles have presented the necessary conditions to this end, and in considering the world's powers of production the quantity of combustible material available for man's pur-

poses becomes a subject of primary importance.

The earth originally contained immense stores of fuel. The atmosphere probably held vast volumes of hydrogen gas, set free from the interior of the earth, and bursting into flame wherever it came in contact with oxygen. This primeval atmosphere was heavy with the carbon which now forms the bulk of our beds of coal and lakes of petroleum, and which enters in a large percentage into the vast beds of limestone, chalk and marble which are so widely distributed. This too was burned with intense heat, and changed into its present form of carbonic acid. Other highly combustible substances, as phosphorus and the metals calcium, potassium, sodium and others, existed in immense quantities, most of them perhaps as atmospheric vapors, in which state they still are found in the solar atmosphere. The voracious element oxygen, however, rapidly cleared the air of all combustible matter, its stubborn enemy, nitrogen, alone maintaining its freedom.

Our world contains only the ashes of this strange world of the past. Thus the vast sea-basins are filled with the ash of one of these pristine combustions, water being the result of the burning of the element hydrogen. So the immense deposits of magnesia, soda, lime, potash, etc., in the earth and sea result from the

burning of the above metals, and show vividly the mighty conflict of forces that was of old waged upon this terrestrial sphere. Common salt, that highly important constituent of the earth and sea, is the product of a combustion of the metal calcium in another gas, chlorine. A very necessary extension of this list of combustibles is to the element, silicon, whose ashes, known to us as sand, quartz rock and sandstone, form half the solid crust of the globe. The burning of another element, aluminium, gave rise to vast deposits of clay and slate. We may also mention iron, whose oxide forms two per cent. of the earth's crust.

In fact, oxygen, the great consumer, ages since reduced the whole surface of our planet into ashes, or, to speak more scientifically, oxidized the crust of the earth. We may gain some idea of the extent of this operation from the fact that one-half the present surface of the earth is composed of this element, sand being more than half oxygen, limestone and clay about half, and water containing nearly ninety per cent. of it.

Hence, without some other agency, we would be utterly powerless, all force being locked up beyond our reach. In fact, organic existence itself is utterly dependent upon the presence of combustible matter, the animal body being simply a furnace, whose fire, once quenched, can never be rekindled. Thus our lives depend upon a constant combustion of fuel.

Fortunately, the earth is in receipt of an ample supply of force from without, and this force in direct antagonism to oxygen. The beams of the sun are incessantly employed in rescuing carbon from the grasp of its insatiate foe, and hoarding it up in an available form. This decomposition of carbonic acid by the influence of sunlight is the main action of the vegetable form of matter, the freed carbon being deposited in the cells of the tree.

During all those immense reaches of time antedating man's appearance upon the earth, Nature was thus busily employed in laying up vegetable treasure in the storehouses of the rocks.

Man is heedlessly improvident—Nature essentially provident. For ages, to us numberless, she toiled, building mountains of coal, and pouring into the cavities of the earth lakes of rock-oil, which we are rapidly turning into smoke and ashes. Our centuries undo the work of Nature's epochs. That grand edifice which the sun wrought millions of years to build is being rapidly burnt to the ground in a vast conflagration, embracing the civilized earth and never ceasing, the heat of this great combustion being skillfully applied to change Nature's rude materials into forms of beauty and utility to mankind.

But the coal deposits, though deep and wide, are not inexhaustible; nor is man yet capable of utilizing them to the fullest extent. Ignorance, improvidence and lack of combination unite to render the employment of fuel wasteful in the extreme. We are all at school yet, and but in the alphabet of this grand lore of Nature. It is to be hoped that man may learn to make the most of his advantages before it becomes too late to avail himself of his knowledge. We must not look upon the earth as on the brink of destruction. The probable future stretches before us toward an illimitable horizon, bounding, not centuries, but millenniums. How long will the coal deposits sustain the increased consumption of an advancing civilization? Already the cry comes up from England that her coal-beds are rapidly disappearing. Though the coal measures in other parts of the earth appear to be literally inexhaustible, a few centuries will probably make this seem otherwise. We are apt to reckon from the present rate of consumption, forgetting how rapidly this rate is increasing—how great it will become in that advancing future when the steam engine shall be everywhere employed. While the world wears upon its finger the black diamond it is all-powerful, and civilization must move onward with rapid strides. But when comes that inevitable day in which coal and petroleum shall cease to be, what will become of modern civilization? Shall the world retrograde to its Greek and Roman conditions, in



which the manual labor of the people supported in luxury a small governing class? or shall some new source of power, unknown to us, be opened, and all mankind achieve patrician comfort and luxury?

Let us inquire what probable sources of power remain. We employ that portion of the solar energy which has entered into the organization of the vegetable form of matter. This, however, is but an insignificant fraction of the solar forces which are radiated upon the earth. A large portion of these forces is employed in producing an endurable temperature. Again, they operate in lifting vast masses of water-vapor from the ocean, and giving rise to that whole succession of clouds, winds, rains and streams so indispensable to mankind. The tides and currents of the ocean present other vigorous displays of solar and lunar energies. Here are forces which, could they be employed, would prove really inexhaustible, because constantly renewed.

The wind, as yet, has not been rendered available as a powerful agent, and its variable character will probably prevent its being ever extensively used, though undoubtedly capable of far more than is effected by the present rude windmill.

Water, which, in its long progress from the clouds to the sea, gives out again those mighty energies used in lifting it from the sea to the clouds, is undoubtedly a grand reservoir of power, which has already been used to a considerable extent. Whether it may prove possible to utilize the force of flowing streams from their sources to the sea is a question to be left to that future age when, through coal exhaustion, such a result may become desirable. That there is great room for extension in this direction no one can doubt. The tides present a grand source of power, which, however, is probably incapable of being rendered useful. In the tidal wave resides an energy whose friction and backward drag are supposed by some to be gradually destroying the diurnal rotation of the earth. These are gross sources

of power, yet, unless they can be otherwise replaced, their unquestionably great energy will need to be in some way utilized by our coal-less successors.

Thus far in the history of mankind the solar forces have kept the physical world in operation, and supplied all those various phases of power which have been made available in mechanical production. Nowhere can we find an exception to this, for the work of man's own hands is as truly and almost as directly a conversion of solar forces as anything accomplished by steam. The simple process in this utilizing of the forces of the sun-beam consists in causing them to pass through special channels ere they escape into the air as sensible heat. Ordinarily, radiant force is solely employed in heating the earth and air, passing away as atmospheric temperature. Vegetable life retards this change and condenses the radiant into latent force. This may be, by combustion, changed into sensible heat, or by another natural process may enter into animal life, becoming the muscular force of animals. But by man's devices the heat of consumed vegetable matter is transferred to water-vapor. It next changes its form and becomes mechanical motion, and finally passes away as atmospheric heat. It is while passing through this intermediate form of mechanical motion that it does work for man.

The portion of the solar energy thus retained, however, is but an insignificant fraction of the whole, by far the greater portion of the sun's radiance changing directly into sensible heat of the atmosphere, or employing itself to raise the temperature of the earth and sea. The energy thus occupied is very great, as we may perceive by its effect in the evaporation of sea water and in the production of wind and currents. It becomes, then, an important question, in view of man's possible needs in the future, and also of present economy of power, whether by any means this escape of force can be retarded, and the flying beams be chained down and forced to aid man in the achievement of his countless purposes.

This intermediate employment of the sunlight has been already attained in the photographic process, the swift rays, as they pass, painting our portraits with a speed and fidelity that seem the work of magic. Various other chemical changes are effected by the direct action of sunlight; and who in this age of wonders shall say that the sun has no marvels in store for the time to come?

The work of rendering the sunbeam directly subservient to the moving of machinery has not been neglected by our eager savants, and a very promising measure of success has been attained. M. Mouchet, of Paris, has been for some years experimenting, and in 1866 had succeeded sufficiently to work a small engine by the direct heat of the sun.

Ericsson, the eminent Swedish engineer, to whom we already owe the hot-air engine, has applied himself to this branch of research with his usual energy and success. He has constructed several engines, in some of which he applies the sun's heat to the formation of steam, while others are worked on the hot-air principle. By aid of lenses and other optical contrivances he has rendered heat-concentration simple and inexpensive, and professes to collect the solar beams with facility from acres of surface. His success gives him the right to speak with authority on the amount of this force, and his researches enable him to declare that the solar heat falling upon a surface of ten feet square will, when concentrated, evaporate four hundred and eighty-nine cubic inches of water per hour—a force exceeding that constituting one horse power. Extending this calculation, he finds that the rays falling on a Swedish square mile of surface will supply sixty-four thousand eight hundred solar engines of one hundred horse power each.

Of course this power is only available in clear weather, but engineers have expedients for the storage of force which would enable them during the prevalence of clear to prepare for cloudy weather. Moreover, there are many portions of the earth's surface where perpetual sunshine reigns, so that the field for the

constant employment of the solar engine is a large one, and the energy thus ready to be utilized immense and inexhaustible.

But the world now sees abundant promise in other directions than that of the solar forces. It is discovered that we have reservoirs of force on our own globe far surpassing in intensity, if not in availability, aught that we receive from the sun. In this direction the eyes of investigators are now turned, with a thorough understanding that if success is once achieved, man will have a force-supply for his future needs which can never fail while the earth remains.

In every atom of matter this force resides, known to us under the various names of electricity, galvanism, magnetism, etc.—its potency visible in nature in the fearful forces of the lightning flash, its intensity shown in the announcement of Faraday that a single grain of water can be made to evolve electricity sufficient to form a powerful flash of lightning. It is but little over a century since the scientific mind began to thoroughly investigate these hidden sources of power, and the results already attained are neither few nor unimportant. We may specialize the electric telegraph as the most important of these—that marvelous phenomenon of matter which enables us to project our thoughts with a speed surpassing that of light. Another grand branch of industry created by the galvanic battery is that of electro-plating, which has enabled many results to be cheaply attained which could scarcely be performed at all under old processes.

These, however, are but incidental advantages in the line of electrical discovery, and have little bearing on the question of rendering the battery a source of mechanical force. Almost numberless efforts have been made in this direction, and important results frequently announced, only to be immediately discredited. Already, however, the possibility of producing an electro-motive force is firmly established, several electromagnetic machines having been invented and successfully worked.

There are, however, two grand difficulties to be yet overcome—that of lack

of economy, and that of the insufficient amount of force produced. As the first of these flows from the costliness of the materials employed, and as new materials are being constantly made available in the battery, while old ones may at any moment be more cheaply produced, the first of these difficulties is far from insuperable. The chief difficulty lies in the second direction, no machine having yet been worked much beyond a single horse power. But it must be considered that this art is yet in its infancy. The significant fact is the production of motion at all. That this motive force will gradually be made more powerful no one can doubt who is versed in the history of mechanics. Great advance has been already attained on the energy of the original machines, and the path lies open for a continued progress in both directions of force and cheapness.

We must consider, too, the fact that the science of electricity is yet young, and that discoveries are constantly making in it. Two very important discoveries have been announced within a few years past. One of these is the Wilde magneto-electric machine, which displays an electrical energy far surpassing any former achievement in this direction, and which has produced light so intense as to rival sunlight and affect photographic paper much more powerfully than the noontide beams. The other of these discoveries is the Holtz electrical machine, which, by the employment of a slight motive force, furnishes a constant flow of frictional electricity utterly surprising even to experienced electricians.

At what moment, then, may not some of our busy investigators chance upon a discovery in this growing science highly adapted to the improvement of these electro-motive machines? Such a discovery, for all that can be said to the contrary, may be even now hidden behind some well-known electrical fact, at any moment to reveal itself and revolutionize our force-producers.

The principle involved in these investigations is not so distinct from that of ordinary combustion as at first sight appears. The force produced is in fact

as really the product of combustion as that obtained from the burning of coal. This oxidation, however, lacks the intense action of ordinary burning, and presents a greater analogy to that slow process of combustion known as decay. In the one case the wood, in the other the metal, combines with oxygen, yielding force, whose amount in either case is found to be in direct proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed. The chief difference is, that in one case this force takes the form of heat, in the other that of electricity. But modern science is far on the road to a demonstration that these two are but different forms of one force. If we burn a metal in oxygen gas, an intense heat is given off. If the same metal be oxidized in the battery, very little heat, but a large amount of electricity, appears. It scarcely needs the connecting fact, that the electricity can be directly converted into heat, to prove that they are really two phases of a single force contained in the combining substances, the question whether heat or electricity shall be developed being governed by the apparatus of combustion employed.

The force, then, being really the same as that operant in our steam-engines, it needs but a proper apparatus to render it equally useful, the whole difficulty turning upon the construction of such an apparatus. And at once we perceive two elements of advantage in this electrical force over our heat-engines. These latter are restricted to the employment of a limited range of fuel, which, as we have seen, is liable to become extinct. The battery, on the contrary, is capable of burning a wide and increasing range of substances utterly useless in ordinary combustion and obtainable in unlimited quantities. Again, the heat-engine is necessarily wasteful of force. In the first place, at least twenty-five per cent. of the coal mined is in the useless form of dust (though there is a furnace now constructed which renders this dust perfectly available for metallurgical purposes), and of the heat of combustion only about ten per cent., at most, is utilized, the remaining ninety per cent. escaping from

our most perfect engines. In the battery, on the contrary, all the electricity produced can be employed. It is strictly confined on its wire conductors, and can be made to exert its full energy upon any machine to which it can be applied.

Though discovery now tends to render useful more of the heat of carbonized fuel, it will probably be a long time before anything like this perfect utilization is attained. Whatever be the result of these efforts at motive forces, we have

seen sufficient to perceive that the world need by no means despair in view of a possible extinction of cheap combustibles, for, what with increased use of water power, with solar engines and magneto-electric machines, the future is at least full of promise. We have reason to believe that an easily controllable, safe, inexpensive and sufficiently vigorous power is to be the moving force of future civilization.

CHARLES MORRIS.

### A CATCH.

SUNG BY THE CLOWN IN THE INTERLUDE OF "NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."

ONCE the head is gray  
And the heart is dead,  
There's no more to do—  
Make the man a bed  
Six feet under ground:  
There he'll slumber sound.

Golden was my hair,  
And my heart did beat  
To the viol's voice  
Like the dancers' feet.  
Not colder now his blood  
Who died before the flood.

Fair, and fond, and false  
Mother, wife and maid—  
Never lived a man  
They have not betrayed!  
None shall 'scape my mirth  
But old Mother Earth.

Safely housed with her,  
With no company  
But my brother Worm,  
Who will feed on me,  
I shall slumber sound,  
Deep down under ground.

R. H. STODDARD.

## BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAW ON THE SNOW.

"When deep sleep falleth upon men; in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."—JOB xxxiii. 14.

"YOU will come to see him, Mr. Harper?"

"Surely, my child. I did purpose to call on Betty Carson this morning, but that will do later."

"It will be such a kindness to us! I don't know what to think of father's state."

It was Ellen Tyler who spoke. They were sitting, on a bright, fresh morning, toward the end of May, on Harper's woodbine-shaded porch.

"What are the symptoms, Ellen?"

"I'm afraid you'll hardly believe me, sir, they are so strange. I suppose he must have dreams at night about that awful boat-burning. Anyhow, we can't let him sleep without locking the door: he told us to do it himself. The reason was, he had got up two or three times in the middle of the night and rushed out into the yard, as if the house was on fire. Last night I heard a noise in his room: he had raised the window and was trying to undo the shutters. When I ran in and did my best to wake him, he cried out: 'Quick, quick, Nelly! Don't you see the flames?' Oh, Mr. Harper, only think if he had jumped out! You know our house stands on the edge of the steep bank, and he would have gone down, eighteen or twenty feet, into the mill-race. I never was so frightened in all my life."

"I am glad you came to me, dear child."

"I wouldn't have troubled you indeed, sir, if I had thought I could manage it myself. Preacher Larrabee sometimes comes to see father, though we don't belong to his church; but he's at Mount Sharon this week. 'Seems to me father has something on his mind that vexes him; and then—oh I'm sure he thinks

he's going to die. You're such a good man, Mr. Harper, and I know you can do him good."

He smiled and laid his hand kindly on her head. "Wait here," he said: "I'll go with you."

In an adjoining paddock was Trooper comfortably browsing. His master enticed him, with a tempting ear of corn, into the stable, harnessed him to the ancient gig and drove round to the front gate.

"Come, my child," he called to Ellen.

"Mr. Harper," the girl said as she came up, "let me walk home. I'd rather father should think you came to see him accidentally."

"What's that you've been buying in the village?"

"Some stuff to make a soft cushion for father's arm-chair."

"Get in, then. I picked you up returning home. I'll tell him so."

The good man was quite unprepared for the sad change in Tyler's appearance, but evincing no surprise, he conversed a while on commonplaces, and then said: "Your daughter tells me you haven't quite got over that terrible accident. You must have passed through scenes such as few men have witnessed."

"That's a truer word than you think for, Mr. Harper. Nelly dear, I want to have a good talk with the minister, and maybe he'll stay and take a bite of dinner with us. Nell brags on her strawberries, Mr. Harper—Hovey seedlings, I think she calls them: her sparrowgrass is pretty much over, but her peas are in their prime—"

"Strawberries and peas are too great a temptation. I'll stay and see what sort of gardener Nelly is."

"Now, Nell," said her father, "put your best foot foremost;" and the girl, delighted, ran off on her mission. "I didn't want the lassie to hear what I've got to tell: she has trouble enough already. I've had a call, Mr. Harper."



"A call?"

"A notice that I'm not long for this world."

"Tell me about it."

Tyler related the story of his escape, the vision he had during his trance beneath the waters of Lake Erie, and the numerous and minute coincidences between what he dreamed and what actually happened at the time in his mill-yard at home. Then he added: "I dare say you can't believe it, Mr. Harper, and I won't think a bit hard of it if you say so. Sometimes I think I don't more than half believe it myself."

"A single year ago," replied the minister, "I might have acted the Sadducee in such a matter: but I have had a strange experience since. Last autumn my Methodist friend, Mr. Larrabee—and he is a pious and truthful man—told me a story just as wonderful as that. But you said that you had had some notice that you were soon to die. How was that?"

"Wasn't that vision notice enough?"

"I must tell you Mr. Larrabee's story, Tyler, and then you can judge for yourself."

He did; and afterward, at Tyler's earnest request, wrote it out for him, as follows:

#### THE METHODIST PREACHER'S STORY.

During the early years of the present century, Captain John Pintard, then a young, unmarried man, was master and part owner of a small schooner belonging to Shrewsbury, New Jersey, and trading between New York and Virginia.

On one occasion, during the month of January, returning from Norfolk laden with oysters, the vessel was driven on shore, by stress of weather, between Cape May and Great Egg Harbor. The captain and crew succeeded, by strenuous exertions, in reaching the land, much exhausted, however, by exposure, especially the captain, who had been at the helm for nearly twelve consecutive hours. By this time it was quite dark.

The spot where they got on shore being only about forty miles from where Captain Pintard lived, he was familiar

with the neighborhood, and knew that there was a tavern about a mile distant. He pointed out the direction to his men, and through a dismal tempest of snow and sleet they commenced their journey toward it.

The captain took the lead, but thoroughly chilled as well as exhausted by his long vigil and exposure to the bitter cold, he had not proceeded far before he felt creeping over him that overpowering torpor which to the wintry traveler has so often been the precursor of death. He knew his danger and sought to shake off the lethargic feeling. In vain. He threw himself on the snow, and bade his men hurry on to the tavern and send back assistance. At first the brave fellows refused to do so. Two of them sought to drag him along, but after a time, warned by approaching drowsiness in themselves, they became convinced that his safety as well as theirs required that for the time he should be abandoned.

His sensations when they left him he ever after described as soothing and pleasurable. He felt as one enjoying the luxury of a comfortable bed, and was soon wholly insensible to cold and tempest.

The next thing he remembered was that he seemed to be getting over the fence on the back part of the lot on which stood his mother's house. He saw the door open and his mother, sister and aunt Nancy come out toward the well. The aunt went in front, carrying a lantern; his mother followed with a pail in her hand, and as she approached the well, a sudden gust of wind blew off her hood. "What a terrible night!" he then heard her say: "it blows a hurricane. Pray God my poor boy be not out in it!"

"Oh no," replied the aunt: "even if he was off the coast, he must have seen it coming on and made for some harbor."

The captain was very anxious to speak to them and assure them of his safety, but the first attempt failed, and before he could renew it, mother, sister, aunt and his paternal home all faded away, and he felt sudden and excruciating pain. Next he became sensible of voices

around him. At last he distinguished the words, "He's comin' to: rub away, boys! Captain John's good for many a year yet." He recognized the voice as that of a pilot with whom he was well acquainted. "Can I be at the old tavern?" he thought. After a time he opened his eyes, and they met those of the pilot looking at him. This latter was a jovial old fellow, but somewhat profane withal: the captain and he had often been boon companions.

"Halloa, Captain John!" he cried. "Come back, eh?" The reviving man tried to speak, but could not. "I say, old fellow," continued the other, "been on a cruise down below? Seen Old Davy there? What's the news from hell anyhow, Captain John?"

A second strenuous effort to articulate was more successful than the first, and the captain, catching his old companion's tone, replied: "I heard there was a great demand for pilots there."

The retort caused a roar of laughter from all present, and none joined in it more heartily than the object of the joke.

The men, it seems, having safely reached the tavern, had instantly despatched aid to bring in the inanimate body of the captain. The usual restoratives had been employed for some time in vain—at last successfully. After a few hours' sleep the sufferer was comparatively well. When he awoke next morning, the strange dream he had had during his trance recurred to his memory with all the vividness of a real occurrence. He could scarcely persuade himself he had not actually been at home and seen his relatives and heard their conversation.

Pondering over this matter, his impatience became so great that he bade his first mate look to the condition of the schooner; and then, hiring a conveyance, he set out for his mother's house to have his doubts solved.

The old lady's joy at sight of her son was great, and to the bad news he brought she replied cheerily: "God will give you the means to buy another schooner. He didn't forsake you when you lay in that trance on the snow."

"Mother," said the captain, "did you go out to the well, last night, late?"

"Yes, my son. Why do you ask?"

"Tell me what happened, but try to remember everything you said and did, no matter whether it was important or not. Was any one with you?"

The old lady reflected: "Yes, Nancy was with me, and your sister. It was pitch-dark, and Nancy carried a lantern. I remember, too, the wind was very strong and blew off my hood. I thought I should have lost it."

"Did you say anything, mother?"

"Yes. I prayed God you might not be out in such a fearful night."

"And I," said Nancy, "told her I was sure you must have seen it come on and made for some port or other."

The captain sat deep in thought. "I've been very wicked, mother," he said at last. "My first word, when I woke from that trance, was a profane jest. But I did not know, then, *how* merciful He had been. He showed me last night that I had an immortal soul. While my body lay on the snow He brought my spirit here, home to you. I saw you and Aunt Nancy and sister come out to the well: I saw your hood blow off: I heard every word you said. I have been a wicked, careless sinner: I've never sought religion, as you wished me to do; but, with God's help, mother, I will."

His mother, a devout Methodist, was delighted. Her son kept his word. He became a noted member of the Methodist Church, and a constant frequenter of prayer and exhortation meetings. At these latter it was frequently his habit to relate, as the most remarkable incident in his religious experience, the story of his trance on the wintry snow and his spirit's visit to the maternal home.

When Mr. Harper had told the miller the above story, in substance as here set down, the latter asked: "But do you think it can be depended on? It must be nearly fifty years since it happened."

"I like to follow up such things," said Mr. Harper. "Last winter, as I

was going to New York, Mr. Larrabee gave me a letter that put me on the track. Captain Pintard, I found, had been dead a good many years, but his widow, Mrs. Phoebe Pintard, a hale, hearty old dame, confirmed to me all the main incidents. I found a niece, also, Mrs. Maria Douglass, of Middletown, New Jersey, who had heard the particulars, more than once, from her uncle himself; and she, after reading the story just as I have it, allowed me to use her name in attestation of its truth."

This set Nelson Tyler to thinking. "How long did the captain live after that vision?" he asked.

"Over thirty years."

A deep sigh of relief attested the miller's satisfaction. That little fact outweighed, with him, the longest philosophical argument. "But it's all very strange," he said at last.

"Very strange, yes. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. Yet I see nothing unlikely in it. Skeptics and scoffers are increasing among us, and God may choose this method of helping our unbelief. You were very near death, Mr. Tyler. Your spirit may have been asserting its independent existence a little in advance, and borrowing of the near Future one of the faculties to which it is born heir. I do think you have been favored by witnessing one of those experimental proofs—rare and precious—that confirm to us the soul's immortality—one of those inestimable phenomena, the character of which enables us to solve, by crucial test, the divine problem of a world to come."\*

\* I agree with good Mr. Harper as to the importance and the need of such experimental proof. Many excellent persons, pious and strictly nursed in faith, have been overtaken by Giant Despair and led captive to Doubting Castle. In the rectory of Epworth, occupied a century and a half ago by Samuel Wesley, father of John, the founder of Methodism, there occurred at that time certain strange physical disturbances which the family found it impossible to refer except to an ultra-mundane source. Emily, the eldest sister of John, narrating these in a letter to her brother, wrote: "I am so far from being superstitious that I was too much inclined to infidelity; so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple of the existence of some beings besides those we see."—*Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, by ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F. A. S., vol. i., p. 270.

"It set me thinking about that more than I had ever done before," said the miller.

Ellen came to announce dinner. The sight of the peas and strawberries proved a pleasant diversion from the greater mysteries of Nature they had been contemplating; and when the good pastor remounted his gig his young hostess said to herself, "How much more cheerful father is! I haven't seen him look so like himself since the day he came back from that awful journey."

In the evening, all motive for concealment being now done away, the miller related to his wondering daughter both his own experience and that of the Jersey captain. As in the father's case, so in Ellen's—the effect was to quicken religious sentiment and bring home more vivid convictions touching the reality of a future state.

Up to this time, Nelson Tyler, though he usually attended divine service, had not been a "professor," but on the week following he and Ellen joined Mr. Harper's church.

Mr. Harper, meanwhile, revolving in his mind what he had just heard, drove slowly back to Chiskauga and stopped at Betty Carson's door.

Betty was a little out of sorts. A new washerwoman, Nance Coombs, had taken off some of her customers. This was due to the exertions of Mrs. Wolfgang, who had resented the tone Betty assumed in defence of Celia and her parents. The villagers were beginning to take sides on the Pembroke and Ethelridge controversy, and the contest promised to wax warm. Betty spoke to Mr. Harper of the great kindness Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke had shown her. "And then I was always such a favorite with little Miss Celia: she was a jewel of a baby, sir. And Mr. Pembroke, he set store by me. One day he made me write my name to a paper of his—for a witness, I think he said."

"Why, Betty," said Harper, smiling, "I knew you could read, but I didn't suppose you could write too."

"Just me name, sir. He was a rale

kind man—was my husband—afore he took to drink. He was a good scribe, too; and he used to set me a copy—*Betty Carson*—till I could write it most as nice as himself."

Mr. Harper did not think of asking Betty what sort of paper it was she witnessed.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### THE MITE.

THERE was a *Mite* at Mrs. Hartland's. When a village has two clergymen, it is fortunate if they happen to be friends. As the Methodists of our little village did not feel able to support a resident pastor, Mr. Larrabee preached on alternate Sundays at Mount Sharon (the county-seat) and at Chiskauga. He and Mr. Harper being on the best terms, their respective congregations were wont to act in harmony.

There was a ladies' sewing society, for example, composed of Presbyterians, Methodists, and persons who were neither, the members of which had several times helped to eke out Mr. Larrabee's scanty salary by contributions, in labor or in money, to the comfort of his family. Just at this time, the Presbyterians having purchased a cabinet organ, on which a hundred dollars was still due, the society held weekly "Mites," as they were called, at which each person contributed ten cents or more toward the liquidation of the deficiency. Mr. Harper, Mr. Larrabee, Mr. Hartland while he lived, Mr. Sydenham and others had a standing invitation to these meetings, and while the ladies plied their needles one or other of these gentlemen often read or spoke to them.

About six weeks after Hartland's death his widow offered the society the use of her spacious parlors during the afternoon for one of its weekly assemblies, and Sydenham agreed to attend. He found some fifty or sixty ladies. But Ellinor and Celia, busy at school, were not of the number: they were working, just then, under considerable discouragement, nearly one-fourth of their pupils having been withdrawn.

Sydenham read to the society from the life of Oberlin, the Alsatian philanthropist and benevolent pastor of Banded-la-Roche. Adverting to the effects of his fifty years' labor of love among a primitive people, he reminded his auditors how, by public instruction, whole communities may advance in civilization. Then, in few words, he took occasion to commend the Chiskauga Institute. It was managed, he remarked, by two ladies of rare qualifications and admirable judgment, and ought to have a hearty and united support. "I have visited schools and colleges," he went on, "in many of our States, and in most of the kingdoms of Europe, and I know that this institution compares favorably with the best of its class. Few villages in any country are as fortunate as we in the matter of teachers. I have heard with regret," he added, after a pause, "that idle or ill-disposed persons among us have circulated mischievous stories regarding these teachers—stories that are either irrelevant or without any foundation whatever. So far as these tend to impair the usefulness of public functionaries, it is a war against the best interests of the place—an unprincipled war, too. One of these young ladies has spent her entire life among us. Blameless you well know that life to have been. Against her it is alleged that she is an illegitimate child, and as such should not be countenanced. If that were the fact, it would be a most cruel injustice to visit such a misfortune on the innocent. But it is not true. Miss Pembroke is as strictly legitimate as any one to whom I have now the pleasure of speaking.

"As to the other lady in question, I happen to know that of which we must charitably suppose her detractors to be ignorant. The reverse of fortune which caused Miss Ethelridge to seek a home among us resulted from no misconduct of hers. The manner in which she has borne it, the courage and ability with which she has maintained herself, and the good she has done us, are above all praise: they entitle her to esteem and honor. Her conduct ought to obtain for her—*will* obtain for her among all just

and well-disposed persons — protection and encouragement. I should not," he subjoined in a quieter tone, "have taken up your time with these remarks if I did not feel that the reports to which I have alluded are an injury not only to those who disgrace themselves by retailing them, but to all of us and to our children. Will you allow me to recommend, ladies, that you meet them with a demand for proof, which you will find is not forthcoming?"

Sydenham left soon after speaking, and the circle gradually thinned till fifteen or twenty only remained; among them, Mrs. Wolfgang, Mrs. Creighton, Leoline, and our friend Norah, who had joined the society on Leoline's invitation, and who proved to be as deft at needlework as skillful in butter-making.

The ladies naturally dropped into talk on what Mr. Sydenham had been saying. At first the opinions expressed were favorable. That roused Mrs. Wolfgang, whose countenance had been gradually darkening at each successive commendation of the school and its teachers. "For her part," she broke out at last, "she thought there ought to be a line drawn between morality and immorality. What did they know about Miss Ethelridge, except that Mr. Creighton had been acquainted with her before she turned up here? *She* knew, for the postmaster had told her, that letters in Mr. Creighton's handwriting had come to the lady year after year. Was she engaged to him? She ought to be. But it didn't look like it: she went about with other men. Was that to be called decent behavior? She held her head high enough, as any hussy might. What of that? She had relations, no doubt, yet not one of them took the least notice of her: she never heard of a letter coming to her in a lady's handwriting. It was all very well for Mr. Sydenham to say there was nothing wrong. If there was nothing wrong, why didn't he let them know all about it? A bad sign when things won't bear the light! And if he didn't know any more about her than he seemed to know about Celia Pembroke, she (Mrs. Wolfgang) wouldn't give much

for his opinion. *She* knew, if Mr. Sydenham didn't, that the girl's mother never was legally married: she had seen letters from the father to Mr. Cranstoun, confessing it. Wasn't that proof? Others might send their children to the daughter of a kept mistress if they liked: she had too much self-respect, and too much regard to the morals and the reputation of her poor innocent girls, to trust them in the hands of any such creature. 'Like father, like son,' was a good old proverb, and it applied just as much to daughters as to sons. Then, too, what were they to think of an offence so scandalous that it needed downright lies to support it? If the child of a man's mistress wasn't a bastard, she'd like to know what a bastard was?"

Leoline, our readers may remember, had said to Celia, as they were returning from Grangula's Mount after the public speaking, that if she was "hard put to it" she thought she could make a speech herself. *She was* hard put to it now. While Mrs. Wolfgang was abusing Celia and Ellinor she had sat still, choking down her indignation, calling to mind her father's warning to Mademoiselle Murat, taking stitches each long enough for two, and curbing with all her might her eagerness to retort. She would have succeeded—for the girl, with all her impulsive warmth, had a good deal of self-control when occasion called for it—she would have succeeded in keeping silence, but for the last hit, the imputation against her father. That was the drop too much. She started involuntarily to her feet, dropping her needle and crushing in her left hand the garment she had been sewing.

"Mrs. Wolfgang," she burst forth, "you called papa a liar." Then she stopped, trembling from head to foot and struggling desperately for composure. "You called him so because he said dear Celia was a legitimate child. Yesterday I asked papa to show me the law. I saw it: I read it. It said that even if a marriage is not legal, the children shall be legitimate. Mrs. Pembroke's marriage was not legal, but Celia Pembroke *is* legitimate. The law of the



land—the authority next to God’s—says she is. Who knows best—the law or Mrs. Wolfgang? Who is the liar now, and what is the liar’s portion?” Here she checked herself. “That mayn’t be just. Perhaps she knows no better: it may be sheer ignorance, but ignorant people ought to hold their tongues. And this is the woman that wants somebody to tell her all about Miss Ethelridge from the time she was a baby in long clothes, so that *her* wisdom may enlighten us, and we may get to know whether it’s quite safe and proper for us to countenance our teacher! *She* wants to sit in judgment on Ellinor Ethelridge, and settle who may write letters to her and who may not! Why, nobody can look for an instant at the two faces without seeing which is the scold and which the Christian and the lady. I want to know what good Mrs. Wolfgang has ever done among us to entitle her to be judge and ruler? Has she lifted her finger to help on the education of the place? Has she entered the walls of the school she’s been trying to ruin? Never since I’ve been a pupil there. What *has* she ever done for Chiskauga? Nothing that I know of, except to backbite the best people in it, and set her neighbors by the ears. Christ tells us that the peace-makers shall be called the children of God: I wonder whose child Mrs. Wolfgang ought to be called? I know I’d as soon have a viper in my house. No wonder good Madame Meyrac turned her out of doors. Poor Celia, poor Ellinor!—to fall into such merciless hands as hers!”

Here Leoline broke down for a moment, bursting into tears. But she dashed them indignantly away, and turned from Mrs. Wolfgang to the other members: “I’m ashamed of myself, and I’m *so* glad papa wasn’t here to hear me! I know I oughtn’t to have spoken as I did before ladies so much older than I. I hope you’ll forgive me. I never *could* stand injustice and cruelty; but I’m very, very sorry I spoke at all: I wish somebody else had done it.”

Before she could say more, Mrs. Creighton crossed over, took her in her

arms and kissed her. “You’re a brave, generous girl,” the old lady said; “but when you’ve been a few years longer in the world, you’ll find out that it’s not a bit worth while to vex and agitate one’s self so about bitter tongues. Get your hat and parasol and come with me. You’re a darling, if you did ‘speak out in meeting,’ like the old woman that didn’t intend it.”

For the moment Mrs. Wolfgang had been fairly cowed into silence by Leoline’s impetuous charge upon her, but as they went out her voice was heard—in an undertone, however—denouncing the insolence of upstart misses.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

WHEN Norah returned from the Mite, she had just time to prepare supper before Terence came in from the farm. At table she told him all that had passed, and she observed that it made him very grave. When the dishes were washed and the children out at play, Terence said, “An’ couldn’t I tell Mister Sydenham mor’n he knows about Miss Ethelridge?”

“An’ how did ye come to know anything about a lady like that?”

“Sure, an’ wasn’t I Cap’n Halloran’s groom in the ould country, and didn’t she come to his rooms, and didn’t I see her there?”

“Did she know ye, Teddy, when ye took Derry and Cathy to school?”

“Sorra bit. I guess she’d a knowed me fast enough when I was behind the bar, and didn’t wear no burd nor mustashes. But me that’s a rough fellow now, with me face all hairy, and a farmer’s coat on—that’s another thing. Ye ought to ha’ seen me in them days, in the captain’s curricule, wi’ them black-legged bays, and a heap finer dress than the captain’s own. I wouldn’t have had to coort ye nothin’ like as hard as I did. Ye’d have took to me right off, Norah, and jist dropped into me arms.”

“I expec’ ye thought, them times, wi’ the lace on yer coat and on yer hat, and yer shiny, white-top boots, that it was

the girls' place to ask you and not you them. Set ye up! I niver could abide impudence, and I wouldn't have had sich a stuck-up fellow to save him. But what did ye know about Miss Ethelridge?"

"It isn't Miss Ethelridge—it's Miss Talbot."

"Well, Miss Talbot, then. Was it good or bad ye knowed about her?"

"It was bad I knowed o' the master, and good I knowed about her. She's a trump—she is. The captain wanted to have his wicked will of her, but she was too many for him."

"I'd tell Mr. Sydenham about it ef I was you, Teddy."

"I'll do it, this blessed night. Haven't ye got some butter for Miss Leoline?"

"An' isn't there two pounds and a half good, that I churned jist afore I went to that Mite?"

It was put up with scrupulous care, Pennsylvania-fashion, in a snow-white napkin, the produce of Norah's own spinning and weaving and bleaching in her maiden days. With the basket on his arm Terence trudged to Rosebank.

When Sydenham admitted him to his study he was somewhat embarrassed:

"I dunno' ef it's the right thing for me to be troublin' ye, Mister Sydenham. But I hearn they were speaking ill o' the schoolmistress, and—and I knowed somethin' about her myself in the ould country."

"Get yourself a chair, Terence. I take an interest in anything that relates to Miss Ethelridge."

"Thankee, sir; that's just what Norah tould me."

"What did you know of her?"

"Ye see, Mister Sydenham, me ould father had a shealin' and a bit garden-spot on Squire Halloran's place: that was in Connaught. The squire, he had lots and lots of land, and he had a son that was a cap'n in the army. He was a wild young man, was master; but I didn't never think he'd have been half as bad as he got to be ef it hadn't been for a divil of a black-coated Frenchman that put him up to all sorts o' tricks. The fellow was the cap'n's jintleman, that waited on him and dressed him; and I

was the groom. I hated that Frenchman. His name was Vealmong, but I think they spelled it Vileman; and he was jist right named at that."

"Were you staying in London?"

"Near St. James'—yes. I think it was through the Frenchman somehow—on a race-course maybe—that the cap'n got acquainted with a jintleman that cut a great dash and was a'most as wild as master was—Sir Charles Cunningem, they called him. One day me and the master went to his house and took two ladies a-drivin' in the Park: one of them was Lady Cunningem, and the other was Miss Talbot: I think she was a cousin to Sir Charles. I had a good look at them thin; and though it was mor'n a year and a half after that, I knowed Miss Talbot in a minnit when the cap'n brought her one evenin' to his rooms."

"Miss Talbot?"

"That's Miss Ethelridge. She looked bewildered-like, as if she didn't know where she was or what she was doin'; and master, he hurried her into the parlor a'most afore we had time to see her. Then he came out and sent the Frenchman off on an errand. Thinks I, there's some rascality on hand; and I slipped into the cap'n's bed-room, that was next to the parlor, wi' a door between. I locked the door—the lock went very easy—for fear he might come in on me, and I got sight o' them through the keyhole. I ain't no eavesdropper, Mister Sydenham, nor niver was: I'd scorn sich a meanness; but I knowed it wasn't fair play they was after, and I knowed that Vealmong must be at the bottom of it; an' sure enough he was. An' I kep' a-thinkin' a young thing like that ought to have a chance, ef so be they had set some of their divil's traps for her."

"You're a good fellow, Terence."

"Sure, an' ef it had been me own sister wouldn't I have gone down on me knees to anybody that would 'ave gi'n her a helpin' hand?"

"But what happened?"

"It was sort o' curious, Mister Sydenham. I niver jist understood it. Seemed she wasn't herself at first: she

looked stupid-like. It came across me maybe he'd had her somewhere to get soda water or ice cream, or somethin', and drugged it: there wasn't no wickedness that Frenchman couldn't put a man up to. Any way, for a while she didn't hardly look able to speak. The cap'n, he put his hands up to her, but she kep' him off all she could. At last, says she: 'Cap'n Halloran, ef ye keep me from goin' back to me cousin's, I'll alarm the house!' Says he, 'Me sarvants is too well trained for that: they never come till I ring the bell!' With that she made a spring at the bell-rope, but the cap'n, he was too quick for her. He got her be the hands and forced her back."

"Is such villainy possible?" broke in Sydenham.

"Indade, an' it is," resumed the other: "it's every word as true as the blessed Gospel. The cap'n, he says to her then, 'Ye can niver go home no more. Ye came here wi' me alone and o' yer own accord.'"

"O' me own accord?" says she. 'O' me own accord? How dar' ye say that?'

"Me sarvants saw ye come in," says he, as cool as ye like: 'I can get them to witness that no force was used. Ye're disgraced for ever. Ye've played me fast and loose, Miss Talbot, long enough: ye're in me power now. But I'm a jintleman. I'll send for another clergyman, ef ye'll promise not for to go to insult him, like ye did the last I got ye.' The poor thing sunk down on a sofa, and I couldn't hear what she said. But it sort o' stirred him up, and says he: 'It's yer only chance to go from here an honest woman.' With that she sprung up and looked all round her like a wild thing. 'Ye needn't look,' says he: 'the door's locked.' And thin he sprung to the chamber door and tried it. 'Lucky!' said he: 'that's locked too.' She ran to the window, but he snapped the spring over it, and that was so high it was out of her reach. Then she seemed like she gi'n it up, walkin' away, slow and desperate-like, to the fire-place. There, on the mantelpiece, bless the luck! was lyin' a dirk—the prettiest little thing ye ever seed, Mr. Sydenham—"

"Thank God!" his auditor ejaculated.

"It was in a blue velvet sheath, and when the cap'n went on some o' his wild sprees o' nights he mostly took it along. She had it in her hand in a moment: I seed the blade flash in the light. Then she was as quiet as if she'd bin in her own drawin'-room. It was grand to see, Mr. Sydenham. The cap'n, he was a-goin' up to her, but I think she scared him—and he wasn't no coward, naither. She didn't say a single word, but she raised her arm as steady as if it had been a fan she was holdin'; and I guess he saw in her eyes what would come next. Anyhow, he started back, and says he: 'For God's sake, Miss Talbot!' She jist lowered the dirk a little, and says she, soft-like, as if she'd been a-speakin' to some nice young man at a party: 'For *your* sake, Cap'n Halloran. I don't think yer soul's ready to appear afore its Maker; but it might ha' bin there by this ef ye'd come one step nearer. Ye expect a life o' pleasure, I suppose, and ye wouldn't like to have it cut short to-night. Take care!' Mr. Sydenham, I never heerd soft words cut so since me mother bore me. Thin I saw her touch the point of the dirk, and there was blood on her finger when she drew it away. But she sort o' laughed, and she said to him, jist as easy as if she'd been talkin' uv his white vest: 'It's lucky the gallants, now-a-days, don't wear no shirts o' mail anaith their doublets. Nothin' less'll turn that edge.' Ye better believe, Mr. Sydenham, she had made him feel it was dead earnest."

"Well?" cried Sydenham, as Terence paused in his story.

"I saw the cap'n was a'most at his wits' end. He walked back and forth, and I heard him cussin' to hisself. One time, when he came close to the door I was at, he said somethin' about taming wild birds in a cage. Then he made for the other door to unlock it. And didn't I make tracks for the street door, to be ready for him? When he came along, says he: 'Teddy, don't let nobody in but Vealmong, ef ye vally yer place.' Then he turned as he was goin' out and says he to me: 'That poor lady in the

parlor is clane out of her mind. I'm goin' for the doctor. Nobody must go near her or say a word to her. She's dangerous when she gits in them fits.'

"I waited till I knowed he must be out o' sight, and thin I jist quietly unlocked the bed-room door. She was standin' a-gazin' at the fire; and says I, 'Miss Talbot, ef so be ye want to go to yer own folks, it's me that'll help ye away.' Oh, Mr. Sydenham, I niver was so beshamed in all me life. The poor, sweet cratur went down on her knees to me, that wasn't nothin' mor'n a sarvant, and jined her hands, and the tears was in her eyes; and when she said, 'God bless ye!' I 'most cried meself. But it wasn't no time for cryin', for the cap'n, he might come back any minit. So I took her down the back stairs and let her out at the sarvants' door, and says I: 'An' is it a cab ye'd be needin', miss?' for I wanted to see her safe out of his sight. But says she, 'Ye mustn't go for a cab. Ye may be missed, and I don't want nobody to lose his place for me. I'll find my way.' She made me take a sovereign from her, and I watched her all the way down the street; but she didn't take the road to Sir Charles', and I hearn she never got there."

"Did the captain," asked Sydenham, "suspect that you had let Miss Talbot out?"

"Jist at first—yes. He axed, as mad as fire, 'Who went and unlocked that bed-room door?'"

"'The Devil, he knows,' says I. And sure that wasn't no lie, Mr. Sydenham, for there's not a bit o' doubt he was helpin' the cap'n and knowed all about it. But master, he looked hard at me, and says he, 'I'm thinkin' there's somebody else knows it, forbye the Devil.'"

"'True for you, cap'n,' says I; 'for the lady must ha' knowed it too. Maybe she pried the door open wi' a knife or somethin'?' The cap'n, he gin a look at the mantel, and there was no dirk there; and thin he went to the door and shot the bolt, and looked at it keerfully.

"'By God,' said he, 'it's true! She's the devil.'

"Now ye see, Mr. Sydenham, jist as

soon as I'd let the lady out, I went up to the bed-room, an' I took a strong, sharp knife, and I denfed and scratched the door-bolt till a man would ha' sworn somebody had been tamperin' wi' the thing. And that was the way the cap'n, he got chated. But two days after, when I hearn the poor young cratur was lost, I couldn't nohow keep me tongue in me head afore that Vealmong, an' I tould him to his face it was him that was the head divil o' the whole villainy. An' he was hoppin' mad, and got the cap'n to pay me off. But the black varmint did me a good turn, for all, for I might ha' stayed in the ould country an' slaved till me fingers was worn to the stumps an' me bones was old and stiff, and niver had no sich lovely place to live in, nor no sich nice jittleman to work for as jist yerself, Mr. Sydenham."

"You've been to Blarney Castle, haven't you, Terence?" asked Sydenham, smiling.

"An' is it at the Blarney-stone ye think I larnt to tell the truth, Mr. Sydenham? Sure, I niver was in county Cork, at all, at all. An', Mr. Sydenham, don't ye think yerself that's a lovely place, wi' the graveyard quite convanient, and all the white marble shinin' through the trees up there, and the waterfall singin' a'most like the sea, and the creek for Derry to sail his boat on? And thin, doesn't the whole country-side know what a jittleman ye are, Mr. Sydenham, and all that ye've done for them as needs it, Mr. Sydenham—let alone them as doesn't? That's naither new nor strange."

"Well, you shall have it your own way," said Sydenham, laughing. "I'm glad you like the place, and I'm well satisfied with the way you manage it. As for Norah's butter, it can't be surpassed."

"Thin, if ye're continted, so is me and Norah; and I hope we'll live long to serve yer honor and Miss Leoline."

"It would have been a pity and a shame," thought Sydenham, as Terence took his leave, "if that fine young fellow had died in a prison." Then his thoughts reverted to the strange story he had heard. Poor Ellinor! Brave Ellinor!

Later in the evening, another visitor came — Mr. Harper—to see Sydenham as Celia's guardian. He had been to Dr. Meyrac's, where he met Ethan, and where they had been talking over Celia's fortunes, and speaking of the possibility that Mr. Pembroke might have made a will, which had been suppressed. Then Ethan had said the only chance of getting at it was to find one or other of the subscribing witnesses. As Harper walked home, Betty Carson's story about signing a paper for Mr. Pembroke came suddenly to his mind: so he continued his walk to Rosebank and laid the matter before Sydenham.

"I am greatly indebted to you," said the latter. "This may be important. I shall see Creighton about it to-morrow morning."

He did so. Creighton proposed that they should go to Betty's at once. She told them, word for word, what she had told Harper.

"Did Mr. Pembroke say anything else, except that he wished you to witness the paper?" asked Creighton.

"Not as I remember, sir."

"You don't know what sort of paper it was?"

"No, sir; only the sheets was long. I can't write nothin' forbye me name; nor I can't read writin'."

"Who was in the room at the time? —Mrs. Pembroke?"

"No, sir. It was in Mr. Pembroke's room up stairs. Mrs. Pembroke was givin' Miss Celia a lesson in the parlor below. There was nobody but us and Mr. Cranstoun in the room."

"How did you happen to be there?"

"Mr. Cranstoun met me at the front door, and says he: 'Betty, Mr. Pembroke wants to see ye about the starchin' of them shirts o' his'n!' So I went up."

"Did Mr. Cranstoun know you could write your name?"

"Yes, sir. He axed me wance to sign a note along wi' Matthew—that's me husband that was—and says I, 'I can sign me name, and I guess it's all right, Mr. Cranstoun, but I can't read a word of it.' It wasn't all right, though, Mr. Creighton, for I had that note to pay twice."

"Did Cranstoun witness that paper of Mr. Pembroke's, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. Pembroke keep the paper and put it away?"

Betty considered a little: "Now I think of it, sir, we heerd Mrs. Pembroke on the stairs sayin' somethin' to Miss Celia: and Mr. Cranstoun, he looked at Mr. Pembroke, and says Mr. Pembroke, hasty-like, 'Take it, Cranstoun;' and he grabbed it and put it under his coat, and buttoned his coat up; and I remember I wondered what it could be that Mrs. Pembroke wasn't to see."

"When was this?"

"Well, sir, it was in winter—I expect three or four weeks afore Mr. Pembroke died."

"Was he ill at that time?"

"Not to say very ill, sir, but he was confined to his room, and his wife was desperate uneasy about him."

"Now, Betty, I want you to consider. Do you think it was Mr. Pembroke's will that you witnessed?"

"Well, now," said Betty, with a start, "in course it was. And wasn't I stupid not to think of that before? Yes, Mr. Creighton, sure enough, an' it was his will he had made; and he didn't want his wife to see it, for fear she'd think he was goin' to die right off. Sich a good, considerate man as he was!"

"But did he say it was his will?"

"I guess he must have, Mr. Creighton. What else could it be, and he sick and soon to die? It was his will, sure, and nothin' less. I could a'most take my Bible oath on that."

That was all they could get. After they left the house, "It's no use," said Creighton to Sydenham. "It's a lost ball. It would be the easiest thing in the world to persuade that old woman that Mr. Pembroke told her it was his will she was asked to witness. I'd only have to suggest just what he was likely to say, and repeat that three or four days, and stick to it that I was quite sure he must have told her, because it was his duty to tell her, and because he wasn't a man to neglect his duty. I haven't any doubt she would swear to it



conscientiously. But it would be a lie. He didn't tell her. One could see that by her surprise when I suggested it. The idea never had been in her mind before."

"But you have no doubt it was the will?"

"Not any. Observe the facts. Cranstoun selects Betty because he knows that, though she can sign her name, she cannot read manuscript. He watches her arrival, meets her as she comes in, makes an excuse to get her to Mr. Pembroke's room. When they hear Mrs. Pembroke coming, the husband bids Cranstoun take the paper, and he conceals it. I am satisfied it was the will, and equally satisfied that we shall never be able to prove that a will was made at all. Cranstoun has burned it long ago—unless, indeed," he added after a pause, "the rascal may have laid it by as a card which, some day or other, if the game goes against him, he may play with the chance of winning a trick."

They walked on for some time in silence, when Mr. Creighton suddenly stopped and turned to his companion: "No, Mr. Sydenham: that will wasn't burnt. Cranstoun was sure to preserve it—to be used, in case of accident, in the event that Miss Pembroke accepted him—as no doubt the scoundrel dared to presume she would—as her husband. But, so far as we are concerned, it might as well have been burnt years ago, for I don't see the smallest chance of getting at it."

So that hope died out.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

"Hear, Father—hear and aid!  
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,  
In my vain fondness, o'er a human head,  
Gifts on Thy shrine, O God, more fitly laid—

"If I have sought to live  
But in one light, and made a mortal eye  
The lonely star of my idolatry—

Thou, that art Love, oh pity and forgive!"

HEMANS.

AN unwonted excitement pervaded Chiskauga. News had arrived, early one morning, that Tyler's mill, dwelling-

house and all the outbuildings were burnt to the ground; that the miller and his foreman Goddard had perished in the flames; and that they didn't know what had become of the daughter. Various corrections gradually modified this report, until, by midday, the most incorrigible newsmongers were fain to admit that it was the mill only that was burnt, and that nobody was hurt except Hiram Goddard, whose hands had been somewhat scorched in a fruitless attempt to drag out part of the personal property.

Even this last version of the story, however, needed correction. The miller had, indeed, received no personal injury at the fire; yet before two days had passed his daughter began to fear that worse had befallen him.

She slept in the room next to her father's, and, still anxious about him, her sleep, on the night of the fire, had been unquiet and easily disturbed. A flickering light shining through her chamber window had awakened her. She went out as quietly as possible, roused Goddard, who alarmed the other hands; and by great exertions they succeeded, within half an hour, in checking the flames. It was for the moment only, however: they soon broke out afresh, and spread so fast that it became evident the building (a weatherboarded frame, with shingle roof) must go.

Then Ellen bethought her of her father. Since the attempt he had made, one night, to escape from his bed-room, they had secured both the windows by stout bars outside, across the Venetian shutters, besides locking the outside door. There was a second door, communicating with Ellen's room, so that he could knock in case he wanted anything during the night, but that also she locked when she retired to rest.

When she unlocked this door on her return from the fire, she was terribly frightened. The glass in both the windows was shattered, a chair broken to fragments lay on the floor, and beside it her father, apparently insensible. Approaching with the candle, she perceived stains of blood on the floor. Then she came very near fainting, but love over-

came fear; and when, with trembling hands and tear-dimmed eyes, she had examined his condition, she became satisfied that the blood came only from his hands, which had been cut in several places, apparently by the glass, in his vain endeavors to force the windows. The door also bore the marks of heavy blows, dealt with the stout wooden chair, which had evidently gone to pieces in his hands.

She dragged a mattress from the bed, and contrived to place him on it. When she had sprinkled water on his face he revived, and his first words were: "You can't swim, Nell, but I can save you: I was once a capital swimmer. Come!" and he tried to rise, but fell back powerless.

"Father dear," said Ellen, "you are at home. This is your own room. See!"

"But the fire, Nelly, the fire! D'ye think I can't see through these cursed shutters, if they are barred? The boat is on fire. Don't I hear the flames crackling? Quick!"

"Father, father, hear what I tell you. There's no steamboat. The mill's on fire—that's true; but the wind's north-east, and Hiram says there's no more chance of the fire catching this house than if it were a mile off. I'm afraid the mill's gone, past saving: I'm very sorry for that. But you're safe, father, and we've a house still over our heads. God be thanked for that!"

If he had been able to rise, she couldn't have kept him there, but his desperate exertions to escape by door or window had completely exhausted him. Gradually, by dint of iteration, she appeased him: and when Goddard soon after came in and reported that the mill could not be saved, it seemed to relieve him, and the delusion gradually vanished.

"So ye won't get burnt nor drowned, my little Nell. Let the gear go! Kiss me, my child."

The wounds on his hands were slight; and when Ellen had dressed them, and they had lifted him to bed again, he sank into a heavy sleep.

It had been a great shock. The good

that Harper did had been undone. At a time when the miller's mind had been slowly regaining its tone, all the horrors of that dreadful night on Lake Erie had come back on him in full force. And with these came back the fancy that God had sent him a premonition of death. The logic of Preacher Larrabee's story was clear, indeed, but nerves already shattered and terribly shaken by a second agitation beclouded logical deductions. The father, tender of his daughter's feelings, succeeded, however, in concealing from her this superstitious relapse.

Well did Ellen merit the old man's regardful care. Weak in her judgments because of inexperience and imperfect culture, the girl had a strength such as few strong men have, deep-rooted in her affections—a dangerous strength in a world like this. Imprudence to any extent she might commit, but one act of deliberate selfishness, never.

Her love for Mowbray was an idolatry, but because it was not a selfish idolatry, so neither was it exclusive. Never since her tiny arms were first stretched to the proud father in infant recognition had she loved that father as now—all the more warmly and devotedly because of the warmth and devotion of her love for another. The angel that had stirred the depths of that young heart was of the holiest in Heaven's host. Duty was more sacred now, gratitude more tender, good-will to all men felt with livelier glow. The waters from that mystic fount, motionless till the angel came, now irrigated with freshening influence all her life's little domain.

When a fortnight had passed, and the miller was still unable to sit up more than two or three hours each day, vigil and anxiety began to tell on the poor girl.

"Ellen," the father said one day, "you'll be sick yourself if you wait on me so much. You need the fresh air. Take Joe: he's quiet to ride, and we don't need him now. Willie can stay by me, if you're uneasy about leaving me alone."

When she came to see how he was

before she set out on her ride, she kissed him, saying: "I promise you never to do anything to make you sorry again. You know I won't. Don't you, father?"

"I know you're an old man's darling, Nell, and as good as gold. I'd let you do anything—anything in this world that I thought would make you happy. But to keep company with a young man that—that never asked you to marry him—that would make you miserable, Nelly—miserable, mayhap, as long as you live. That's all I'm afraid of: I want you never to do that."

"I never will." And there she stopped, on the very point of telling him that Mowbray and she were engaged. But, as once before, she put it off with the thought, "When he's better and stronger." And she only repeated, "I never, never will."

"I know you won't, Nelly. God for ever bless and protect you, dear child!"

Thenceforth Ellen usually rode out two or three afternoons in the week. Of course, Mowbray got to know it, and of course he sought to meet his promised wife.

To Mowbray's questions, repeated each time they met, as to her father's condition, she returned desponding answers. His brow clouded—Ellen thought from sympathy. One day he said, "Ellen dear, have you ever told your father that we're engaged?"

"I was afraid, he's so weak."

"But we couldn't marry without telling him."

"Marry?"

"Isn't a girl that's past nineteen old enough to marry?"

"How can we be married and father so ill?"

"I don't see what's to prevent it. He might be ill for months or years."

"You wouldn't like, Mr. Mowbray—"

"Evelyn, dear Ellen."

"Evelyn"—hesitating and blushing—"you wouldn't like your wife to spend half her time nursing a sick father."

He would have controlled his countenance had he been able. Ellen read its expression and added, "You see it wouldn't do."

"Why couldn't we have a careful nurse for him? You could go and see him when you chose."

"Oh, Evelyn, how can you?"—voice trembling and tears springing to her eyes. "God himself couldn't love me if I forsook father."

"The Bible says a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife."

"Oh don't, don't! He has nothing left but me. It's fourteen years since mother died: he has never said one angry word to me since then, not even—" it flashed over her that it wouldn't do to talk of that. "I've often vexed him, poor father! I've been thoughtless and careless, and he's been so good! I think he always felt I had no mother, and couldn't bear to thwart me or deny me anything. If you only knew, Evelyn! I'm sure the Bible never meant that a girl like me, that used 'most to forget her mother was gone—he nursed and petted and loved me so—it never could mean that I was to go and leave him on his sick bed now. And he's so weak and helpless! If you were to see him, Evelyn! His hair's as white as snow. He's *such* an old man now!"

She said it plaintively, dreamily—pausing. Then, with sudden impulse, "I won't leave him!" Mowbray started, and something in his face made her add, "Dear, dear Evelyn, I can't."

"Of course you must do as you please, Ellen."

"As I please? You think I don't love you?"

"Not as well as you love your father, it seems."

Ellen wept like a child. Mowbray tried to soothe her: "I know you love me, dear Ellen: I didn't mean that I doubted your love." He would have been a wretch if he had doubted it under the look of those sad, reproachful eyes.

All she said, as Mowbray assisted her in mounting her horse, was: "He would die if I were to leave him."

During the long summer afternoons Tyler usually lay in a lethargic state. Very, very mournful thoughts filled the silent hours that Ellen spent by his bedside. Never for a moment did she re-

pent her resolution. "He shall not die if I can save him;" that was her one thought as to her father. Yet she made to herself a sort of reproach, pitying and excusing her lover.

"It's not his fault"—such were the thoughts that swept over her solitude—"it's very natural he should feel put out about it. What have I ever done for him except to love him?—and I couldn't help that. He makes all the sacrifices. Don't I know I'm no fit match for him? Couldn't he marry the best lady in the land? Then we're so much poorer now than when he asked me: all the machinery burnt on the boat, the mill gone too; yet he never said the first word about it. And then that talk of the village! When others left me and insulted me, he was always the same. And now, the only thing he ever asked me I *had* to refuse him. Poor Evelyn! I know he must think I don't care for him as he cares for me. If he could only look into my heart!"

Then she began to think, could she ever do anything—make any sacrifice—for him to prove her love? She was romantic in her way, this simple miller's daughter; and she felt that if her father no longer needed her it would be nothing to risk her life or lose it for Evelyn; but how could *he* ever know that? It was only in novels that lovers had a chance to give their lives for one another.

He had seemed to wish that she should tell her father of their engagement. She *could* do that, at least. So one day she did, adding, "I can live without him as long as I've you, father; and may God forsake me if I leave you till I see that you don't need me! I told him I never would. But if you—if you go to mother and I am left here—I shall want to die too unless I'm his wife. I love him so, and he's so good, father—you don't know."

It was another shock, though he strove to conceal that from his daughter. Still, he received the news with mixed feelings. The presentiment of death had been gaining on him; and who was to protect the orphan when he was gone? He gazed on that sweet, sad face—felt that

the heart of love and trust that spoke from it was in the keeping of another past recalling; and the thought came to him: "Nobody but a mean coward would injure her; and the proud peat, with all his uppish ways, is no coward. And then he *has* made up his mind to marry the miller's daughter. Anybody might be proud of Nelly. Maybe he will." So the kind old man, thinking how soon he might be where he could never show earthly kindness more, could not find it in his heart to say no to his child's love.

One only condition he attached to his consent: "It's best you should both have time to know your own minds. You're not twenty yet, Nell. In a little more than a year you'll be of age. By that time either this useless father of yours will be well again and able to spare you, or else—"

Ellen would not let him go on. She had been touched to the heart by his prompt consent: it was a load taken off her mind; and it was with a gush of joy and gratitude she said:

"You're going to get well, father: I'm sure you are. But come what will, I take God to witness that I will not marry Evelyn Mowbray till I am twenty-one years old. And if I ever do marry him, I'll come and see you every day: he said I might."

No concealment from her father now: it lightened Ellen's heart; but her father's, alas!—though the girl knew it not—was loaded down with one grief the more. How could he have confidence in Mowbray?

Accumulating burdens were becoming too much for the old man's waning strength. Before the fatal journey to Buffalo he had fortitude, courage to meet any reverse of fortune. He had escaped from that burning horror—one of seven who had made their own way to shore. But he had escaped, as soldiers often do from the dangers of a hundred fields, to return home broken-down, unmanned, health and hope and energy gone.

The lethargic symptoms increased. An hour or two a day was as much as he could bear to sit up. Ellen became

thoroughly alarmed, and rode into town for Dr. Meyrac. When the girl, on their way back, related to him the particulars of the shipwreck, the effect on her father and the relapse on the night the mill was burnt, he looked grave, but merely said that it was a very remarkable case—such as he had read of, but never met with before.

Alone with the miller, the latter said, "I shall not live long, doctor."

"That may be. Yet I find not any disease pronounced. De nerves are shaken: de forces are feeble. If you have not hope to live, it may arrive that you vill die. All the same, you may yet survive. The courage is there for much;" meaning, probably, that courage had much to do with his patient's chance of recovery.

The miller briefly related to him his trance and its correspondence with realities at home. The man of science smiled with good-natured incredulity: "It is hazard only. Dere are dreams very singular, but dey prove not anything. Let not discourage yourself for dat."

Harper's view of the matter had done much more to quiet the miller's mind than Meyrac's skepticism did. Chance? He knew that couldn't be so. Then he brooded, more and more, over the idea of a death-warning. The needed courage that Meyrac had spoken of failed.

Ten days later his mind began to wander. He was haunted by the recollection of the man who had clung to him as he first rose to the surface. He appeared to re-enact the scene, struggling desperately, striking out his clenched fist, as if at an opponent; and then, drooping despondingly, he muttered, "What could I do? Is it murder to strike a man that's just going to strangle you?" After a time he sank into a comatose state, lasting many hours. And when at last he came to his senses, his feebleness was extreme.

Another day the over-excited brain seemed to reproduce the scene of his exertions to rescue Hartland. He imitated the dragging of a heavy weight till he was bathed in perspiration: then

fell into a heavy sleep that continued all the night through. From each of these attacks he awoke with diminished strength. The lucid intervals, too, became shorter and less frequent.

But, except during the moments when fancy recalled the dangers he had passed, he did not seem to suffer much. The coma into which he constantly relapsed became more and more deep. They scarcely knew when he passed away. Ellen sat, for the last two hours, his hand in hers, and not a movement—not the slightest convulsive twitch—gave intimation of pain or struggle. Half an hour before it was all over she heard him say, in a tone that awed her—so solemn, so utterly different was it from his usual manner—"Deal with *me*, O God! as Thou wilt, but let that man love her: let him cherish her." Then the very last, low words of all—two only: "Dear Nell!"

No need to speak of the orphan's desolation. For days after her father's death one wish was uppermost—that she had died with him. Even her lover was half forgotten.

It was two weeks before she saw him; and the first time they met nothing of moment occurred. He spoke kindly and sympathizingly, doing what he could to comfort her, and evincing deep regret that there had ever been any difficulty between her father and himself.

At their next interview she told him that she had informed her father of their engagement, and that he had acquiesced. He expressed pleasure at this.

Then they talked of the future. "How forlorn you must be," he said to her, "all alone there, with nobody to care for you!"

"Hiram's as kind and attentive as he can be. He seems to guess all I need before I ask him. And then I've little Willie to care for."

"That mustn't go on, Ellen," a little sharply. "Of course we must let some weeks or months pass, but sorrow can't call back those that are gone; and if we could now know your father's wish, I'm sure it would be that you should be hap-



py, and have some one who had a right to protect you as soon as possible."

Then she had to tell him of the solemn promise she had made to her father on his deathbed.

He rebelled at once. How cruel, in its results, is often the affection, even the self-sacrifice, of weak, fond parents! All the strength of the young Widow Mowbray's love, inconsolable under bereavement, had centred blindly in her boy. His very faults so much resembled those of the husband she had idolized throughout their few short years of marriage that she could scarcely find it in her heart to reprove them. In her little household everything had given way to him. In all things the child and his will and his caprices had taken precedence. They were poor: she had to do much of her own work, but if the little sluggard lay in bed two hours after the breakfast-hour, he was never disturbed; and when at last he sauntered carelessly down, she broke off whatever she was about, to see that he had a warm, comfortable meal. In the same way she saved him, year after year, every exertion, every annoyance, at expense of double exertion and double annoyance to herself. When he grew to manhood, and expenses necessarily increased, it was she who must be stinted that he might dress like a gentleman, wear fresh, delicate kid gloves to balls and parties and smoke the highest-priced Havana cigars. When the young man began to long—as youth, ever since Virgil's days, has always longed—for a horse, their scanty capital had to be encroached on to build a stable; and it was the mother, not the son, who undertook additional labor—labor beyond her strength—to pay bills for oats and corn that the idle fellow might spend half his days in pleasure rides.

Selfishness is a weed needing little culture, and Mrs. Mowbray had unconsciously nursed its growth for twenty-four years in her son Evelyn. He grew up utterly impatient of contradiction, and feeling it as an injury—almost as an insult—when another's comfort, or will, or sense of duty even, crossed his own good

pleasure. Who can calculate the effects, springing from devoted kindness, yet tending from sin down to crime, of such a training?

"Nonsense, Ellen!" Mowbray broke out when she had made her confession.

"How old are you?"

"In less than three months I shall be twenty."

"And you mean to say you've gone and promised not to marry for nearly fifteen months?"

"Yes," though the poor child had hardly courage to say it.

"Then you did a very foolish thing: that's all I can say."

"Oh, Evelyn, think! If your mother had been dying, and she had asked you not to marry me till you were twenty-five, what would you have done?"

"Mother never would have been so silly. She knows how unhappy it would have made me; and she never crosses me."

"Father didn't want to make you unhappy, Evelyn."

"Then what did he make you promise that for?"

Ellen was not ready with an answer.

"It *would* make me unhappy if you were to keep your promise, Ellen; and if your father didn't want that, then it would be wrong in you—"

"Don't say that, dear Evelyn."

"Why not? Why does it make me unhappy to wait? Because I love you so dearly. What would it signify to me whether it was fifteen days or fifteen months if I didn't care for you? If you cared—"

He was looking at Ellen as he said this, and her eyes, brimful of sorrow and of love, would not let him go on in that strain. So he said, "Don't you think your father wanted me to love you dearly, Ellen?"

"Evelyn, Evelyn! But I never told you. Half an hour before—before he went to mother and left me alone—that was his dying prayer. The very, very last word on his lips was my name. And you want me to disobey him?"

Was she listening to hear those last words of the dying repeated again? She

looked up to heaven, and the expression that lighted her face overawed the man, self-indulgent and impassive to spiritual influence as he was.

"If father had not wished you well, Evelyn," she went on after a time, "would he have let me marry you? I don't know why he made me promise as I did. I never can know now, except that I'm sure it was out of his love for me. I only know that I did make that promise, and that God heard me call His name to witness that I would keep it. And then, Evelyn—"

"Well, dear?" the tone getting impatient again.

"I think father can hear and see us now. When he was lying hundreds of miles away, all but drowned, his spirit saw everything I did and heard all I said, one morning at the well, to Hiram Goddard."

"What did you say to him?"

"He spoke of proposing a partnership in the mill. When father came home he told me the very words."

Mowbray laughed incredulously. Then his brow darkened: "Did your father hear Hiram propose a partnership to his daughter too?"

"You're cruel, Evelyn, and Hiram's as good as he can be. He couldn't help loving me, any more than I can help loving you."

"If you think me cruel, and Hiram Goddard the best man that ever was, I suppose you can't help that either?"

They were sitting on a mossy bank, under the deep forest shade, Mowbray's arm around her waist. He withdrew it. The action, as much as the harsh words, overcame her. She shuddered, as one stricken with ague, and when she could speak for weeping, she said, "I don't know what I'm saying, Mr. Mowbray. I didn't mean you were cruel: when others were cruel, you've always been kind. And all I meant about Hiram was that he is kind and good. Surely, surely you know that I love nobody but you."

"Why do you call me Mr. Mowbray, if you love me?"

"Did I call you so? I think it must

have been because I didn't know if you would ever be more to me than that."

"Ellen, whatever I ask you, you refuse me. Are you going to break off our engagement and marry Hiram?"

That was the drop too much. With an uncontrollable impulse she threw her arms round his neck and hid her face in his bosom, her frame convulsed with sobs.

"If you knew, Evelyn," she faltered out at last—"if you only knew how it breaks my heart to refuse you anything! But see! Father mustn't be angry with me, up there in heaven—he and mother. I think it won't be long till I see them there; and I *must* be able to tell the old man—him that never spoke one unkind word to me—that I didn't break my word to him—what I promised him when he was dying. Oh, Evelyn, I must, I must! You're good, Evelyn: you're so good—so good to me! You don't want me, when I die, to be thinking that the first word to them will have to be that I lied to father just before he left me, with a prayer to God for me on his lips."

He did not reply, but he soothed and caressed her, as she lay in his arms, till the sobs gradually ceased and she recovered, in a measure, her tranquillity.

After a time she spoke again: "You said *if* I cared for you, Evelyn. I know I've never done anything for you. If I only knew—if I could find out—what a poor orphan like me could do to show you what sort of love it is I have for you!"

It was a perilous state of feeling. Ellen did not know that such affection as hers once prompted Arria to suicide; and is not suicide a sin?

"That promise I gave to father," she pursued: "it's the only thing. Ask me anything else, Evelyn—anything. There's nothing I would deny you but that."

"Nothing?" A base, coward thought just glanced through his mind as he said it—so base that the man, selfish as he was, shrank from it as from a serpent. Vice had still its "frightful mien" to him.

"No, Evelyn, nothing." Sweetly, calmly said. No dream of evil. Purity itself in that trusting smile. No inkling of wrong in those loving, guileless eyes. How sharp the rebuke so unconsciously given!

Had the girl been less generous, less faithful, more given to thinking of evil, her danger would have been much less than it was then.

In their after meetings Mowbray did not again bring up the subject of Ellen's promise, nor further insist on marriage before the time her father had set.

I know it is the world's way, when some poor young creature strays from the path of peace, to settle it that she sins at the prompting of selfish, incontinent passion. Alas! that happens sometimes. But far, far more frequently the

temptation is one in which selfishness has no part. Sometimes it is abject poverty that rules: dishonor is incurred to prolong the life of helpless father or mother or to win bread for orphaned infancy left to a sister's care.

Sometimes—and this sad truth almost eludes attention—the motive is traceable to romantic self-sacrifice, wild eagerness to prove the reality of a love arrested, perhaps, for the time, in its placid, legitimate course. Few men conceive of such a sacrifice. It is often made for men when they know it not. God forgive the sacrilegious traitors who know and accept it, bringing to ruin those the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unloose! If such obtain Divine mercy at the last, what wretch, blackened with a thousand crimes, but may hope for pardon too?

#### THE SATISFACTION USUAL AMONG GENTLEMEN.

WHAT shall we say of a practice that has been sanctioned by the most distinguished men of modern times? Condemned alike by religion and by common sense, but upheld by fashion and a (so-called) code of honor, established by men who themselves were but too ready on all occasions to ignore the obligations of Christianity, it has held its ground for centuries, and is yet far from being abandoned. It is fashionable and popular in France, especially among military men and editors of newspapers. Very recently several personal *rencontres* have taken place, and some of the most sanguinary duels on record have been fought in that country. But in Ireland, which was at one time, *par excellence*, "the happy hunting-ground of satisfaction," dueling has gone very much out of fashion. So in England, which has also contributed its quota to the sanguinary record; and in this country, where the native originality has so

often displayed itself in "inventions of delight," such as fighting with knives inside of an empty hogshead, rifle-practice from behind trees, indiscriminate shooting *à volonté* with six-shot revolvers, and the like.

It is curious that the combat to the death should have been a favorite mode of settling disputes from the earliest ages, although most of the duels recorded in ancient history were rather episodes of war than personal quarrels. Such were the contests between David and Goliath, Menelaus and Paris, Achilles and Hector, Turnus and Æneas, Eteocles and Polynices, Pittacus and Phrynon, the Horatii and the Curatii, Scipio Africanus and the Spanish giant, etc., etc. But in those early times the challenged did not always consider themselves bound to accept the challenge. Thus, when Julius Cæsar was challenged by Mark Antony, he contented himself with replying, "I am not tired of life"—an answer similar

to that given by Metellus to Sertorius, and by Antigonus to Pyrrhus. Themistocles, when struck by Eurybiades, merely observed, "Strike, but hear me." In modern times very little choice has been left to the challenged; for inasmuch as dueling has been almost exclusively confined to what is called "society"—*i. e.*, the upper ten, the army, the navy and the professions of law and of medicine—very few men have had the moral courage to withstand the sneers, the *tabooing*, the loss of position and of character (for *courage*, not for *probity*) which the refusal to accept a challenge involves. And thus many a coward has been driven to "screwing his courage to the sticking-place," and braving death or serious injury to his person; whereas, could he have had his way, he would have followed the example of Parolles, and cried,

"Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live safest in shame!"

It is not our intention to reproduce the hackneyed arguments for and against dueling. Paley exhausted them long ago. He correctly pointed out the true motives which led to the resort to it. "As a punishment," said he, "it is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls on the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation, it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury or afford a compensation for the injury sustained. The truth is, it is not considered as either. A law of honor having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent and wipe off this suspicion, without malice against the adversary, without a wish to destroy him; and generally with no other concern than to preserve the duelist's own reputation and reception in the world." This is, however, not the whole truth; for many duels have been fought solely to gratify hatred; and we know that some have also been fought with other than vindictive designs; as where the killing of the victim would remove an

obstacle to the gratification of lust or the success of ambitious projects. A memorable instance of this was the famous duel between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury in the reign of Charles II.

Among the duels which deserve to be recorded is that between the celebrated Irish barristers, John Philpot Curran and John Egan, nicknamed "Bully Egan." The latter was a man of immense size, while Curran was slim and short. The chances of being hit were, therefore, in favor of the former, for (as Curran said) it was like firing at a haystack. Curran therefore proposed to equalize the chances by chalking lines on Egan's body, so as to mark out his (Curran's) size thereon, and by agreeing that *no shot should count which took effect outside of these lines*. And *à propos* of the chances of being hit in duels with pistols, a well-known writer (Gilchrist) estimates the chances of being killed as one to fourteen, and of being wounded as one to six. His computation, however, is based upon erroneous premises, for he takes into account a large number of duels which were terminated by "deloping"—*i. e.*, by one of the parties firing in the air, or by firing wide and then apologizing; and also those duels in which the parties appeared on the ground merely to satisfy the requirements of society and not to injure each other; which kind of duel the Irish term "dumb-shooting." Very few French or American duels have terminated thus; the reason being, we take it, that the parties have generally been in earnest. In France the code of honor is very strict, and society there is so imbued with the martial spirit of the nation that dueling may be looked upon as the natural vent for its sensitiveness. Frenchmen will go to law in matters of property, but they despise having recourse to it in matters of personal insult or injury. In England the seducer is punished by being made to pay damages, but in France he may lay his account to a thrust through the body, and in this country to a bullet through the head. Which of the two modes is the better preservative

of the honor of women? It must be owned, however, that there have been too many instances of men taking the law into their own hands, and shooting their foe when he was unprepared and perhaps unarmed — a practice which, however extenuated by the amount of injury, is dangerous to the stability of society. It will not do to allow a man to be the judge of his own cause.

In fashionable society the practice of dueling has a tendency to maintain a high tone of courtesy among men, and of deference to women which adds materially to the charm of social intercourse. Peculation and embezzlement are rare among public men in France, notwithstanding the fact that many of them have arrived at eminence through unscrupulous political manœuvring. But whether this is to be attributed to a chivalrous aversion to the dishonor which arises out of pecuniary delinquencies—though none such is felt to the reputation of being a spendthrift or a gambler—or to a well-organized system of administration, which provides so many checks upon the acts of public officers that it is difficult for them to go astray, we cannot undertake to say. It may appear absurd, at first sight, to assert that dueling has anything to do with it; but if it be true that this much-condemned practice has produced a chivalrous feeling of honor in the French, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may influence them in their public as well as in their private conduct. In strong confirmation of our views we may adduce the fact that dueling has recently increased to an unusual extent in Italy. The bitterness of political strife in that country, the prominence which the army holds there, and the license of the press seem to have been active causes of making the duel more than ever the recognized mode of resenting injuries and insults. There has lately appeared a pamphlet on the subject from the pen of Signor Fambri, a Venetian journalist and politician, in which the necessity of dueling is deplored, but insisted on as the only counterpoise to the evils of a free press in the author's native land.

Various estimates have been made as to the number of persons killed in duels. We are inclined to think it has been greatly overrated. We read that during the reign of Henry IV. of France, four thousand gentlemen lost their lives in that country by dueling; and that during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. scarcely a day passed without several fatal duels in Paris alone. A little reflection will convince us that there must be considerable exaggeration in these statements. At the rate of even two hundred deaths a year, the French Court would speedily have been deprived of every gentleman in it, which we know has never been the case. The number of duels fought in England during the reign of George III., a period of sixty years, was only a hundred and seventy-two, and but sixty-nine persons were killed. This comes more within the pale of belief. We believe the number of duels fought in this country to be very moderate. In the State of Pennsylvania there has been no duel fought since the bloodless one between Mr. Binns and Mr. Stewart in 1805, which occasioned the passing of an Act of the Legislature inflicting severe penalties on all who should engage in dueling; and since that time, though several Pennsylvanians have fought duels, they have gone out of the State to do it. Much of the invective against dueling, as causing a wanton destruction of life, falls to the ground. Many duels have been merely public modes of apologizing for insult or injury; and in a very large number of these cases reparation was obtained from bullies which could have been obtained in no other way. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not admire dueling any more than we do war, or pestilence, or any other of the evils which afflict the human race, but which, nevertheless, have been permitted to scourge us from time to time, doubtless for wise ends. But we believe that where dueling has been abandoned, and the community has not proportionally progressed in enlightenment, the practice has been succeeded either by a less regard for the feelings of others, evinced in coarse manners



and insulting language, or by a greater amount of litigation, or by resort to violent and unfair means—even assassination—for the gratification of personal revenge. The celebrated Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, who was a brave and distinguished soldier, labored hard to abolish dueling, and induced a number of leading men of that State to memorialize its Legislature for stringent laws against the custom. The memorial embodied, in as concise and energetic a form as the English language permits, all the arguments which could be advanced against it; and no Christian could well refuse his assent to them. Still, as Christians, though they condemn war, will still embark in it—ay, and carry it on with savage energy, too—so will they occasionally resort to dueling, until a better tone of society and a more thorough appreciation of the precepts of the Gospel shall render both unnecessary. We know of no better and nobler stand against dueling than that taken by the Hon. Robert Barnwell Rhett, Senator from South Carolina, in the personal controversy which arose in the Senate between him and the Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, Senator from Alabama, in February, 1852. Mr. Clemens had used the terms “knavery” and “treason” in reference to Mr. Rhett, which was sufficient provocation for fifty duels, but he subsequently added the term “coward.” Ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred would in such a case have considered themselves bound to resort to “the code of honor:” not so Mr. Rhett. He boldly stood up in the Senate and said, “For twenty years I have been a member of the Church of Christ. The Senator knows it—everybody knows it. I cannot and will not dishonor my religious profession. If he, or any one else, supposes that I am so much afraid of his insults, or the opinion which requires them to be redressed in the field, as to be driven by them to abandon the profession of twenty years, he is entirely mistaken. I frankly admit that I fear God, and that I fear Him more than man. Although desirous of the good opinion of all men (for our usefulness is very largely de-

pendent on the good opinion of our fellows), we can never obtain it by an abandonment of the principles we profess. True courage is best evinced by the firm maintenance of our principles amidst all temptations and trials.” This was a truly noble example to set, and has probably not been without its influence; although many lamentable affairs have since occurred, wherein the party injured, or supposing himself to be injured, took upon himself to redress his own grievances, and public opinion sustained him in so doing. We are not now speaking of those savage encounters which have occurred on the borders of civilization, where, in fact, no other mode of redress was to be had than that afforded by the rough-and-ready hand of the settler, but of those scenes enacted in the very heart of our great cities and centres of refinement. Such was the famous duel between Messrs. Cilley and Graves, near Washington, in 1838, fought upon a mere point of honor, and one of the combatants (Mr. Cilley) professing the highest respect and most kind feelings for his adversary, who nevertheless shot him dead. In this sanguinary affair the seconds were the parties most to blame: indeed, the report of the committee of the House of Representatives appointed to investigate the affair declared the case to be “without any circumstance of extenuation.” It would seem that Mr. Cilley had been marked out for a victim, if we may credit the following paragraph from the above-mentioned report: “Early in the day on which he (Cilley) fell, an agreement was entered into between James Watson Webb, Daniel Jackson and William H. Morell to arm themselves, repair to the room of Mr. Cilley, and force him to fight Webb with pistols on the spot, or to pledge his word of honor to give Webb a meeting before Mr. Graves; and if Mr. Cilley would do neither, to *shatter his right arm*. They accordingly took measures to ascertain whether Mr. Cilley was at his lodgings, and finding that he was not, they proceeded, well armed, to Bladensburg, where it was said the duel between Mr. Graves

and Mr. Cilley was to take place. Before arriving there, it was agreed between Webb, Jackson and Morell that Webb should approach Mr. Cilley, claim the quarrel, insist on fighting him, and assure him if he aimed his rifle at Mr. Graves, he (Webb) would shoot him on the spot. It was supposed by them that Mr. Graves, or Mr. Wise, or some of the party, would raise a weapon at Webb, whereupon it was agreed that Webb should instantly shoot Mr. Cilley, and that they should then defend themselves in the best way they could." The death of Mr. Cilley before they reached the ground thwarted their scheme. All this occurred in Washington only thirty years ago. It was said at the time that the duel was a *grave* thing for Cilley, and a *silly* thing for Graves.

Another equally savage affair was the duel between Major Biddle and Spencer Pettis in 1831. It took place in Missouri. They fought at five feet distance, and their pistols overlapped each other. Both were mortally wounded, and they exchanged forgiveness on the ground. How much better would it have been to have done this at first!

Perhaps no duel is more illustrative of the imperious demands of the code of honor than that between Henry Clay and John Randolph, which originated in the heat of debate in 1826. Both of these distinguished men really esteemed each other. Randolph the night previously declared to General James Hamilton that nothing should induce him to harm a hair of Clay's head; and on the ground, after firing, Clay stepped forward and said to Randolph, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched: after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds!" And Randolph declared to his second, "I would not have seen Mr. Clay fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams!" These illustrious combatants became fast friends ever afterward. But was not the whole transaction a keen parody on the system which required them to "go out"? Very different was the termination of the duel

between Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett, both of Illinois. The seconds intended to make a sham affair of it, and it is supposed that Stewart was in the secret. Bennett, however, suspected a joke, and after receiving his gun from his second he dropped a ball into it, fired and killed Stewart. For this murder he was hanged. This affair occurred in 1820.

The history of dueling has its comic and its romantic aspect as well as its tragic and its diabolical. Some of the excuses given for not fighting are droll enough. Franklin relates the following anecdote: A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit farther from him. "Why so?" said the person thus addressed. "Because, sir, you smell." "That, sir, is an affront, and you must fight me." "I will fight you if you insist upon it; but I don't see how that will mend the matter, for if you kill me, I shall smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell worse, if possible, than you do at present." Amadeus V. of Savoy sent a challenge to Humbert II. of the same duchy. The latter replied to the bearer of the challenge: "That the virtue of a prince did not consist in strength of body; and that if his principal boasted of his strength, there was not a bull which was not stronger and more vigorous than he could possibly be; and therefore, if he liked, one should be sent to him to try." The French poet Voiture was a noted duelist, but he would not always fight. On one occasion, having been challenged by a gentleman on whom he had exercised his wit, he replied: "The game is not equal: you are big, I am little; you are brave, I am a coward: however, if you want to kill me, *I will consider myself dead.*"

Some curious challenges are recorded. The French poet Romieu received the following challenge from a young rival: "Sir, I send you with this note a ballad, which I beg you will read with great attention. If you think you can *add a few words to it*, and they suit me, I consent to accept you as a *collaborateur*. I have the honor," etc. The manuscript was returned to the author with this re-

ply: "Sir, I have read your ballad with the greatest attention. *I leave you the choice of weapons.*" The meeting took place without serious result. Here is another French specimen: A gentleman was playing billiards, when a young man accidentally ran up against him. "Who is this abortion that rubs against me?" exclaimed the player. The young man begged his pardon. "I'll forgive you when I have run you through," replied the player. He had scarcely uttered these words when a loud voice was heard saying, "Young man, take these five hundred francs and order a *first-class funeral* for Monsieur ——" (naming the player). "Who are you," said the latter, "that dare speak in this way?" "I am the Count of Bondy, at your service," replied the stranger. The count was a renowned duelist, and the player declined fighting; but the count insisted on his apologizing to the young man, which he did, and thus the bully was completely cowed.

In the history of dueling it is interesting to notice the national characteristics of the parties engaged. One of the most striking instances of the peculiar bent of the French mind is that of the two famous duelists — Lagarde Vallon and Bazanez, who fought merely because they were jealous of each other's reputation. Bazanez sent Vallon a hat, with the threat of taking it from him, together with his life. Vallon put on the hat and immediately went in search of Bazanez. They met and set to with their swords on the instant. Vallon gave his adversary a cut on the head, exclaiming, "That's for the hat;" then another cut, exclaiming, "That's for the feather;" and a third, with "That's for the tassel." Bazanez, however, was not done for: though bleeding profusely, he rushed upon his antagonist and got him down, and drawing his poniard gave him fourteen stabs in the body from the neck to the navel, exclaiming, "I am giving you a scarf to wear with the hat: beg for your life." "Not yet, my dear fellow," replied Vallon, biting off his adversary's chin and smashing the back of his head with the pommel of his sword. Both

fell exhausted and the combat ceased; yet, though so frightfully wounded, they both recovered. Duels between women and of women with men have not been uncommon in France. One of the most extraordinary of these stories is that of Mademoiselle Maupin, an operatic performer at Paris. On one occasion, being at a ball and behaving rudely to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on condition that those gentlemen who had taken the lady's part should go out with her. The gentlemen agreed to this, when, after a hard combat, she killed them all and returned to the ball-room. The king (Louis XIV.) granted her a pardon, and she withdrew for a time to Brussels, but soon after returned to Paris, where she died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven.

But of all the duels on record, that between two officers of the French army, named Fournier and Dupont, is the most remarkable. It began in 1794 and ended in 1813, having lasted nineteen years. It originated at Strasbourg, where Fournier had challenged and killed a young man named Blum. Great indignation was felt against him in the city; so much so, indeed, that General Moreau, giving a ball at his quarters on the day of Blum's funeral, thought it advisable to exclude Fournier: accordingly he gave the necessary directions to his aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont. In the course of the evening, Fournier presented himself, but was refused admittance by Dupont. The consequence was a challenge to the latter from Fournier. They met and fought with swords, and Fournier was severely wounded, but he exclaimed as he fell, "That's the first touch," and promised Dupont that he would soon have another. In a month he got well: they fought again, and this time Dupont was grievously wounded, exclaiming as he fell, "That's the second touch: as soon as possible for the finish." When Dupont recovered, they fought again, and both parties were slightly wounded. They then drew up a formal agreement to fight whenever they were within a hundred miles of each other, each party to go half-way,

unless prevented by the exigencies of the service. They crossed swords frequently pursuant to this agreement, but never seriously injured each other; and they always shook hands before fighting. They also corresponded amicably. At length they were both made generals and sent to Switzerland. Dupont arrived late at night at a little village where there was no inn: not a light to be seen, except at the window of a small cottage. He went to it and knocked, and the door was opened by Fournier. They at once drew their swords and set to, conversing amicably as they fought. Dupont presently drove his sword through Fournier's neck and pinned him to the wall, and would have held him there till he capitulated, but that some officers, hearing the scuffle, came in and separated them. Fournier recovered from the wound. Some time afterward, Dupont thought of marrying, but the obstacle to his doing so was his agreement with Fournier. How was he to get rid of it? He resolved to go to Fournier, state the case and ask him to settle the business with pistols. Fournier, being one of the most extraordinary shots ever known, was astonished, and asked Dupont if he was mad; but the latter proposed that they should go into a little wood near Neuilly, armed each with a pair of horse-pistols, and having gone out of sight of each other, they should track each other as they best could, and fire at convenience. This having been agreed to, they adjourned to the wood and separated. After much dodging, they caught sight of each other behind two trees. To stir was certain death to either; so, after waiting a few minutes, Dupont raised the tail of his coat as if stooping down. Instantly a ball from Fournier passed through it. Soon after this Dupont held out his hat with his right hand and presented his barrel, as though taking aim. The second ball from Fournier went through the hat. Dupont now stepped forward with both pistols cocked, and told Fournier that he would not take his life, but that

he must never cross his path again, for if he did he (Dupont) should claim the right of putting his two bullets into his (Fournier's) brains. And thus ended this long-protracted affair. Surely, none but Frenchmen would have carried on such a tragi-comedy for so long a time.

As a contrast to the *sang froid* exhibited by these Frenchmen, we extract the following account of a duel between two Irishmen, a barrister and an attorney: The barrister had in court flung his powdered wig in the attorney's face, and a hostile meeting was the result. The attorney fired and missed: the barrister, who had reserved his fire, then furiously brandished his pistol to the imminent danger of the bystanders, and said to his second: "Shall I rush upon him with a shout, *after the manner of the ancients*?" Some of the Irish duels were occasioned by practical jokes, as in the case of Frank Shelton, who called out an exciseman for ramming the butt-end of a horsewhip down his throat while he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open.

Duels have been a great card with novelists. Lever excels in his descriptions of them, as the readers of *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton* and *Tom Burke of Ours* can testify. Sir Walter Scott has also made effective use of them in *The Monastery*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Legend of Montrose* and other tales; but his crowning effort is in the battle of the clans in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The duel between Lovelace and Colonel Morden in *Clarissa Harlowe* is a masterpiece in its way. That between Château-Renaud and Fabian dei Franchi in *The Corsican Brothers* is the most dramatic of all achievements in the sensation line.

The subject of dueling is capable of indefinite extension, but our limits warn us to stop, which we do, hoping that the time is rapidly passing away when there will be any occasion for such advice as that given by Grattan, on his deathbed, to his son: "Be always ready with your pistol."

JOSEPH J. REED.

## THE GREAT FLOOD:

## A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

HOW long ago was it? do you ask, little Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a day. It is June, now: I was seventy-nine the tenth of last April; and that worst day of the Great Flood was on one other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one years before. It was my eighteenth birth-day, too: I remember that as well as anything else that happened. For that matter, I remember it all well enough: it's not very likely I shall forget such a time as *that* was until the sods cover me. Come here to my knee, Benny, and I'll tell you all about it.

The country was new then—not so new that the Indians or the wild animals troubled us much, for there were only a few of the Delawares very near us, and they were so much civilized that they cared for nothing but whisky; and a stray wolf or catamount was all that troubled our pigs and chickens. When I say it was a new country, I mean that it was pretty much all woods, with very few settlements, and not many people in them. They were mostly along the banks of this river, for 'most every one was lumbering or rafting; and that was what brought father here from Vermont. Mother died away up among the Green Mountains; and it always seemed to me as if he couldn't bear the old homestead after that. He grew very restless and uneasy; and one day he came home early in the afternoon and said to me—

"Daughter, I have a chance to sell the place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This hasn't been much like home to me for two months: I think I'm wanting new scenes and new faces to blunt the grief I have for her that's left us. Shall we go to Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go into the lumber trade; and mayhap I'll make so much money in a year or two that we'll go to Philadelphia,

and you'll be a lady the rest of your days. Shall we go, Bessy?"

Poor father! The dear, kind soul lived and died with the wish nearest his heart to make me a fine lady. I'm thankful that he never saw it accomplished; but he did see me become a useful woman, and, I hope and trust, a good wife and mother. How that happened, little Benny, is the story that I'm telling you now.

Look from the north window, there, boy: I'd come and look with you, but my rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter. Do you see that long point of land, a mile up stream, that runs out into the river? Yes? Well—look a little closer at it. Farthest from the shore it spreads out into an acre of good, high land, but the narrow neck that joins that to the shore is commonly almost as low as the bed of the stream. There are great high stepping-stones across it now, that father laid there when we first came; and we used to walk dryshod over them when the spring rains had raised the river. I remember but one solitary time when the water covered the stepping-stones as well as the neck of land; and that was the time of the great flood.

Our little house was built on that high land, out in the middle of the river—a two-story frame affair, with two rooms down stairs and two rooms up; and, after all, it took all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was an odd notion of father's, putting it there: he used to say that the day would come when he could sell off valuable water-privileges all around his acre. That day hasn't come yet, Benny; but sometimes, when I think of poor dear father, and all his plans and schemes for me, and of what has happened, I really think that something like Providence put it into his heart to fancy that queer little corner out there in the river, and to build our



house there. I am going to tell you what I mean right away.

After the little house was built and furnished, I stayed at home and kept it, and father took to the woods with the loggers. He led a hard enough life from that time out till he died: summer and winter he was at work with his men—sometimes at the loggers' camp, then hauling the logs to the river and rafting them down to the bay, where he sold them to the contractors. There were weeks when he wouldn't be at home a day but Sunday; but when he was rafting I often heard his shout on the river, and could see him waving his hat from the raft as it went slowly down the stream with the current. I hope I was a good daughter in those days: I tried my best to do all that I could for him. I kept the house neat and tidy, and mended his clothes; and regularly once a day I cooked a great mess, which was taken up hot to the loggers' camp in a great tin pail that was got from the city.

I was lonesome-like often enough, for there were whole days that I did not see a human being to exchange a word with, but Ben Sample, who 'most always came for the dinner. Heigho! It's long enough ago that I'm telling you of; and handsome Ben Sample was then hardly twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but the lads are as handsome, and sprightly, and as good now as they were threescore years ago: if I say not, it may be because I see them through an old woman's eyes, and that I can't see the charm that I could once. However that is, I know I never saw so fine a lad, every way, as that one was. He was not over tall, nor yet short: he was of middling height, with broad shoulders and big hands, and was as strong as any two of the men—so father said. He had curly chestnut hair, and red and white cheeks, like a girl, though sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue ones, and his teeth shone so when he laughed (and that was often) that anybody would have liked him. And then he was so honest and so clever, and so kind and obliging, that before I had seen him many times I came to like him right well; and one

day I happened to say to father that I thought Ben Sample was an excellent lad, and that I wished I could have more of his company. I never saw father look stern all of a sudden, as he did then; and I never heard him speak so stern, either.

"Better leave him in his place, Bessy," he said, very quick and sharp-like. "He's naught but a poor lumberman, after all, and he's not likely to be aught else. Don't be tender with him, daughter: I bid you not. If you've felt any too kind to him, you must check it in time. Have little to say to him, daughter; it's your father's wish."

Poor Ben! There had been no talk of love between us before this morning, and I do not know that I had thought of him at all as a lover; but by and by, after a few weeks more, when I had tried hard to obey my father's command and treat him coldly, he lingered one day over the great tin pail long enough to press my hand and whisper bashfully to me, "Dear Bessy!" I snatched my hand away and looked hard at him, and told him that he must never say nor do that again. He left me, looking as grieved as I ever saw another mortal look; and when he was gone I went out to the log-seat by the river and cried as though my heart would break. I did not know my feelings till then, but if Ben Sample could have seen me that half hour!

Ben did not come with the great pail after that: another man took his place, and things went on in the old lonely way all the rest of the winter and through the next spring. It was in the first week in March, I think, of that year that father brought young Mr. Cardle to the house. Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who lived in Philadelphia, and who was contracting with father for all his logs for years to come. The old man meant that young Jacob should succeed him in business in a few months; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to send him up into the loggers' country for a while, to get him acquainted with the different kinds of lumber, and the

processes of cutting it and getting it to market. Father thought it would be a good thing for himself to entertain him at the house while he remained; and so, for the next five weeks, they were regularly at home morning and night, sleeping in the house and spending the day in the woods or on the river. But it wasn't hard to see that young Mr. Cardle grew tired of this very soon; and presently he began to come back to the house in the middle of the day, and fish or shoot in the neighborhood until night.

You'll want to know what kind of a man he was, boy. He was pale and slender, handsome enough for those that like such beauty as that in men; and rather foppish with his diamond ring and his silky moustache. He was very polite, too, and he would talk and chatter as city folks can; but I never thought there was much heart or good-feeling in anything he said or did. Yet he seemed to like me from the first; and poor father whispered to me ten times, if he did once, "Play thy cards shrewdly, Bessy, and thou'lt catch him! He'll make thee a lady, girl, and a rich one!" And stranger things have happened, I know, than my marrying him would have been: surely, affairs were rapidly drifting toward it; and I had almost succeeded in crushing the thought of Ben Sample out of my heart, and in playing the part that my father wished me to play to young Mr. Cardle (for I never could have persuaded myself to love him), when that fateful tenth of April came that brought my eighteenth birth-day and the Great Flood together.

The river had been rising slowly for a week before it, and there had been much rain with us. We heard reports of tremendous rains in the mountains two hundred miles north of us, which lasted for days and days; and the river continued to rise steadily and slowly, though up to that day it was not over the stepping-stones across the neck. On the morning of the tenth the rain came down at first steadily, and Mr. Cardle thought he would not leave the house. Father went over to the camp after breakfast, saying that he would re-

turn, as usual, toward night; and so we two spent the day alone together. I tried to talk with him and to interest him, but he was restive and uneasy, and half the time was idly turning over leaves or drumming with his fingers on the window-panes. It was about the middle of the afternoon, when I was wondering what I should do next (and thinking a little of poor Ben Sample, I believe), that Mr. Cardle turned short around to me from the window and said, very abruptly,

"I'm going back to the city to-morrow, Bessy. I want to know if I can come back here in three months—that'll be the middle of July—and make you my wife?"

I looked straight at him, and said not a word, but oh, my boy, how I *did* think of Ben!

"I'm rich enough for both of us, and to spare," he went on; "and you're everything that I want in a wife. You know you're handsome, Bessy, and I suppose you are good. Will you marry me when I come again?"

I never thought of myself or of my own feelings; I put all thoughts of Ben out of my head, remembered my father, and said "Yes"—nothing more. I don't know whether Mr. Cardle would have kissed me or not: he had no chance; for hardly had I spoken that word when there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to admit—Ben Sample himself!

We were all three of us rather ill at ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew Ben, I suppose, and must have heard something about his old feelings for me, for he stepped back to the window and frowned, never speaking or nodding to Ben, who stood there with his hat twirling in his hands, awkward and abashed. He only found his tongue when I asked him to sit down, and then he said,

"Nay, I can't stop. I only came to bring your father's message that he won't be home to-night. The rise in the river has broken loose the great raft up at Logan's Ford, that was to have been floated down to-morrow, and he's gone up with all hands to moor it. He can't be here to-night."

That was awkward news for me. I had never thought of staying in that lonely place without father; and it was little consolation to think of Mr. Cardle as a protector. Just as I had a question on my tongue, Ben spoke again.

"You don't know how fast the river is rising," he said. "Out on the stones the water is almost up to the tops of my boots, and seems to be rising higher."

"Do you think there is any danger in staying here to-night?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Maybe not," he answered, doubtfully; "but I never knew the river to be so high before."

"Ben, Ben, what shall I do?" I took no thought at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no safety except from the presence of Ben. "Didn't father send any other word?"

"None at all."

"And won't you stay?"

"After what has happened, Bessy? I shouldn't think you'd wish it." Then he must have seen how grieved and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I felt, for he added, right away,

"Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish it, though I trust and believe there's no danger."

I thanked him with a look, and before I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle spoke.

"Do you think there is any danger of the river unsettling the house?" he asked.

"It surely will if it rises high enough," Ben replied. "Hark! hear that!"

Generally, when the door was open, we could hear a faint ripple of the current, but it now had a hoarse, loud sound that was new to me. Ben looked dubious as he heard it.

"I don't like that," he said. "Let me go out and see."

He was not gone three minutes, and he came back with his face full of trouble. "The water is within twenty feet of the door," he said. "I don't suppose I could wade from here to the bank. We must leave here at once, and when you're safe, I'll come back and save some of the things. If the water gains

like this, all this floor will be under in an hour."

He went out again: I knew what for. The west foundation-wall of the house was next the river, and father always kept a skiff tied there. I understood, from what Ben said, that he meant to bring the skiff round to the front and take us to the shore. I was putting on my hood and shawl when he came back. His face was as pale as ashes, and he never noticed me at first, but looked all round the room and into father's chamber. "Where's that fellow Cardle?" he asked. I had not noticed that he was gone: he had been standing by the window just before Ben went out the last time. "I thought it," Ben cried, and his face looked half sorry, half mad. "Bessy, do you know what has happened? *The skiff is gone*, and that man with it."

I looked, terrified, into his face, and then followed him to the door and looked out with him. It was almost night, but what there was of daylight left showed us a mad, white-capped torrent of water rushing through the channel between us and the shore—so near to us that we could have stepped off the lower step into it—and roaring and whirling in a way that was fearful to see. The rain had ceased, and I didn't then see how it could be that the river could rise so; but I understood it afterward, when they told me that it was all owing to a sudden thaw up in the mountains, that had melted the snow in the gorges and poured hundreds of new streams into the river all at once. We looked a moment, and then came back into the room. I was afraid, I suppose; but not so much so as I thought at first. Somehow I felt a sense of security with Ben Sample there that robbed the situation of all the terrors it would have had without him. I hardly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean and heartless he was to abandon us so and deprive us of the means of safety, when Ben wanted to save us all together. "Ben will save me," was all I could think of; and I suppose I repeated the words to myself a hundred times. Once I must have spoken them aloud, for he said,

"I will, Bessy—God willing. I will pray for strength that I may."

He knelt there on the floor and prayed, and I knelt beside him and took one of his hands in both of mine. When we arose we heard the first low washing of the water against the east side of the house, mingled with the louder rushing and brawling of the torrent beyond. When it grew so dark that I could not see Ben's face, I lit a candle; and we sat there together in silence, I holding his hand. My heart was too full for speech, and Ben said nothing but a word of comfort now and then.

"There's nothing for us to do but to stay here and hope for the best," he told me once. And then he added, "While there's a hope, and when there's none, I'll not leave you, Bessy."

Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw myself on his breast and tell him my secret, but something prevented me—I don't know what—and I only pressed the hand that I held.

There was no slackening to the river: it rose higher and higher every moment, and by ten o'clock the water was over the floor where we stood. Ben had carried the trunks, and the things I thought most of, up stairs; and we then took to the second story. Here we stayed for two hours more, I listening all the time for the sound of oars or voices, for I hoped that father would come and take us off. Midnight came and I grew impatient, and complainingly asked Ben if he could tell why father did not come and rescue us.

"I'm afraid I can, Bessy," he answered with a grave face. "The great raft went down the river two hours ago: I heard the voices of the men shouting, and I don't doubt your father is carried away with the rest. But don't be afraid: they're all safe, I hope, and they'll get to shore when morning comes."

I couldn't help crying when he told me that, and I nestled up to him as if I had been a child, and he put his strong arm around me. It was not long after this that we felt the house settling and tipping, and not much longer when it careened half-way over, and was whirled

away into the river by the torrent that had been undermining the foundations. That was an awful hour, my lad! Ben held one arm around me, and with the other hand grasped the window-sill, while he braced his feet in the corner of the room; and the rising and falling of the poor wreck under us, as the heady current swept us along, gave me at first the feeling that we were going straight to the bottom. The wind moaned outside, the water beat against the planks, and the beams cracked and gaped as though the poor old house was all falling apart. Long before daylight we both saw that it was settling down deeper and deeper into the water, which rose over the upper floor; and when Ben had succeeded in knocking out the scuttle, he dragged me out on the roof—how, I don't know. I only know that he did it, and that but for him my drowned body would have floated there in that old wrecked house when the morning came.

And I don't know much about how the rest of that dreadful night passed. Ben sat up on the ridge-pole, and held me on by main strength; and in the cold and the darkness I believe I slept: certainly I forgot where I was for a long time, and forgot I was cold too. But then I didn't know, until I woke up at broad daylight, that Ben had taken his coat off and put it around my shoulders. The house had sunk so low that one of the eaves was tipped clear out of water, and the other was three feet under. We were drifting slowly down the centre of the stream: the shore was almost a mile off on either side, and there was not a sail nor a sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben, perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair, and he looked back with hope and courage.

"There's one hope yet, Bessy," he said, cheerily; and his finger pointed to an object floating ten rods behind us—an object the sight of which filled my heart with gratitude to God, that he had heard and had thus answered our prayers. It was my father's skiff, with the oars lying in the bottom of it, following along in our track as if to save us from destruction! I understood at once how

it was : Jacob Cardle had drawn it up on the shore after deserting us, and the rise of the flood had carried it out ; and falling into the strong current of the neck, which set toward the middle of the stream, it had followed us all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and measured with his eye the distance to it. The roof to which we clung was alternately sinking and swaying, and the water sucked and eddied ominously around it.

"This old thing can't swim many moments longer," he said. "Can you hold on here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to the skiff and bring it to you?" He did not wait for me to reply, but lifted me to the place where he had sat, and showed me how to grasp the bare rafter, where the boards had been strained off. When he had done this, he stopped, just as he was going to let himself off into the water, and looking at me with a tender, mournful look that I can never forget — no, not if I should live to be twice fourscore—he said,

"You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope : may God speed me, for your sake ! Yet if anything should happen to either of us, that we shouldn't meet again in this world, I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody has loved you as I have—that nobody loves you now as I do. Believe me, dear, for it is true."

"I know it, Ben — I know it !" I sobbed ; and I put up my face to his. He bent over and kissed me, with such a look of mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as I don't believe any man ever had before ; and crying out, "Hold hard, Bessy—hold fast, girl !" he jumped into the river and struck out for the skiff.

I did not tell him when he left me that my hands were cold, almost numb ; and I held tight to the rafter and watched him while the pain in my poor hands and arms was distressing me sorely. I saw him reach the skiff, and balance himself and labor carefully over its side to get in without overturning it ; and when he had accomplished this my strength was almost gone. My hands were giving, slipping : I made one last spasmodic effort to retain my hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard the

plash of oars, and his loud, cheery voice encouraging me : darkness overtook me as my hands slipped their grasp. Clutching at the shingles, I slid downward, down, but not to my watery grave. The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay safely in the bottom of the boat, while his stout arms rowed me toward the shore.

"Look there !" he exclaimed ; and I looked my last at the poor old house. The roof heaved and settled, the waters washed up over it, and it sank in a wild whirlpool that sucked it down.

That was the last of our danger. We got to the shore and found a house ; and before night we had a chance to take a schooner up the river. In a day or two father came up with most of his men ; and such a meeting as we had ! The raft had been carried off by the flood, as Ben thought, and two of the men had perished by drowning. And when I told him the true story of our night in the house afloat, he took Ben by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and begged his pardon for thinking that anybody could be better than such a brave, noble fellow as he had proved himself.

"And especially that cowardly sneak, Cardle," father added, with a savage slap of his hand on his knee. "Plague take me ! what a fool I would be, sometimes, if I had my own way !"

As for Jacob Cardle, I never heard a syllable more of him. I never wanted to. I am not sorry that I met him, for he served to show me the difference between Ben Sample and the little creatures the world of fashion and wealth calls men.

Welladay ! It's many a long year since then ; it's many a long year that I lived as the happy wife of that same Ben Sample ; and it's not many since God took him home before me. How old are you, little Benny ? Nine, indeed ! Then he died just nine years ago : you were named for him, boy, for you were born the morning that he died. He was your own grandfather, little Ben ; and I can give you no better wish than that you may be as brave, as strong and as good a man as was he.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.



## FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

"H——," cries a voice on deck, "come up here: we've arrived."

In a minute we all stand together, gazing at the land. Directly before us, and apparently much nearer than they really are, white houses, flat-roofed or capped with small domes in Eastern fashion, rise in tiers from the sea, covering a conical hill, from the base of which the snowy shore curves north and south for many a mile. It is Jaffa. Behind the houses we get glimpses here and there of the famous groves of figs and oranges, and beyond them of the green plain of Sharon sloping to the foot of the hills, that fade away yonder, blue in the distance. In front of the town a reef of rock, projecting from the shore, forms a sort of harbor, into which small boats and fishing-craft find their way through a narrow gap but ten or fifteen feet in width. Half the time the steamers cannot land mails or passengers; but, fortunately for us, the weather is lovely, and the sea, which often lashes the reef with fury, is washing gently over it and curling its breakers tranquilly on the beach. All is bustle and excitement with those who are to land. Bundles are hurriedly made, blankets strapped, and everything crammed into bags and boxes.

A small boat, manned by four strong, half-naked Arabs, is already alongside. Our bags and baggage are lowered into it: we descend next, and soon, amid the farewells of our friends on board, pull away from the ship, as great waves roll us toward the town. The boat rises and falls as our turbaned oarsmen pull stoutly, now on this side and now on that, until in a few minutes, lifted on the shoulder of a huge roller, it shoots swiftly through the narrow opening in the reef into the smooth water beyond. A few strokes of the oars bring us to the wall: we mount narrow stone steps, green and slippery with constant washing by the sea, and stand at last on the

sacred soil of Palestine. Leaving our faithful dragoman enthroned on huge piles of luggage, the centre of an excited crowd of Arabs, who offer their services in every imaginable department, we gladly escape the din and follow into the town a man and boy who have both constituted themselves our guides. The boy, an impudent specimen of a Syrian Gavroche, runs in front of us, talking and gesticulating wildly. On him the other, an old fellow with a venerable beard and a melancholy pair of legs that suggest base-ball clubs with slippers on them, looks down with evident disgust.

"The hadgee," says he, "do not wish a child to pilot them." They want him, the oldest and best guide in Yâfa. "La!" interrupts the boy, "no: he is too old;" and he runs briskly on before. Following the two as they quarrel, we enter a small doorway, cross a little yard, where a woman, busy with her household cares, turns her head for an instant to ask for "bucksheesh," and begin to ascend a dozen or more stone steps in the wall. The boy on one side and the man on the other seize each one of the party in turn, until all stand on the roof. Then, at the top of their voices, "Dis," cry both simultaneously — "*Dis Simontanerhouse!*" Impossible as it is to fix with accuracy the locality of Peter's vision, it was no doubt upon just such a scene that he looked when he went up upon the housetop to pray, and grew weary and lay down to sleep. The wall of the next house, rising a few feet above this, makes a pleasant nook of shade. On the other side a huge fig tree growing in the yard below spreads its sheltering leaves: soft breezes waft hither the perfumes of peach and orange from the gardens without the town, and the liquid plash of the waves on the smooth beach beneath falls pleasantly on the ear. It is a cool, secluded spot, and the view of the old town and placid sea is charming.

From "Simontannerhouse," as it is called in the language of the town, we follow our rival guides to the walls. From the parapet the prospect is beautiful, looking eastward over the gardens and the plain to the hills. "Yonder," says our ancient guide, pointing toward the east—"yonder is El Kads (the Holy)." After a walk along the walls we descend again to the waterside of the town, to the Augustine Convent. Here the dragoman meets us. He has made every arrangement, he says, and our tents and baggage are already half-way to Ramleh. Let us climb the stone steps into the convent, where our luncheon is prepared. A pleasant-faced brother sits at the head of the table and offers us wine and bread and cheese. These, with boiled eggs and fruit, make our repast. While we are eating the monk entertains us. His language is a curious compound of equal parts of Latin, French, Italian, German and Arabic, with here and there a word of English to season it to our Anglo-Saxon ears. He was born of German parents in Venice, he tells us, but left them early to become a monk. He does not know whether any of his family are living: he had a brother, and a sister too, but he has not heard of them for twenty-six years. Will he not go to Europe some day to see them? we ask. Perhaps: certainly, if the Superior orders it. He chatters away, often unintelligibly—now of Italy and now of Syria. He has been sixteen years at Yâfa, he says, but never at Jerusalem.

"Do you not wish to go there?" we ask.

"Oh non! non, monsieur," he answers: "perchè?—à Yâfa—ich bin content—de—de continuâre sempre—tours—tours."

And so he rattles on till luncheon is finished.

Our horses are now ready, and with a farewell "bucksheesh" to our contented host we mount and leave the convent. A small, wiry Syrian of light complexion, with brown eyes and hair, dressed in the picturesque costume of Beyrout and the Lebanon, is introduced to us as the

owner of our horses and as our future guide. "He is the best in Syria," says the dragoman, "and is named Hamoud. He was with the Prince of Wales, and is very proud of it." After many salaams he leads the way, and we follow in single file. Up a stairway between high houses our horses carry us to the upper town. Then we turn to the left through narrow streets, where the latticed windows almost meet above our heads, and presently are passing the bazaars.

For a while we ride between long lines of shops, where old flint-lock guns and pistols and scimitars and daggers from Damascus are exposed for sale, with pipes and silks, and clothing old and new, and quantities of fruit and spices; until, dodging a long line of camels that have just come in, tied head and tail together, and pushing our way through the crowd that struggles in the gateway, we emerge into the gardens and leave Jaffa behind us.

For some distance the road leads eastward between hedges of prickly pear, through the branches of which we can see orchards of orange and other fruit trees; but soon it quits the gardens and stretches across the almost level plain. After riding for an hour we see a wagon approaching that looks strangely familiar. It is a plain farm-wagon, with board floor: in it are seated three bearded men armed with guns. A fourth rides alongside.

"Those look amazingly like Yankees," says one of the party as they approach.

"Hulloa!" cries the horseman, riding up in front, "you're Americans or English, I guess."

"And so are you," is the reply. "What are you doing here?"

"Why we belong to the American colony at Jaffa."

They are some of those enthusiasts who embarked in the fall of '66 from New England to settle in Palestine.

"We believe," says one of them, "that this country is soon to be the scene of great doings, and we thought we'd come over here to help a bit."

"One is from Jersey," adds another,

"but most of us are from the *State o' Maine*." Even here, on this plain of Sharon, the citizen of Maine retains his one great peculiarity: the others are from "Massachusetts," or "Pennsylvania" or "Jersey," but he is from "the State o' Maine."

We have a few pleasant words with them, and they ride away. How odd thus to meet American farmers on the plains of Syria! Here was the energy that had tamed the New World in a century, turning back across the ocean to recivilize the Old! The youngest daughter of the Earth stooping to raise her fallen eldest sister! The sons of the Pilgrims in this nineteenth century embarking their families and their household goods, and sailing toward the rising sun to plant American institutions on the shores of Palestine! How grand to imagine these forty families of New England yeomanry the forerunners of a new crusade, which, in this later age, in the light of a higher civilization and a purer religion—armed not as of old time with sword and spear, but with ploughshare and pruning-hook—shall roll its waves across Asia, raising forlorn humanity and crushing out the twin tyrannies of body and of mind—scattering broadcast the blessings of liberty and knowledge, and building up in the sepulchre of Christ, amid the prayers of the nations, that new kingdom of Jerusalem whose name is Peace!

Alas! this is but imagination, after all. The end is not yet at hand. The little colony has since this interview been most unfortunate. Badly treated by the Turkish government, betrayed and deserted by their leader, they fell into unworthy hands, and have at length dwindled down to a very few, who were at the last accounts striving to procure funds to bring them home again. Though productive of no great results, their expedition is a curious episode in the history of the time.

By sundown we have reached Ramleh, a small, and, like every other in Syria, half-ruined town, and are threading its winding streets. We soon come out on the plain beyond, and find our tents

pitched and everything prepared for our reception. Horses, mules and donkeys are picketed close by. Our camp attendants are grouped around a large fire. In front of the "kitchen tent" our skillful old cook, Hassan, is squatting on the grass near a curious iron thing that resembles a gigantic nutmeg-grater with its concave side turned up. Upon this, which is filled with burning charcoal, our dinner is cooking. The savory aroma of roast mutton warns us to be ready. Seated in our comfortable tent, we are soon discussing a famous dinner. Then, after pipes and coffee, maps are examined: one reads from the guide-book, another scratches a few lines in his journal. An hour later, a hungry dog, snuffing among the ashes at the fire, is the only creature awake in the whole encampment.

Before the sun has risen above the eastern hills all is bustle in the camp. Ere we have finished breakfast the tents are struck, the baggage packed and a long train of animals has begun to move eastward. All is at first confusion. Here, a stupid donkey, laden with beds and bedding, wanders obstinately from the road to crop the grass; there, a willful mule, impatient of labor, bearing an immense wicker cage, through the bars of which peep chickens and turkeys, fruits and vegetables, persists in turning back toward Jaffa; or an aged horse, excited to a memory of his youth by the fresh morning air, capers about, to the terror of a small Arab boy who tries to hold him, and to the threatened destruction of our kitchen utensils, which he carries on his back. Red-capped, bare-legged Arabs, stick in hand, rush to and fro shrieking and swearing: there is a din of neighing horses, braying donkeys and shouting men. But at length order is restored, the train moves forward, and as the tops of yonder hills begin to glow we mount our horses, and passing rapidly the long string of beasts of burden, gallop off toward Jerusalem. For an hour or two we follow the beaten pathway across the plain of Sharon. Though it is yet winter, the grass is green, and here and there patches of flowers of

varied form and exquisite hue delight the eye. But soon we are nearing the hills. The plain, no longer smooth, swells into billows of green and breaks over the scattered rocks around with crests of flower-foam. Presently we come in sight of a tall hill crowned with a mass of ruin. We stop, get together and consult. Out come maps, guide-books and the ever-present field-glass. But the dragoman settles the question with a word. It is Latrôn—the Hill of Modin. Let us dismount for a moment and climb its sloping sides.

A ruined fortress, built by the Crusaders, is all that now marks the city of the Maccabees. The great monument and the seven pyramids erected by Simon, which were visible at sea beyond Jaffa, have disappeared: no stone of the ancient city remains upon another: the home of the Lion of Judah has become a den of thieves. Bands of wild Bedawin have made it their haunt for many years, and the place has a bad name. Indeed, as we reach the summit an old fellow, gaudily dressed and armed to the teeth with sword and pistol and long flint-lock gun, peeps out at us from a dark, ruined vault, in no good humor at our approach. But there are four of us, well armed, and he contents himself with growling *sotto voce*, and we pretend not to notice him. The view is fine. From the hills in front it extends back across the plain to Jaffa, and we can see the blue Mediterranean as it breaks on the snowy beach, from the lower hills of the range of Carmel on the north, southward toward Gaza and Ascalon. But it is already wellnigh noon, and we must not delay. The path now follows a winding valley between low, stony ridges sparsely covered with stunted bushes and a sort of coarse heather. There is nothing striking in the scenery save its desolate and savage character, but the blood beats faster when we hear that we are riding through the Vale of Ajalon. Presently we have reached a narrow pass called "Bab-el-Wady," or "Gate of the Valley," and have entered the hills. We have begun to climb in earnest. The path is the dry bed of a winter torrent.

Among the rocks and over huge boulders our sure-footed horses nimbly pick their way. Up, up we climb for an hour or two, and at last reach the brows of the hills. Here there are small groves of olive trees, and soon, beneath a venerable patriarch that may have waved his gnarled and twisted arms above Cœur de Lion and his mail-clad knights, so old he seems, we find large rugs spread for us with a tempting luncheon. But the sun has passed the meridian, and after an hour's rest under these olives of Beth-horon, we mount and ride on again. The scenery grows more picturesque. Occasionally dwarf oaks, hawthorns and bushes of various kinds greet us, or a thicket of prickly pear breaks the monotony of rocky hillside. Every step of the way is historic. Beyond those hills to the north lie Mizpah and Bethel and the Hill of Gibeon; far away to the right, among the rocky ridges of the south, are Bethlehem and Hebron. The path turns abruptly, and before us is an Arab village commanding the narrow way. Clustering about a kind of castle hanging on the side of the ravine, half rock, half masonry, the houses of Kuryet-el-Enâb frown down upon the traveler as if sullenly regretting their old chieftain, Abu Ghaush, who was for twenty years the terror of the pass. Beneath them, on a rocky platform, stands an object which, always beautiful, appeals touchingly to the eye of the Western stranger in this wild Eastern country. It is a Gothic church—a relic of gallant old Godfrey de Bouillon and his kingdom of Jerusalem. But, although not yet in ruin, it has long ago forgotten its noble origin, and now serves as a stable for the cattle of the Arabs. A solitary palm tree stands like a sentinel before its open portal. These robber-houses mark the site of Kirjath-jearim, and one of them perhaps stands on the very spot where the ark of the Lord rested in "the house of Aminadab on the hill" for twenty years.

We have now been seven or eight hours in the saddle, and are drawing near the Holy City. In an hour we reach a little village which is thought to

be Emmaus, and are riding along the path on which our Lord walked with His two disciples as they journeyed from Jerusalem. As we climb hill after hill, and see ridge beyond ridge rolling away before us, we begin to grow impatient. Faster and faster we hurry along. The feeling is contagious, and we all push forward as rapidly as our tired horses can pick their way among the rocks. Impatience increases. With bodies bent forward and eyes strained eagerly eastward, we urge on our horses and climb hill after hill in excited silence. Presently a white dome peeps over the ridge in front. At last it is Jerusalem! Too deeply stirred to speak, we gallop up to the summit and gaze forward. Not yet: it is the tomb of some Arab sheikh, and, disappointed, we press on again. We cross another ridge and another: shall we ever reach the Holy City? But see! The leader of our party, wild with emotion, spurs up the rocky hill and reins his foaming horse and waves his hat! With a burst of excitement we dash forward and the summit is gained!

Bathed in the mellow glory of the winter sun, beneath us lies Jerusalem! Girdled with her ancient walls as with a belt of masonry, Roman fortress and Jewish synagogue, the mosque of the Moslem and the Christian's church, lie piled together upon Zion. There, where every age has written its history in desolation, out of the mass of ruin, struggling into light, tapering steeple and square tower and swelling dome and slender minaret — dumb witnesses of Jove and Jehovah, and Mohammed and Jesus — tell of her glory and her shame!

It is the hour of sunset. Through the narrow streets Turkish turban and Arab tarboush, the Astrakhan head-dress of the Persian and the fur cap of the Jew, mingle with all the fantastic costumes of the East. Jew and Gentile, Turk and Greek, jostle each other as they hasten along. One after another the shops are shut. Mindful of the prowling robber, the merchant hurries his heavily-laden donkey through the half-closed gate. On yonder housetop

a tall Moslem has spread his carpet and with his face toward Mecca begins his prayer. The sweet notes of a bugle float to us from the citadel of Antonia: the Turkish garrison is changing guard. The voices of the muezzin on the minaret calling to the Faithful mingle with the vesper hymn of the monks of the Armenian Convent. As the clear-toned, English-voiced bell, reminding us of home, sounds from the church on Mount Zion, let us draw nearer. That massive fortress lit by the red sun is the Tower of Hippicus; the cluster of minarets without the walls marks the Tomb of David; the low, broad dome surmounted by a cross covers the Holy Sepulchre; that line of yellow masonry rising from the centre of the city is the wall of the Harâm, the foundation of the Temple; and beyond, the great blue dome lifting high into the twilight the glittering crescent of the Moslem is the Mosque of Omar. On the right, the Hill of Evil Counsel is cut clear against the sky; eastward, the Mount of Olives rears its head; and far away between them, above the blue mist that begins to rise from the Valley of Siloam, the mountains of Moab stand out purple in the setting sun.

We ride slowly down the broad road and enter the Damascus gate. The sun sinks rapidly behind the hills. The hum of the city is hushed, and now, with noise and rattling of chains, the gates are shut. The streets are deserted, save where a Turkish soldier tramps along, his sabre clanking on the stones, or some half-starved Jew picks his way through the filth among the shadows to his dingy hovel. Yonder Musselman has said his prayer, and sits motionless upon the housetop with folded arms, watching the fast-sinking sun. Whirling two or three times about a ruined tower, a scavenger kite alights on a broken arch of the palace of the Knights of Saint John and folds his wings to rest. From vault and cave, where he has lain hidden through the day, creeps forth the mangy cur, his colleague of the night.

The voices of the muezzin have died



away. The bell on Zion is still. The sweet sound of the vesper hymn has melted into silence. Little stars peep timidly over the shoulder of Olivet. The pink glow fades from the crescent on the

Mosque of Omar. Darkness puts forth her shadow-fingers from the hills of Judea, and Night—beautiful, solemn Night—has fallen on Jerusalem.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

### WATCHING FOR DAWN.

AS yestermorn my years have flown away;  
But for lost youth there come no new to-morrows.  
No lure compels the drowsy joys to stay—  
No curtain quite shuts out the bat-winged sorrows.

O my sweet youth! Left I one fruit untasted,  
One flower not plucked, on any farthest bough?  
Ashes for beauty, dust for fragrance, wasted:  
All that was sweetest grows most bitter now.

Then plucked I bitter-sweets, yet plucked again.  
Fool! But, O man! was I alone in folly?  
Each morn renews the opium-dreamer's pain—  
Each sigh confirms the poet's melancholy.

Self-love is mad—grows madder with indulgence:  
Angels may weep to see it strive and dare.  
Ah! was not Heaven robbed of your effulgence,  
Swift, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Baudelaire?

In this dark night of mortal wretchedness  
What stars are fixed? I see but comets gleaming:  
Without, are sounds of strife and dull distress—  
Within, I watch a candle's fitful beaming.

Yet stars there are, like fires afar off burning—  
Still, underneath the horizon, there is day:  
Oh for more light to aid my slow discerning!  
What can I do but watch, and weep, and pray?

Look! In the east appear some gleams of morn—  
A breath of sweetness floats upon the air:  
Now, while within my spirit hope is born,  
A still, small voice gives answer to my prayer.

"Put out the candle, for the sun has risen!  
All other lights, above, below, grow dim:  
Go, Soul! like Paul and Silas, from thy prison:  
Christ hath redeemed thee—*be complete in Him.*"

H. H.

## GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

## REMINISCENCES OF EDITORIAL LIFE IN THE WEST.

IT is too often the case that genius is indolent. The rugged paths to fame are more frequently traveled by hard-plodding mediocrity than by the really brilliant.

With Mr. GEORGE D. PRENTICE, the wit and poet, luckily the road proved a flowery one. No obstacles presented themselves, or if they did they were circumvented, not surmounted. If he had been compelled to learn in sorrow what he taught in song, he would never have been a teacher. A sweet poet, a natural wit, a genial humorist, a brilliant politician and a scathing satirist, his fame has become coextensive with a love of literature without an effort of his own. His poetry drops from his lips, his witticisms, though conned hard, are conned as a labor of love, politics are his delight and satire is a field in which he roams for pleasure. He has become one of the ablest political editors in the Union, and has done the State great service, but neither has involved much exertion. With his lifelong experience and his careful analysis of American politics, he might be a power in the land when all its powers are needed, but he prefers to accept the good things that are given him without the trouble of seeking.

For many years previous to the war, Mr. Prentice, as editor of the *Louisville Journal*, held the people of the Southwest in the hollow of his hand. He thought and decided for them, and his politics became theirs. A great distrust has come between them, however, and his paper, at one time a very autocrat of the press, has been consolidated with an old rival under the name of the *Courier-Journal*, while Mr. Prentice himself, bereft of his proprietorship, holds his place upon it as a salaried subordinate.

During the first Lincoln campaign, Mr. Prentice, with his *Journal*, advo-

cated the election of Bell and Everett, the representatives of a fine old conservative party that did not live long. On the election of Mr. Lincoln, however, a council not only with his editors, but with such Kentucky statesmen as, John J. Crittenden, Robert J. Breckinridge, Lovell Rousseau and others, induced him to follow his own inclination and support the incoming administration. The aspect of the country was gloomy and threatening, and no one felt it more acutely than Mr. Prentice. I have seen him weep bitterly over the ordinances of Secession as they came, one precipitating another like a row of bricks, and have heard him, in conversation with staunch old Union men of that section, utter lamentations loud and deep over the threatened fate of the country. "My God!" he would say, "I have heard Henry Clay predict this." There was no hypocrisy in his sorrow. It was the genuine deep grief of a true patriot.

At the time of the call for seventy-five thousand men by Mr. Lincoln after the outrage on Sumter, the *Journal* violently denounced the call, although without Mr. Prentice's knowledge. The despatch, it seems, came late at night, and was received by the editor on duty, Paul R. Shipman, a brilliant essayist and student of belles lettres, who was, however, hardly practical enough for the post of a leading editor on a live newspaper. He wrote a short and pithy editorial denouncing Mr. Lincoln's call, and urging the people to rise in their indignation and thrust the "tyrant" from his seat. The people, it will be remembered, did not rise to any great extent for that purpose, but Mr. Prentice rose in his indignation next morning and came very near thrusting Shipman from his seat. He stormed and raved furiously at him, and outside the room in which he held forth could be heard frequent volleys of oaths and

the words, "You've ruined us, sir!" But Shipman's voice was heard in calm rebuttal, and, as he was considered indispensable in the heavy and abstruse editorials, the matter blew over with no very serious consequences to either himself, the journal or the "tyrant." Mr. Prentice, however, seized the first opportunity to change the position thus forced upon him, and after going through the forms of neutrality and submission, he became an active advocate of coercion.

Mr. Prentice's forte as an editor consists in his wit and sarcasm. At his table, with his spare notes and a rapid amanuensis before him, he pulls forth strings of witty sayings from his brain as a magician pulls forth coils of silken ribbons from a hat. Whenever a point suggests itself he will jot it down, no matter where he is or what accommodations for jotting down are at hand. He generally has a pencil and a slip of paper, sometimes only the débris of an old envelope, about him, but for a desk he will with equal readiness make use of his hat or a dead wall or a lamp-post. The note, consisting probably of only a word, is then consigned to apparent oblivion in the depths of a pocket or the inside of his hat, to be brought out only by chance among a number of boon companions in the same place. When he feels inclined to wit, he takes from receptacles where he has placed his more fortunate notes, thick slips of tiny manuscripts, with bare suggestions of a joke. On these he commences a process of incubation that is quite as rapid as that of the famous hen-persuader. He dictates in a slow and serious manner, with his eyes fixed alternately on his own little slip of paper and on the ceiling, punctuating as he goes, never halting to supply a word or two to embellish a figure, but straight on as fluently as Wendell Phillips or Susan B. Anthony answers a retort. His conversational powers, strangely enough, are very deficient. He becomes painfully dull and awkward when brought into brilliant company. Introduce him to a noted wit, and although he may laugh at the jokes of his new acquaintance, the laugh

is partially forced, and his replies, if he attempts any, are irrelevant and pointless. He is shy of making any attempt at wit and humor, and seems strongly inclined to discountenance such an attempt on the part of another. His wit is apparent only in the columns of a newspaper, for it requires to be pruned and finished before it is presentable. He does not say things that are bright, but he thinks and writes a great many.

During the days just preceding the war, Mr. Prentice became a great favorite with the hardy backwoodsmen of Kentucky, who usually came to see him when they were in Louisville on business; not that they were acquainted with him, but, as they themselves would tell him, just to see what he looked like. Such visits were of course peculiarly painful to a sensitive nature, though Mr. Prentice had no recourse but to endure them. Reception-rooms are not generally in use among the "provincial" newspapers, and a knock at the door is the only intimation of a visitor before he enters the room. One of these enthusiastic individuals shook Mr. Prentice warmly by the hand one day, when he had come, as he said, on a visit of "curiosity," and after scanning the editor's features in various lights, drew himself up and said:

"So, you're old George D. Prentice, air you? Well, I'm mighty glad to see you. Jim Dodd bet me you was good-looking, and I bet you wasn't; and *I think I've won it.*"

Mr. Prentice probably enjoyed that visit even less than usual.

Years ago, Mr. Prentice's right hand became partially paralyzed from continuous writing, and although the entire arm is available for other purposes, his fingers are stiff and will not obey the leathers promptly enough to admit of his writing as rapidly as his flow of ideas requires. He seldom attempts more than his autograph or a short letter intended to be very private, and then his clutch upon the pen becomes vice-like in its tenacity, while the outer fingers of his hand stretch themselves involuntarily in every direction, very much like the antennæ of an

exaggerated beetle. To remedy this, he made use of a writing-machine, which he worked by means of his whole arm. It served him very well for a time, but he finally discontinued it, for fear that he might lose the use of his arm as well as of his hand. Since then he is compelled to employ an amanuensis. His first employé in this capacity was a young lady, but as he is a very gallant old gentleman, she diverted his attention too much from business, and did not prove a success. Among the first young men whom he employed thus was Calhoun Benham, his brother-in-law, who afterward became conspicuous as a second in the famous Terry-Broderick duel in California. John J. Piatt, the poet, held the position for a time, and was graduated as editor of the *Mac-a-cheek* (Ohio) *Press*, which he published in connection with Richard Realf, of John-Brown-raided notoriety, and Wm. D. Howells. He returned to the position, however, and finally left it for a clerkship in the Treasury Department under Mr. Lincoln's first administration. Mr. Piatt's first attempt at poetry was published in the *Louisville Journal*, and that paper was indeed the *alma mater* of many of the sweetest poets that the West has produced. Alice and Phoebe Cary wrote for it when they were comparatively unknown, and I am not certain but that the foundation of their reputation was laid in its columns. It also counts among its famous graduates Sally M. Bryan (now Mrs. John J. Piatt), Lizzie Conwell Smith, Emma Alice Browne, Caroline A. Warfield, Rosa Vertner Johnson, Delle Mason Ward, Amelia Welby, Mr. Forceythe Wilson, and others whose names are not so well known.

Mr. Prentice is resistless in his satire, and when he descends to abuse he becomes merciless. Nothing stands in his way. He pays no respect to age, sex or color. He accuses and vilifies in terms sometimes hardly fit for publication, and departing entirely from the well-trodden, legitimate paths of abuse, he invents terms of vituperation which are as unique and original as they are effective. Mrs. Sally Rochester Ford,

the estimable wife of a Baptist clergyman who went South during the war, incurred his wrath by indulging in some invective against him for his decided stand for the Union. It is charitable to suppose that Mr. Prentice was in a less pleasant humor than usual when he read it, for he at once launched forth into a storm of denunciation and invective that was outrageous. He capped his climaxes by ridiculing her personal appearance, laughing at her figure and making jokes upon her homeliness. Another individual who incurred his wrath was named R. R. Bolling, who at the time was running on an opposition ticket for some State office. As an opposition candidate, stereotyped phrases, such as villain and liar, would have been considered abuse enough for the offence, but when in an evil hour Bolling denounced Mr. Prentice personally on the stump, the abused editor let loose all his thunderbolts. He employed all his inventive genius in the coinage of new epithets, and in the culmination both of his rage and his invention he branded poor Bolling as a boil, a running sore and a fistula. The people could not conscientiously have a fistula in office or endure one in society, and Bolling lost both his coveted position and his independence among his fellows.

The law of libel has killed many a good newspaper invective. Emphatic abuse is inconsistent with a careful use of the word "alleged" or the substitution of fanciful for real names. In the great cities of our Eastern seaboard, where libel laws are stringent, real downright editorial invectives are seldom used. Editors cannot trust themselves to be severe, lest they should also be unparliamentary. To be sure, Grattan once conclusively showed Corry in the English House of Commons how to do it, but that was a long time ago, and editors now-a-days are not Grattans as a general thing.

In Western and Southern communities they arrange these matters differently. The last resort of an individual outraged editorially would be a suit for libel. Whatever statutes there may be upon

the subject have become null and void through long disuse. The courts would probably look upon a case of the kind as ridiculous and the plaintiff as a man of no spirit. His suit would be lost through want of sympathy on the part of the jury, or else he would receive a nominal verdict, which would neither line his pocket nor plaster his wound. An editor, therefore, untrammelled by formalities or parliamentary decorum, can use vituperation without stint, printing his terms in provokingly clear type, without the fear of Chancery before his eyes. But it is quite likely that he will be called out or shot on sight, or knocked down at any moment on the morning of publication. This mode of procedure is considered far preferable to that in New York, for instance, where, if the same editor entered the arena with the same weapons of abuse, he would most probably be compelled to devote all his spare substance to paying the costs of a libel suit.

It may well be assumed that Mr. Prentice, although comfortably exempt from all vexatious lawsuits, was frequently involved in dangerous personal rencontres. He does not know how often he has been shot or how often his life has been despaired of. In all his numerous rencontres he has seldom if ever come out second best. Many of them were sought by himself in retaliation for abuse heaped upon him by rival editors, for, free as he is in his abuse of others, he is peculiarly sensitive to abuse heaped upon himself.

Reuben Durrett was editor of the *Louisville Courier*, the principal local opponent of the *Journal*, in 1858, and kept a sly paragraph in its columns, for several days, intimating that Mr. Prentice, while "under a cloud," had fallen from a gangplank of a steamboat into the water. Mr. Prentice was intensely aggravated by this little paragraph. He did not deny its truth. It might have been true, but it was certainly no less objectionable on that account. Probably he felt that even his great command of language would not permit him to do justice to the subject. He simply an-

nounced that if the paragraph appeared again he would hold the editor personally responsible. Of course the paragraph appeared next morning. Mr. Prentice immediately waited upon Mr. Durrett, fired twice at him, received two shots in return, the police interfered, honor was satisfied, the paragraph was "canceled," and each editor had a ball extracted from under his hide.

William E. Hughes, another rival editor, sent his belligerent card up to Mr. Prentice during a popular excitement, and received the following reply:

"Tell Mr. Hughes that I will be down as soon as I load my pistols."

Hughes, however, unwilling to give his enemy every advantage of ground and preparation, withdrew in haste. The popular excitement at the time was in consequence of a Know-Nothing election, which, in Louisville, was a contest of muscle more than anything else, and every prominent politician felt bound by the obligations of party to shoot or disable some prominent man of the opposition. The day of election was a day of blood, and is yet known as "Bloody Monday" in the annals of the city. Mr. Prentice undoubtedly assisted in allaying the popular tumult, and probably saved a rival office and a very fine Catholic cathedral from destruction. On several occasions, however, he has himself been compelled to flee before the wrath of the people. During the Ward riots, when Matt. Ward, who murdered the school-teacher Butler, was the object of vengeance, Mr. Prentice, who defended Ward in his columns for reasons never definitely known, took horse at midnight and galloped to a place of safety.

When the news of the Bull Run fight reached Louisville, the intensest excitement prevailed, and the rebel population paraded the streets swearing vengeance against all loyal men who came in contact with them. The *Journal* office had long been floating a United States flag from a staff on the roof, but the staff being too short for the flag, a carpenter had been sent for early in the day to put up a longer one. He arrived at the time



quite a threatening demonstration was being made in front. The *Courier* office, which was on the opposite side of the same street, was intensely rebel, and it was bruited about that a Confederate flag would be hoisted upon it during the day. The crowd between the two offices was clamorous for the raising of one flag and the lowering of the other. At this juncture, Mr. Prentice was informed by an excited employé from the counting-room that somebody was on the roof pulling down the flag. The old man's eyes flashed fire.

"Then, by G—," said he, "go up there and throw the scoundrel down among the mob."

Up rushed the willing employé. The flag was already half-masted, and the carpenter, intent mainly on earning his wages, though not insensible to the cries of the admiring crowd beneath, was busily engaged in untying it from the halyards. To his infinite disgust, however, before his work was completed, he found himself hurled backward by a strong hand, which in the next breath flung the flag again to the peak and tied the halyards in an insoluble knot to the staff. The honest carpenter was then lustily kicked down the skylight, and thrust the rest of the way down two pairs of stairs to the street door, where he received an energetic parting salute, and found himself landed among his late admirers, without having a single chance to receive or tender an explanation. This bold stroke touched the generous impulses of the mob, if they had any, and all demonstrations against the *Journal* and its flag ceased. The crowd, in fact, turned its ridicule on the offending carpenter, who with difficulty made his way to his shop with unbroken bones.

Notwithstanding his frequent personal rencontres, Mr. Prentice never accepted a challenge or fought a duel. James B. Clay, the son of the Sage of Ashland, once challenged him for remarks made in his paper in animadversion on Clay's sale of his father's homestead. In his reply declining, Mr. Prentice made probably the most effective argument ever urged against dueling. After offering as

a side issue the fact of his arm being paralyzed and young James being the son of one of his dearest friends, he urged that the anxious nights preceding a duel were tortures that he could not endure. He would be willing to fight on sight, but he could not deliberately plan how, when and where.

Wordy retorts between rivals of note generally make pretty good reading in newspapers that contain but little startling news and few solid editorials, and they become particularly interesting when all parties are personally known to nearly every reader. Mr. Prentice was an adept in the art, and usually found foemen worthy of his steel among the editorial fraternity in Kentucky. Shadrach Penn was one of these worthy foemen, and the battle generally raged fiercely between the two. He and Prentice were intimate friends and almost continually together, but they would time and again violate each other's most sacred confidences for the purpose of some paltry joke or home thrust. On one occasion the two were bathing in a "sanitarium," and Mr. Prentice fell fast asleep in his bath-tub. Penn saw him, and laughing immoderately at the prospect of a good joke the next morning, betook himself to his office, where he prepared an elaborate sketch for publication, detailing the fact that Prentice was drunk in a bath-tub. He had no foolish scruples about mentioning names. Prentice, however, was awakened by Penn's prolonged laughter, and, beclouded as his brain was, he immediately comprehended the situation. He also returned instantly to his office and prepared an elaborate account of the affair, embellishing and coloring it to suit the desperate circumstances under which he labored, but substituting the name of Penn for Prentice in the cast of characters. Both paragraphs appeared next morning, each in its respective sheet, but as Prentice's was the most highly colored, the people gladly accepted it as the true narrative.

On one occasion, however, Mr. Prentice was the victim of a shrewder joke than any he had practiced on others. For

a long time he was engaged to contribute weekly to the *New York Ledger* a half column of "Wit and Wisdom, original and selected." For this he received one thousand dollars annually, which, in times of gold and silver, and considering that the wit was more selected than original, was very good pay. Jasper H. Johnson, a queer genius and a rare humorist, who has said many funnier things than Prentice, Artemus Ward and the army of humorists put together, and who does not know his own worth, was an editor-of-all-work on the *Courier* at the time, and succeeded admirably in burlesquing Prentice's half column in the *Ledger* by a similar half column in the *Courier*. The *Ledger* is usually out two or three weeks before its natural time, being dated well into the future. Johnson saw in this a chance for a point, and after intimating several times that the public and the *Ledger* were swindled by wholesale plagiarisms from the *Courier* on the part of Mr. Prentice, he sprung his mine by publishing in the *Courier* of May 1 the precise wit and wisdom already given to the world in the *Ledger* of May 14. He again taxed Mr. Prentice with plagiarism, and held up these "damning proofs" to the public. Prentice, who seldom looked at the *Ledger*, except to see that his contribution was in its accustomed place, was nonplussed by this *coup de plume*, and it is doubtful if he ever accurately understood how the thing happened.

After the Ward riots, Mr. Prentice found his subscription list woefully depleted by the withdrawal of subscribers who censured the course he had taken during the trial. In order to retrieve this loss, he published daily for a week or two several columns of letters from imaginary subscribers who, having withdrawn, were anxious to subscribe again. These writers declared that they had been afflicted with terrible pains and "miseries" in the chest or head or stomach, or with rheumatic and consumptive ailings, and solemnly took oath that one reading of the *Journal* cured them completely. One individual declared that he had a tricky horse, but that he com-

menced taking the *Journal* again and the animal became mild enough for a country doctor. Such good-humor had its effect. The old subscribers laughed in their sleeves and subscribed again. When his course in favor of coercion was decided, his Southern subscribers, who were in a large majority on his list, dropped off rapidly, but the large cities of the North sent him long lists of new ones. He vented his ridicule on his Southern deserters in many instances through his columns. Here is one instance:

"UNIV. VIRGINIA, May 17, 1861.

"PRENTICE:

"Stop my paper; I can't afford to read abolition journals these times: the atmosphere of old Virginia will not admit of such filthy sheets as yours has grown to be.

"Yours, etc.,

"GEORGE LAKE."

"LOUISVILLE, May 24, 1861.

"LAKE:

"I think it a great pity that a young man should go to a university to graduate a traitor and a blackguard—and so ignorant as to spell abolition with two b's.  
G. D. P."

Prentice and William G. Brownlow, until a few years ago, were devoted friends, and during the early years of the war, when the fate of the latter and his Tennessee compatriots hung in the balance, Prentice suffered no little uneasiness on their account. He had a great regard for Maynard and Etheridge, who were closely allied at that time with the present Senator from Tennessee. But he was especially anxious about Brownlow. I was in his room with him, acting as his amanuensis, when he met them after their escape. He was dictating when a knock came at the door, and not wishing to be disturbed, he called a deep frown to his brow to warn unwelcome intruders off.

"Come in," he said, snappishly. The door was quickly opened and three rather rough-looking figures stood in view.

"Prentice, my old friend, how are you?" said a hearty voice.

"Brownlow!"

The two leaped forward and clasped one another in a genuine embrace. "Etheridge! Maynard!" and a hearty shaking of hands greeted the others. But to Brownlow, Prentice immediately turned his eyes and his attention. At intervals, even in the midst of the conversation that ensued, the two, as if by one impulse, would grasp each other's hands and look affectionately into each other's eyes. Since the war these two old friends have become bitter enemies politically. I cannot say that the old affection does not still exist. It is, however, highly improbable that they will ever embrace so cordially again.

Mr. Prentice as a partisan editor has been uniformly successful, but he has never been a recipient of the spoils of office. He was once offered the nomination for governor of the State, and again for Congress, but on both occasions he declined the honor—which would have ensured an election—on the ground that his greatest wish was to be editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and that he could do his party more good in that capacity. In fact, he knows nothing of business outside of his editorial duties. He cannot promptly indite a police item, nor even fill out a check for a few dollars. He will, however, go almost any length for his party friends or his paper. Under Mr. Lincoln's administration, although he had stoutly opposed the Republican party in the previous campaign, he received the bestowal of several offices on account of his bold defence of coercion when coercion needed bold defenders. These he gave to his friends—Col. Wallace, one of his editors, becoming Assistant Secretary of the Senate under Emerson Etheridge, John J. Piatt receiving a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and A. M. Hancock, one of his friends, the consulship to Malaga.

His poetry is of the highest and sweetest order. His "Lines at My Mother's Grave" are among the most affecting, heartfelt expressions of love and sorrow ever uttered. They are the overflowings of a full heart which often throbs with fine and worthy sentiment. His poems

are not very extensive, and of late years do not usually evince his old ardor. On the unveiling of the Clay Statue in Louisville on the Fourth of July, 1867, a poem replete with the fire and pathos of his youth was written by him and sung by a hundred voices. More recently he published a "Greeting to Greeley," which was remarkable mainly for its platitudes, and as a convincing indication of how little heart Mr. Prentice gives to his present advocacy of Democratic principles.

His prose literary works are few. "A Life of Henry Clay" was written long ago, but never proved a success, and has now gone completely out of print. He lived with Clay at his home in Ashland for several months in order to complete the work, and became a bosom friend of the great statesman. He also published, about nine years ago, a book of witty paragraphs entitled, "Prenticeana," but it was a tasteless rehash of the short witticisms that had appeared from time to time in the *Journal*, and which, being clipped of their personal or political bearing, lost their prominent points. The book proved a complete failure. He regretted seriously that he had ever permitted its publication, and protested strongly against the title, "Prenticeana," which his publishers had substituted for his own more modest designation. He also had two or three lectures, which he was in the habit of delivering during the season, but they were not in his best style and none of them claimed to be witty. On the contrary, they were dull and didactic. His audiences, from his general reputation, had a right to expect a bright, humorous discussion, and were consequently seriously disappointed on being treated to a dry essay on the aspect of American politics.

In appearance, Mr. Prentice is short and rather stout, but he has a splendid head. His forehead is massive and full, and his eyes are very black and of the medium size, although they are so overshadowed by his shaggy eyebrows that at a glance they are supposed to be small and snaky. His nose is shapely, his cheeks are full, and the whole con-

tour of his face is round. His hair retains a jetty blackness, but is thinly distributed over his head, although only a small space of the scalp is actually bald. He is careless about his clothes, and feels utterly desolate in full dress, which he is sometimes compelled to undergo on state occasions.

Mr. Prentice was born in Preston, Connecticut, on December 2, 1803, and is consequently nearly sixty-six years old. He was graduated at Brown University at the age of nineteen, and became principal of a high school in Hartford. He afterward edited the *Hartford Review*, and became a personal enemy of Mr. Gideon Welles, who at the time was a rival editor in the same town. In 1830, however, he established the *Journal* in Louisville, and remained chief proprietor and editor of it until a few months ago, when, by a strange concatenation of circumstances, he lost his partnership. The paper since then has been consolidated with its oldest rival, and he is employed upon it as an assistant editor. The last ten years of his life have been full of trouble to the old man. During the war, notwithstanding his Unionism, both his sons went to the

rebel army. The elder was killed in battle. The younger, in a personal affray in Virginia, killed a comrade and was tried by military commission for murder. The old man obtained leave from President Lincoln and from Jeff. Davis to pass through the hostile lines, and remained at his son's side in the rebel camp during the trial, which resulted, partly through his efforts, in acquittal.

His wife, who was a musical composer of considerable note and a leader of the *ton* in his city, died only about a year and a half ago. Apparently, the flowery paths through which he wandered to poesy have become thorny and rugged at the end. He teaches in sorrow what he learned in song. He has still the old fire, and his genius would yet be dominant in Kentucky politics, but, forced by circumstances to adopt a creed in which he has no faith, he does not work with his old spirit. He lets younger heads and stronger wills usurp his accustomed place. His *Journal* was his idol, but it has been taken from the temple where he worshiped, and he and his idol are none the better for the separation.

CHARLES G. SHANKS.

#### THE FIRST AND THE LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS.

IN the nursery legend, in story and in song the name of William Kidd has stood forth as the boldest and bloodiest of buccaneers. The terror of the ocean when abroad, he returned from his successive voyages to line our coasts with silver and gold, and to renew with the Devil a league cemented with the blood of victims shot down whenever fresh returns of the precious metals were to be hidden. According to the superstitions of Connecticut and Long Island, it is owing to these bloody charms that honest money-diggers have ever experienced so much difficulty in securing

these buried treasures. Often, indeed, have the lids of the iron chests rung beneath the mattock of the stealthy midnight searcher for gold; but the flashes of sulphureous fires, blue and red, and the saucer eyes and chattering teeth of legions of demons, have uniformly interposed to frighten the delvers from their posts and preserve the treasures from their greedy clutches. But notwithstanding the harrowing sensations connected with the name of Kidd and his renown as a pirate, he was but one of the most inconsiderable of that mighty race of sea-robbers who during a long

series of years in the seventeenth century were the admiration of the world for their prowess and its terror for their crimes.

The first and most formidable name on the bloody catalogue of buccaneers is that of Henry Morgan, whose very name spread such terror abroad that with it old women frightened their children to sleep, and then lay awake themselves through fear. Morgan was the son of a wealthy farmer in Wales, but not satisfied with his secluded condition, he sailed for Barbadoes, where he was sold for a term of years for his passage. The term of his service having expired, he repaired to Jamaica, where the temptations spread before him by the buccaneers of rapidly arriving at wealth and fame induced him to join their community. In the course of several voyages, which were attended with great success, he evinced so much skill, prudence and judgment as to win the confidence of his companions, several of whom purchased a ship and conferred on him the command. This was the beginning of his career. He soon organized a fleet of nine vessels and made sail for Porto Bello, the third strongest post, at that time, in the American dominions of Spain. In order to secure secrecy, Morgan communicated his purpose to no living soul until he came in view of the town. Some of his bold spirits faltered for a moment, but he had the power to dissipate their fears even against odds so great. The castle was summoned to surrender on pain of putting every man found therein to death. The summons being disregarded, the castle was forced to yield to the impetuous assaults of the pirates. But there were yet other castles, and one of them the strongest, to be subdued. As a device to compel this to yield, the pirate-chief caused its walls to be planted round with scaling-ladders, upon which, in front of his own men, the religious in his hands—priests and nuns—were forced to ascend. But although these unfortunate people called to the governor, in the name of all their saints, to yield and save their lives, he was inflexible. Night

approached, and the contest yet raged. Finally, after performing prodigies of valor, the assailants succeeded in scaling the walls, and the castle was entered sword in hand. The entire town was now in possession of the invaders, and all the treasures of the churches having been placed in the castle for safety, they fell into the hands of the victors, together with a vast amount of money and plate. The crosses, pictures and bells of the churches were carried off for the purpose, as Morgan alleged, of founding a chapel in the island of Tortuga!

Amazed that a town so strongly fortified as Porto Bello should have been captured by so small a force, the president sent a message to Morgan desiring a pattern of the arms by which he had performed so brilliant an exploit. Morgan treated the messenger with courtesy, and returned to the president a pistol and a brace of bullets as "slender patterns" of the arms he had used, requesting his excellency to preserve them carefully for a twelvemonth, when he promised to come to Panama to bring them away. The president, however, sent the articles back, to save the pirate the trouble of coming after them. Morgan, after destroying the walls of the city, re-embarked and left Porto Bello a solitude, unbroken save by the hooting of the owl or the scream of the panther.

The fame of exploits like these caused the name of Morgan to resound throughout Europe, and large numbers of the English chivalry hastened to the New World, either to mend dilapidated fortunes or acquire new ones, and to participate in the unlawful glory which even the darkness of the deeds by which it was won could not eclipse.

These recruits having attached themselves to Morgan, the bold rover sailed in December, 1670, to pay the promised visit to the governor of Panama, the richest city of Spanish America. Preliminary, however, to landing upon the Isthmus, a detachment of the fleet was sent against a fortress at the mouth of the Chagres, which river it was necessary to ascend before disembarking for Panama. This fortress was built upon



a steep rock against which the waves of the sea were continually breaking, and was defended by an officer of distinguished ability and courage. For a time the contest was doubtful, but the Fâtes favored the freebooters. The Spanish commander was slain, and, the fort taking fire, the position fell into the hands of the besiegers. The manner in which the fire was communicated to the fortress was remarkable. During the fight an arrow from the bow of one of the garrison lodged in the eye of one of the pirates. Coolly extracting the barbed shaft from his head with his own hand, and binding some cotton around the missile, he set it on fire and shot it back into the fortress from the barrel of his gun. The burning arrow fell upon the roof of a house thatched with dry palm leaves, and a conflagration ensued which the garrison strove in vain to subdue. The chief obstacle to their progress being thus removed, the commander, with twelve hundred men, embarked in boats and canoes and commenced the ascent of the river toward the capital, the sacking of which was to be the crowning act of his career of outrage and blood. They were soon compelled to leave their boats, and their march for nine days was one of singular vicissitude and romantic incident.

In the day-time, gliding along on the elastic carpet of fallen cocoa leaves, they passed through groves fragrant with the mango and vocal with the song of birds. On either side of their path the feathery blossoms of the century plant grew in wild profusion, while suspended overhead, from the gothic arches of the cedro tree, were the nests of the oriole inwoven with the jessamine and the scarlet trumpets of the bignonia. Live-oaks, hoary and grim, stretched forth their arms clothed with the gray drapery of the Spanish moss. Aloft, the palm tree branched into round tables, spread for a banquet in the clouds; and below, the magnolia, whose virgin cheeks are never brazen with the paint of early frosts, modestly shrunk from the passing gaze.

At night, by the light of fireflies,  
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they waded through swamps where cypresses rose like the columns of some vast sepulchre. Again, their way led them over matted vines and tangled morasses, or along the margin of deep, slimy pools, fringed with the rank and sickening vegetation of the Tropics. Occasionally a cloud of bats flapped their clammy wings in the faces of the intruders, or a dull plash announced the presence of the iguana and alligator.

At dawn on the morning of the ninth day the pirate band reached the crest of a high mountain. In the distance Aurora was bathing her rosy fingers in the great Southern Ocean, and beneath them, glorious in the sunlight, lay the glittering spires of the Spanish town. As soon as their vision had taken in the scene, this dark "mass of organized ferocity" paid an involuntary homage to the Deity, and for a moment corselet and morion, arquebus and crossbow flashed in the sun, as, kneeling, they gave thanks to God "for so auspicious a termination of their perilous journey!" Their first astonishment past, they gave themselves up to the wildest demonstrations of joy. They beat their drums, sounded their trumpets, threw up their hats, and fell on each other's necks in very excess of delight. Then, twining around the hilts of their broadswords the crimson passion flower, and shouting their battle-cry, they ran down the mountain, and before night-fall had encamped upon the great plain on which stood the city.

The invaders were early on foot on the morning of the tenth day. Arriving upon the summit of a little hill, they saw a force advancing to meet them. Their own numbers had been reduced on the march to less than a thousand men; and they now beheld an army consisting of two squadrons of horse and four regiments of foot, led by the governor in person, and preceded by a large herd of wild bulls; the design of which singular description of light troops was to throw the buccaneers into confusion. Beyond these, in immediate proximity to the city, they discovered the people of Panama in arms in yet greater numbers. But this force availed little. The Span-

iards, especially the cavalry, fought bravely for more than two hours, when they were forced to flee in confusion, leaving six hundred of their companions dead upon the field. Determined to finish on the same day the work they had begun, the buccaneers again advanced, and a second and fiercer encounter took place at the very gates of the city, which, after a stubborn resistance, was forced to yield. Neither party gave or received quarter, and after the capture the pirates killed nearly all who fell into their hands, sparing neither ecclesiastics nor women, and sucking, at each stroke, the drops of blood that fell from their sabres.

The city was at that time one of remarkable splendor. The private dwellings were chiefly built of cedar, and embellished with costly hangings, fine paintings, and everything that luxury or taste could supply. It was the see of a bishop, with two large churches and seven monasteries, all richly adorned with altar-pieces, gold, silver and precious stones. But the "gorgeous palaces and solemn temples" were doomed to the flames by Morgan himself, although he afterward attempted to fix the act of vandalism upon others. A portion of the valuables had been conveyed away by the inhabitants, but by the horrible processes of torture immense discoveries were made of treasures concealed in wells and in caves.

Morgan lingered at Panama until his men began to murmur at their protracted inactivity. The cause of this inaction will hardly be divined from the character, thus far developed, of this terrible free-booter; but it was nothing less than the tender passion. He had among his prisoners a beautiful Spanish lady who attracted his particular attention. She was a native of Spain and the wife of an opulent merchant, whose business had some time before called him to Peru. According to the historians of that day, she was still in the bloom of youth, and her cheeks, naturally ruddy, were heightened by a tropical sun into a warmer glow. The interest which her unhappy situation excited was fanned into admira-

tion by her elevated mien, and her whole deportment indicated a soul incapable of being degraded from its native rank by any reverse of condition or any depth of misery. Morgan, rude as he was and unused to the melting mood, was nevertheless charmed with her conversation, and the admiration which he felt for her bearing was ere long changed into more tender emotions. He provided a house for her, and assigned to her service a retinue of servants. Shortly afterward he attempted to open such a correspondence with her as might favor his desires, but failing in this, he proceeded to usurp some freedoms at which her delicacy revolted. With a virtue as exalted as that of the Roman matron who resisted, but in vain, the advances of the son of Tarquin, and with a yet higher courage, she sprang from him, exclaiming, "Stop! Thinkest thou, then, that thou canst ravage mine honor from me as thou hast wrested from me my fortune and my liberty?" Saying this, she drew from her bosom a poniard, and would have plunged it into his breast had he not avoided the blow. History has not preserved the name of this lofty specimen of female purity and honor, but, with that of Lucretia, it deserves the topmost niche in the temple of Virtue.

At length, in the month of February, Morgan took his departure from Panama, having one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden laden with silver and gold, jewelry and other precious articles. Returning down the Chagres, he finished the destruction of the castle at its entrance, and prepared to re-embark for Jamaica. Before going on board, however, a division of the plunder was made which gave great dissatisfaction. It seemed unaccountable to his men that so large an apparent amount of treasure should only yield two hundred pieces-of-eight *per capita*, and rumors of foul play were rife. Meanwhile he had richly laden his own ship, and in the course of the following night, while his companions were asleep, he hoisted sail and bore away for England. Such an instance of treachery had never before been known among the buccaneers,

and the rage that ensued cannot be described.

It has been asserted that the pirates after the restoration of Charles II. not only received encouragement and protection from the king, but were in actual partnership with that profligate monarch, His Majesty receiving a share of the booty even after he had publicly issued orders for the suppression of their practices. Be this as it may, it is certain that Morgan, on his return to England, became a commander in the naval service of his country, and received the honor of knighthood from the hands of Charles II.

With Morgan's relinquishment of the rude etiquette of the Spanish Main for the polished courtesies of the English Court, buccaneering began to wane; but, although there were subsequently no expeditions arranged upon so grand a scale as that of Morgan, the system was continued by minor rovers for nearly thirty years, when it may be said to have ceased, for a time at least, with the execution of William Kidd at Execution Dock in London in 1701. History, however, often repeats itself, and it was left for the present generation to furnish, in Maximilian, the *Last of the Buccaneers*.

It was in 1861 that Napoleon III., imitating the example of Charles II. in the case of Morgan, and taking advantage of the supposed weakness of a neighboring Christian nation then rent by a gigantic civil war, conceived the idea of a grand freebooting expedition, the object of which was the same glittering spoil that had so often tempted Morgan and his companions. The person selected to command was a young archduke of the House of Hapsburg—a weak and pliant gentleman, though highly accomplished and well versed in every branch of learning, as a pupil of the Jesuits must necessarily be. Accordingly, he was easily induced by the wily monarch to exchange the insignia of the Hapsburgs for the fatal purple of Iturbide, and to hasten from the peaceful shades of Miramar to the ensanguined

land of the Montezumas. But the events of his career are of too recent a date to call for an extended account. Amid the salvos of French cannon and the hypocritical cheers of the Church party, he made a triumphal entry into Mexico, usurped the government, and in 1865 issued a decree against the legitimate authorities, which held within itself such atrocities that even the acts of the most bloodthirsty of buccaneers are merciful in comparison. It was he—a European prince, who professed to have gone to Mexico to sow the seeds of civilization—who interrupted the humanities of war and set the horrid example of executions in cold blood. In his preliminary proclamation to the Mexicans he stated that President Juarez had fled from the soil of Mexico. This was a gross misstatement, for during the intervention Juarez had not left Mexican soil—not even to accept an invitation to dinner extended to him by the United States officers at El Paso del Norte. In the second paragraph he stated that the “honorable men” had assembled under his banner. But what is the history of the *honorable* leaders—such as Marquez, Miramon and the one who betrayed him at Queretaro? “Clemency will cease,” said the preamble, “for it will only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder.” Yet after this sixteen populous villages were laid in ruins by the Imperialists in Coahuila, and their inhabitants driven to the mountains. In Article I. of the famous decree, Maximilian—himself an usurper—declared death to any Mexican who dared proclaim any political principles, or defend his country in any organization, even if it numbered one hundred thousand men—death within twenty-four hours following the sentence. In other words, the native troops of the Republic, who were defending the independence of their country against a stranger and an invader, were to be treated as brigands. Article II. gave even a corporal a right to try and shoot any Mexican general for offences committed under the decree. Article XIII. prevented any demand for pardon. Under this decree only ten days subsequent

there were executed in Michoacan two Liberal generals, four colonels, five lieutenant-colonels, eight commandants and many subordinate officers.

Then followed his short and stormy reign, which may be likened to the attempts of an inexperienced keeper to preserve order in his menagerie. Quarrels with the Church party, whose monopoly of lands he wished to break up, abortive attempts to obtain recognition from the United States, and the growing strength of the Liberals, soon began to sap the foundations of his throne, until the sternly-intimated will of our own government deprived him of his main arm of support, the French troops. But when Bazaine and his French legion forsook him—when the news of his wife's insanity was communicated to him; when, on every side, he saw treachery and vindictiveness; and when, finally, he perceived that *all* was lost—the nobler qualities of his mind came out in grander relief, and as a gentleman and a brave man no one can refuse him praise and admiration.

A comparison, however, between the marauding expedition of Napoleon and the freebooting one of Morgan is not strained. Indeed, it affords ample justification for designating the young archduke the Last of the Buccaneers. Both expeditions—stripped of all diplomatic subtleties—were for the purpose of plunder under the guise of punishing cruelty; both were characterized by treachery of the blackest dye; both invoked the blessing of Heaven and assumed to be under the special protection of the Church.

Nor does the parallel end here. A reference to the official correspondence of the seventeenth century on the subject of buccaneering, and to that which passed between the United States and France

on a similar subject, makes it still more striking. When, in 1607, the government of Spain complained bitterly to that of France of the outrages upon her commerce by the buccaneers—a large majority of whom were the born subjects of that nation—the answer of France was, that those piratical acts were not committed by the buccaneers *as her subjects*, and the Spanish ambassador was informed (I quote the exact language) that “his master might proceed as he saw fit.” When, in 1865, Mr. Seward requested France to interfere and put a stop to the wholesale butcheries being committed under the decree of Maximilian, the French Minister replied to Mr. Bigelow as follows: “Why do you not go to President Juarez? *We* are not the government of Mexico, and you do us too much honor to treat us as such. *We* are not responsible for Maximilian or his government; and if he violates your rights, you have the same remedies that we had!”

In one point, however, the parallel miserably fails. Morgan, after his successful descent upon Panama, returns to England to receive the caresses of his king and the emoluments of a handsome appointment: Maximilian, treacherously deserted by a monarch who was bound by even a rogue's honor to protect him, and betrayed by one of his own followers, stands before the escopettes of his incensed enemies, and falls breathing those two words of tender conjugal affection which have done so much to efface the memory of his oppressive and cruel acts.

Yet, when compared with the older villain Morgan, Maximilian was a pirate upon an insignificant scale—a mere bottle-imp by the side of Satan as portrayed in stupendous grandeur by Milton.

WM. L. STONE.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ATTACHÉ.

IN my time the United States Legation in London consisted of Louis McLane as Minister, Washington Irving as Secretary, and several attachés. Two such representatives abroad the country has not often had together. Mr. McLane was a man of sterling worth in every respect, a thorough gentleman and a statesman of rare clearness and strength of intellect. As Representative, Senator, Ambassador and Cabinet Minister, he is one of the nation's "precious possessions," to use the phrase of Disraeli about Lord John. The quiet dignity of his manners made him peculiarly acceptable to the society in which he was called to move, and induced it to pay him attentions which few American envoys have received. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, the then heads of the British Ministry, were especially marked in their civilities, going far beyond mere official requirement. As to Irving, it may be said that he was the *enfant gâté* of the brightest and highest circles, the literary and fashionable worlds both striving to do him honor. His intimacy with Moore, Campbell and other demigods of fame brought them often to Mr. McLane's house, and I can see now the former immortal seated at the piano, his feet scarcely touching the carpet, warbling some ballad which perhaps he had just composed, or standing in enthusiastic admiration near a harp on which a young American damsel used to play with marvelous skill. With Campbell, boy as I was, I got to be on quite friendly terms, in consequence of a little article for his magazine which he was good enough to publish—and to pay for. Certainly no honorarium was ever received with keener satisfaction: *acceptissima semper munera sunt, auctor quæ preciosa facit*. Five guineas from the Bard of Hope were more for a juvenile scribbler than fifty, say, from Mr. Smith, especially with such a kind note as that

which accompanied them. The goodness of Campbell's heart was somewhat obscured by the sharpness of his tongue, which was not at all merciful to those whom he disliked; and accordingly he was not a general favorite. Miss Landon, I remember, whom I made the acquaintance of and danced with at an evening party, was quite satirical at his expense, turning a blue coat with brilliant buttons, worn by him with great apparent complaisance, into endless shapes of fun. A delightful talker, by the way, was L. E. L., and I certainly did not anticipate her mournful career while listening to her quips and cranks and admiring her wreathèd smiles. At that time she had just become famous, and was doubtless reveling in all those golden exhalations of the dawn which a poetess must enjoy more vividly than any one else. There are so many celebrated men, and so few celebrated women, that the sensation of *rara-avisism* must be superlatively delicious for the latter when personal fascinations are combined with mental charms. How proud I felt when she took my hobbledehoy arm and allowed me to put her into her carriage when she left what has been more than once sweetly described as the gay and festive scene! At that time, as seen now by the light of other days, she was plump, pretty, pleasant, piquant; and the live, everlasting love, which her initials were said to stand for, and her verse so abundantly exhaled, was as imperceptible in her talk as if she had been "suckled by Hyrcanian tigers."

Another authoress whom I recall in conjunction with Campbell was a lady with a superb physique and a hideous name (none other than Crump), which, in spite of her beauty, she never changed, although she was then said to be affianced to the widowed poet, by whom she was certainly much admired. One of her novels, *Geraldine of Desmond*, was quite equal to the average fictions



of the present day, though it has long since gone to where they will soon go; and some of her rhymes were agreeable to the ear, as, for instance, this couplet:

"Now rising with joy on a heaven-kissing wave,  
Now sinking where hope finds a sorrowful grave."

Years afterward I met her in Paris, at the residence of Fenimore Cooper, who seemed to hold her in esteem, but, alas! she was fat and fifty, and not at all fair, and quite dispelled the illusion that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. The most intimate friends of Campbell were the Siddons family. Through his mediation a reconciliation had been effected between them and Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had faithlessly flirted with one of the daughters of the great actress (for he was the most coquettish of males, as well as the least masculine of painters); and in honor thereof the poet gave a fête to which the whole Legation was bidden, but to which its humblest member could not go on account of a spiteful gripe. He heard it, however, described as a most interesting and delightful reunion, one feature of which was the presence of Fanny Kemble, then in the first blaze of her histrionic glory. What an excitement, to be sure, there was about that distinguished damsel—the niece of her aunt as decidedly as was Louis Napoleon the nephew of his uncle! and what interest was lent to her performances by the spectacle of the grand old lady in one of the boxes near the stage, encouraging and sympathizing with her splendid development of hereditary genius.

When Moore published his life of Byron, Campbell took up the cudgels quite fiercely for Lady B.; and in reference to the dispute I heard Mr. Irving say that he had read the famous autobiography, and his impression, I think, was favorable to the husband—at least so far as to believe that general incompatibility, rather than any specific crime, was the cause of the rupture. How his kindly nature would have been shocked by the nauseous publication of Mrs. Stowe! and what a pity, supposing the tale to be true, that the lady did not imitate the discretion of old Montaigne,

who protests that if he had his hand full of truths he would take good care not to open it; or at least that of Cervantes, who declared that he would never display truths naked, but *en camisas*!—two prudential proclamations from which it may be inferred that those sagacious worthies were clearly of opinion that if truth be at the bottom of a well, it is often best to let that well alone. How much annoyance she would thus have saved herself and the rest of mankind! for she has touched pitch and been defiled: she has stirred such filthy filth that it has brought her into very bad odor; and she has infected the whole atmosphere in such a way as to make it positively smell to Heaven. Never, surely, has indiscretion—to give it the mildest name—been more severely punished, in spite of the chivalric Parton of Plymouth, the good knight who has proved that the age of chivalry is *not* gone, whatever may be said by Mr. Burke and his dittos, by shivering a lance for the somewhat venerable dame as gallantly as did Sir Wilfred for the youthful Rebecca, who was only tied to the stake, while Mrs. S. is being absolutely roasted. His success, to be sure, is not equal to his valor, but "the brave attempt shall yet excuse the fall."

The kindness of Mr. Irving to the younger members of the Legation was unceasing, and amply compensated them for the extra work of copying which his literary position obliged them to perform. Geoffrey Crayon, of course, Secretary though he might be, could not be called upon to play amanuensis to any chief, however distinguished. But he took great interest in the official business, making it pleasant by his genial ways and not infrequent jests. Once, upon a busy despatch-day, he had been amused by the over-zealousness of one of us, and when all the documents were off, he turned to the eager youth and with merry twinkle of eye, exclaimed, "Well, sir, through in excellent time—in *spite* of your assistance." The only things that bothered him in the diplomatic household were the uncapped heads of the female servants, who had been brought

from America; and he made various attempts to persuade them to imitate the English "maids" with their tidy caps, but was, of course, ignominiously repulsed. *Helps* necessarily scorned the idea of looking like the downtrodden menials of aristocratic despotism. No little amusement was caused by a bright mulatto body-servant, whose dislike to his handsome livery was at last found to proceed from the fact that he had passed himself off in a certain class of society, by no means the lowest, as an African prince on his travels! The fib he had no scruples about telling, but it went terribly against his conscience to be found out.

The drowsiness which used to overcome Mr. Irving at table must have been a serious interference with his social enjoyment. He would go off so easily that, if conversing with him at the moment, you might go on with the conversation for a while after he had become totally unconscious; as did once Lord Aberdeen in his own house, to the consternation, doubtless, of the disciplined diplomats in Mr. Irving's neighborhood. His kindly lordship, however, would not permit the well-beloved Geoffrey to be disturbed, so that he had his nap comfortably out. Sometimes, when he woke, he would take up the conversation around him where it had been broken off by his doze, although meanwhile it might have wandered into a very different subject; which of course would produce rather a comic effect, that no one would appreciate better than himself. It was impossible for him to resist the drowsiness, the tendency of blood to his head being such that his physician used to say that apoplexy would be the cause of his death—a prediction, however, which was not fulfilled. The infirmity was so well known and understood that it had become a matter of sympathetic interest, rather than annoyance, with his entertainers. His delightful talk before and after his Homeric nods, combined with his reputation, was ample recompense for any unavoidable infringement of social conveniences.

One dinner, indeed, I recollect at

which Irving had no attack, but was uninterruptedly in his pleasantest mood, owing to the hour and the circumstances under which it was eaten, and the fact, perhaps, that he had his forty winks beforehand. He and Mr. McLane had gone to the House of Commons, leaving word that they would be back to dinner, which was accordingly kept waiting until after midnight, the debate having proved of special interest. Irving was in the highest spirits, and went on talking in the true Knickerbocker vein until almost cockcrow. Among the stories he told was one of a little dancing-dog he had met in Andalusia, giving so ludicrous a picture of its performance and the doings of its excitable master that Mr. McLane was nearly put into hysterics. The next morning, at breakfast, he indulged in emphatic vituperation of "that dog" for hindering his sleep, complaining bitterly that every time he closed his eyes he would see the little beast, with its drooping paws and pathetic phiz, cutting the most frantic capers on its hinder legs, so as to compel him to shout in a way that put all slumber to flight.

Among Mr. Irving's acquaintance, to whom he introduced me, was a pleasant and portly publisher, at whose hospitable table I once met a large assemblage of authors, of whom the most interesting—certainly the most amusing—was Theodore Hook. He was a very dry-looking specimen of the literati, and his appearance was anything but indicative of fun. He had no continuous conversation, but sat watching his opportunity until something enabled him to pounce on a joke, after which he would retreat into silence and await the next chance. "Capital Sauterne this!" exclaimed an enthusiastic bibber. "Quite right," said Hook: "it's not the trash that does so turn your stomach." The walk of some personage was described as giving the idea that he had the stone: "A sort of gravel walk," ejaculated the joker. The merits of Stuart Newton, the painter, were discussed, and some one remarked that his defect was want of shade. "Just so," replied the inveterate: "God said, Let Newton be, and all was *light*;" and so

on till the guests departed. If the jests were unduly successful, it was owing not a little to the uproarious delight of the jolly host, who, almost before they were uttered, would shout, "How funny!" and shake his fat sides with most infec-

tious vigor. Poor Yorick! his must have been melancholy mirth for such as were conversant with his inner life, the marks of which were plain enough on his careworn face and attenuated frame.

R. M. WALSH.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT is curious to see the fallacies sometimes put forth by men otherwise sensible when they begin to talk about financial matters. A writer in the *New York World*, for example, says, "There is not gold enough in the world to pay a debt of two billions and a half." That may be very true, but who ever supposed that the national debt was to be actually paid in coin? A debt is paid in coin when it is paid in that which the receiver regards as equal in value to coin. Before the passage of the Legal-Tender Act, every private debt in the nation, amounting in all doubtless to a larger sum than the present national debt, was payable in coin, because nothing else was a legal tender; but did any one wish or expect that all the vast amount was to be paid in coin? Certainly not. What all did expect was, that every debt would be paid in that which, to the receiver, was *more acceptable* than gold and silver. Just so with the national bonds. As they were issued when the government and banks were in a state of suspension, it has been provided that the public engagements, when due, shall be discharged with coin—that is, with that which shall be equal to coin in the estimation of the public creditor. That was all that was, or in the nature of the case could have been, intended. If the currency is restored to par with specie, as it must be sooner or later, so that the government notes from ten cents upward are at par with gold, instead of being, as now, at a discount of twenty-five per cent., then

every one who holds a bond will prefer the notes in payment; and in such an event there is no probability that specie would be demanded for a twentieth part of the whole amount of national indebtedness. When the credit of the government is established, as it will be when its currency has been made equal to gold, its bonds can be renewed at a low rate of interest. At present it is paying a most exorbitant rate—six per cent. in gold, equal to eight per cent. in currency, besides granting an exemption from local taxation equal in some States to two per cent. more—in all, what is equivalent in currency to about ten per cent.! Let Congress restore the currency to par, as it can easily do without the slightest injury to the production and wealth of the country, but to the great benefit of both, and the bonds of the United States—American consols at *four and a half* per cent.—will bear a premium in gold. Of this there cannot be the least doubt; and then what will be thought of the "impossibility" of "paying the bonds in gold?"

. . . The idea of a separation from England is spreading among our Canadian neighbors. The *Montreal Star* says: "A few months ago we found ourselves, with the exception of one coadjutor at Quebec and another at London, all alone in the advocacy of independence—a case of Athanasius against the world. To-day, we can count up at least twenty-five papers in Canada which are willing to support

independence in some form." Of course independence means either a customs-union or annexation; so that, what with Cuba on one side and Canada on the other, there is a good prospect that the area of freedom (and of greenbacks) is to be more than doubled. When we get our cigars free of duty on one side, and our coal on the other—when we send our longcloths to Canada and our flour to Cuba—the protectionist and the free-trader will each have something to congratulate himself upon.

The Library Company of Philadelphia, it is understood, will accept, on the conditions prescribed in his will, the munificent bequest of the late Doctor Rush, amounting to more than a million of dollars; so that in a few years its priceless collection of books will be safely housed in a fireproof building. It is intended to keep the circulating department of the institution in the present location—the Ridgway Branch, at Broad and Christian, being designed rather as a library of reference, like the Astor Library and the British Museum. It is estimated that after the executor of Dr. Rush has completed the fireproof building provided for in his will, there will remain a handsome endowment to be handed over to the Company for the maintenance of the Ridgway Branch. The Library Company will then become one of the most useful and creditable institutions in this city. Already we hear of two large and valuable private libraries—one of theology and the other of jurisprudence—which are to be added to the collection when there shall be a fireproof building in which to deposit them; and donations of money will not be wanting to place an institution in which Philadelphia has a just pride, upon a solid foundation. Ultimately, the present edifice at Fifth and Library streets and the Law Buildings adjoining will be torn down and replaced by a fireproof building, to come out to the line of the street and to be erected at the expense of the fund now in hand and accumulating for that purpose. As the space required for the circulating

department, reading-room, etc., will be limited, a considerable part of the proposed new building in Fifth street will be reserved for offices, which will bring in a handsome income. Altogether, the future prospects of this ancient and honorable company are most flattering.

One of the most important books, in an historical point of view, relative to the late war, is Pollard's *Life of Jefferson Davis; with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy*. The writer's opportunities as a journalist in Richmond enabled him to learn much of the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of what he calls "the weak and anomalous government that wrecked the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy." He states, for example, "a curious and romantic fact, not generally known, that the bulk of the valuable papers of the Confederate government, including the correspondence of Jefferson Davis, exists to-day in concealment; that many days before the fall of Richmond there was a careful selection of important papers, especially those in the office of the President and letters which involved confidences in the North and in Europe, and that these were secretly conveyed out of Richmond, and deposited in a place where they remain concealed to this time, and will probably not be unearthed in this generation. Where is the repository of the secrets of the Confederate government the author is not prepared to say. Indeed, he has never been able to obtain other than very general information of the present place of those papers, and even as to the limits of the locality he was bound by obligations of private confidence which it is impossible to violate. The author can only assure the reader of three facts: that they still exist; that there are living persons who know of their concealment; and that they contain important evidences of the secret history of Mr. Davis' government." If this be so—and there is no reason to doubt it—the full and correct history of the rebellion will not be written for a long time to come, and fifty years hence, perhaps, the readers of that day will have

as rich a treat as we of this generation have had in the perusal of the *Correspondance de Napoléon I.* Mr. Polard himself is sadly "unreconstructed," but his book bears evidence of a desire to tell the truth, and to estimate justly the chief actors on both sides in the tremendous contest which has shaken the world, and which is yet destined to have momentous consequences in Europe. His book is eminently readable and original, and some of his remarks are striking. For instance, he says: "There is no more just and profound surprise to the thoughtful historian than the little regret which the people of the South have manifested for the loss of slavery." He might have added that the abundant crops and rapidly-growing prosperity of the South will tend to remove the last vestige of dissatisfaction with the change in question.

... In the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine* it is gravely stated that the master of a certain Ragged School has to "let the children out in time to *pick the pockets of the people leaving church*," or else lose them! These hopeful scholars apparently do not get far enough in the catechism to learn "to keep their hands from picking and stealing."

... A writer in the July number of the *Westminster Review* makes the following startling assertion: "Certain it is that evidence of the most reliable kind justifies the belief that in England, at all events, the human constitution is deteriorating; that it is more prone to disease than it was thirty years ago; and that within the same period, notwithstanding the boasted progress meanwhile in the science and art of medicine, the average duration of life has lessened." When we add to this decline in the stamina of the English people the appalling fact stated in Parliament by the president of the Poor-Law Board, that in the short space of two years the pauperism of London has increased twenty per cent., so that a writer in *Blackwood* asserts that "pauperism is devouring the country," it is evident that England is threatened by insidious dangers which

portend, sooner or later, a catastrophe. How soon it will come is a doubtful question; but the *Fortnightly Review*, in a paper on the "Influence of Civilization on Health," winds up with the assertion that the close of the present century will have settled the question whether England will not be sacrificed in the struggle against the physical degradation now weighing her down. It must be remembered that in these days events march at the double-quick.

In the mean time, the United States themselves are menaced with serious dangers, mainly from the increasing corruption of their public men; and in a general survey of the human race it must be confessed that there is little to make the observer look for the speedy coming of the millennium. It is only when one takes long periods of time, and compares, for example, the cannibalism of the prehistoric races of Europe with our existing civilization, that one can believe at all in progress.

... A work has recently appeared in Portuguese, by J. F. D. Delgado, giving an interesting account of some explorations in the bone-caves of the district of Cesareda, from which it appears that man once existed in Europe in so uncivilized a condition that he lived in caves, ate human flesh and possessed chipped flints for his only weapons. The fragmentary condition of the human bones, which had been cut and scraped, the long bones having also been split to extract the marrow, appears to show that the author is right in regarding the caves as burial-places of a tribe of cannibals.

... It sometimes happens that a man's social standing obliges a learned society to publish what is, in reality—bosh. It is only by some such explanation that one can account for the publication in the last number of the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* of a report of the Council, in which the writer displays lamentable ignorance of his subject. He refuses, for example, to credit the recent discoveries relating to the antiquity of Man, and at the same time he makes the following *naïve* confession: "I express the opinions only



of an outside observer, without assuming at all to enter into details, or to follow the track of investigations *quite beyond the line of my information!*" Such being the case, he had better have said nothing.

We suspect that a like ignorance of the subject, combined with theological prejudice, will account for the quiet ignoring of scientific facts which characterizes a paper on "Primeval Man" in the September number of the *Catholic World*. The whole mass of evidence accumulated since 1849 to prove the immense antiquity of Man, and his barbarous condition in the Drift Period, is disposed of in two sentences: "Considering the late date of the Incarnation, we are not disposed to assign man a very high antiquity, and no geological or historical facts are, as yet, established that require it for their explanation. We place little confidence in the hasty inductions of geologists." In other words, the writer has a preconceived theory, as Lyell had, but, unlike Lyell, he is unwilling to look opposing facts in the face. Hence his article, otherwise able, will have no weight with scientific men.

. . . We beg respectfully to call the attention of Miss Susan B. Anthony to the fact that there is a traitor (or traitress?) in the camp. Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton has just published a book in London, entitled *Ourselves; or, Essays on Women*, in which she gives vent to such heresies as the following: "Though we [women] were certainly not sent into the world solely to supplement men's lives, and to have no original objects of our own, still, we cannot do without their liking; and it is only right that we should set our watches by their time. They are clearer-headed than we; less prejudiced, if less conscientious; more generous when generous, and more tender when tender. Being the stronger, they are larger in all things, even in their love. When they love, they love better than we love, if less absorbingly. . . . The half measure of a gallon is more than the full measure of a pint; and, weight for weight, the man's love is greater than the woman's." The whole book

deals with the faults and follies of women, while leaving their virtues comparatively untouched; and yet the author says she by no means wishes to strengthen the hands of the enemy! Call you this a backing of your friends? It is about such a backing as is furnished by the famous "Girl-of-the-Period" articles in the *Saturday Review*, of which articles, by the way, Mrs. Lynton has the credit of being the author.

. . . The completion of Elliot's *New and heretofore Unfigured Species of the Birds of North America*, which has been appearing in numbers (of elephant folio size) since the year 1866, deserves to be chronicled. It is the first work published upon American ornithology since the time of Wilson and Audubon which contains life-size representations of all the various species that have been discovered or acclimated in this country since the labors of those great men were finished. Mr. Elliot has figured and described one hundred and fourteen new species, mostly discovered through the agency of the various government expeditions. The plates are colored, and are equal in beauty and finish to those of Audubon's great work. Indeed, those drawn by Mr. J. Wolf of London—the ablest artist in this line out of Japan—are perhaps superior to Audubon's.

. . . Probably the best thing in Crabb Robinson's *Diary* is the following: The college beer was very bad at St. John's. "The brewer ought to be drowned in a butt of his own beer," said one fellow. A—— replied: "He ought. He does, indeed, deserve a watery bier!"

. . . The subject of "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen," about which a well-read contributor furnishes a chatty article in the present Number, is one of marked prominence just now in Italy. A terrible epidemic of dueling has raged for some time in that kingdom, though not attended with many fatal results. In two days five duels are reported, and a journal which apologizes for them says "they are falling on us in a shower." In fact, they are one of the pastimes of the Neapolitans. A man lends his friend seven lire, and when he requests payment

he is challenged to fight with the sabre. Another writes three lines in a journal without naming any one, and is directly called out. So that a sword or a pistol has become almost a necessary article of furniture. The same practice, though to a less extent, prevails in France.

. . . The prominent place occupied in the literature of the present day by periodicals is shown by the increasing number and popularity of the monthlies issued in England and the United States. Among the most successful in Great Britain is one recently started, entitled *The Sunday Magazine*, the monthly circulation of which sometimes reaches the extraordinary figure of one hundred and forty thousand copies. Intended to provide wholesome and agreeable Sunday reading, and to be at once attractive and edifying, it supplies a want which is at least as much felt in America as in Europe. Accordingly, the publishers of this Magazine have concluded arrangements for its issue here simultaneously with its appearance abroad. The October number commences a new volume, to the prospectus of which, on another page, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers. Special inducements are held out to those who subscribe for the coming year to *Lippincott's* and the *Sunday Magazine* together.

Many a good thing which has never been in print was said a hundred years ago, when our forefathers were British subjects, when the Quakers were in power in Pennsylvania, and when imprisonment for debt was both law and custom. Many, probably most, of the Quakers were what General Howe called Loyalists, and Tom Paine, Tories; and when the former was threatening this city, it was thought advisable that certain suspected persons should be incarcerated. Among others, James Pemberton was arrested in his own house. Inviting the officer to join him at dinner, he asked the object of the arrest. He was told that it was considered necessary for the cause of Liberty. "A rather singular way to secure my liberty," he replied, "to shut me up in jail!"

. . . John Morton, a respectable Philadelphia Quaker, would have nothing to do with the Continental money, because it was issued for war purposes. It was, however, made a legal tender, and a certain slippery debtor, who owed him some ten thousand dollars when Continental money was worth about one-half of its face, borrowed that sum from a friend, on a promise of returning it in two or three hours. Taking with him a witness, he called and laid the amount on the table of his Quaker creditor. Looking up from his writing, Morton quietly opened a large drawer, and, to the consternation of the debtor, sweeping the money into it, he shut and locked the drawer, saying, "Anything from thee, Daniel—anything from thee!"

. . . Nicholas Waln, though a regular Quaker preacher, was a great wag, and many are the good things said by him which are still current in certain Philadelphia circles. He was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Waln was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said an audible grace before meat. The Quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to *watch* and pray."

. . . Texts of Scriptures have often been inscribed upon coins. One of the most remarkable is on a copper coin issued by the Papal government, on which are the words, *Vae vobis divitibus*—"Woe to you who are rich!" When the greenbacks were first issued by the United States, Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, consulted, among others, the president of one of the Philadelphia banks in regard to placing some

motto upon them—such, for example, as has since been impressed upon the five-cent pieces—"In God we trust." After mentioning several scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked our banker's opinion. "Perhaps," was the reply, "the most appropriate would be: 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee!'" The project was abandoned.

. . . Gen. Smith, in Congress, while delivering one of the long, prosy speeches for which he was noted, said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied the great Kentuckian, "and it seems you are resolved to speak till your audience arrives!"

. . . "Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to wire-draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity!"

. . . Young gentlemen at college will appreciate Heine's witty remark, that "the Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. These happy people," said he, "knew in their very cradles what nouns have an accusative in *im*."

Heine shared the general dislike of the natives of the Continent toward the English, whose exclusiveness and insolence he had suffered from in Germany. When he at last visited England, he told the verger of Westminster Abbey, as he handed him his fee, that he would willingly have given him more *if the collection had been complete!*

. . . A lady in New York, who may, for the present, be styled Mrs. Shoddy, sent one of her daughters to Mrs. —'s young ladies' seminary. Shortly afterward Mrs. — received a visit from her. "Mrs. —," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I thought that you were a Christian." "I hope I am," replied Mrs. —. "I try to behave like one." "I am afraid that you are not," rejoined Mrs. Shoddy: "yesterday my daughter brought home

a book that you had given her to study. It was a *heathen mythology!*"

Doubtless Mrs. Shoddy thought the teacher wanted to convert her daughter to the worship of

"All heathen gods,  
And nymphs so fair;  
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,  
And Nebuchadnezzar,  
All standing naked  
In the open air!"

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to refer your correspondent "B," who inquires (p. 235) the meaning of the phrase, "When the black ox has trodden on her foot," to *Notes and Queries*, 3d series, vol. xii, p. 488, where it appears that this expression is at this day frequently applied in Scotland to an unfeeling person, and means that he has never experienced misfortune. I find it used by Lyly in his *Euphues* (p. 55, edition of 1868), where the context sheds light on its meaning. Lyly is speaking of women, and says: "When the black Crowes foot shall appear in their eye, or the black Oxe treade on their foote, when their beautie shall be like the blasted Rose, . . . who will like of them in their age who loved none in their youth?" The *origin* of the phrase still remains obscure. Why the *black ox*? A. L.

The following exquisite translation of Toplady's "Rock of Ages" was made by a gentleman of this city, and is now printed for the first time. It is, we think, at once more faithful to the original and more elegant in its Latinity than the paraphrase made a few years ago by the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone:

#### RUPES SECLORUM.

Seclorum Rupes! propter me  
Fissa, lateam in Te.  
Aqua, sanguis, ex Te manans  
Mihi adsit flumen sanans:  
Bis medendo, periturum  
Solvat pœnâ, reddat purum.

Lachrymæ si rivi fiant,  
Nil languoris studia sciant,  
Culpam nequit hoc piare,  
Solut Tu potes salvare.  
Nullum munus manu ferens  
Resto Cruci semper hærens.

Dum fruor hac brevi sorte,  
Oculos cùm claudam morte,  
Novos mundos cùm intrabo,  
Et in throno Te spectabo,  
Seclorum Rupes! propter me  
Fissa, lateam in Te.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Principles of Naval Staff Rank, and its History in the United States Navy for over a half century. By a Surgeon in the United States Navy. 8vo. pp. 240.

The navy is just now agitated somewhat by a discussion, which began more than a half a century since, about the position of its officers relatively to each other. On one side stand seven hundred and sixty-three officers, who form a class divided into eleven grades, constituting, so to speak, a catenated succession from midshipman to admiral, technically called "the line" (probably because they are eligible to promotion from grade to grade successively in a line or series); and on the other, five hundred and forty-nine officers, who form a class, composed of corps of several vocations, called the staff, because their functions are essential to support those of the line in the execution of their duties. Line officers require to be paid, fed and clothed; to be taken care of when sick or wounded; to have marine engines managed for them, and to be shrived perhaps before they die. In round numbers it may be said one-half the navy is arrayed against the other on the subject.

The "line" is the imperative class. It is always conspicuous. Its members claim exclusive right of authority, within limits for each grade, to direct and control the management of all details on board ship. The captain assumes to be supreme. He claims a right to direct payments without incurring responsibility, although the paymaster is under bonds to render a just and accurate account of the expenditure of all money and other property placed in his charge, and for which he only is responsible. Recently, one of the line has asserted for his class that the captain only has a legitimate right to determine whether officer or private is in condition of health to be temporarily excused from the routine of his duties, in spite of the surgeon's opinion on the subject. A medical officer has been tried, within a short time, by a court-martial for disobedience of orders and disrespect to his superior, because he refused, on the captain's order, to discharge from his list of sick a sailor who was suffering from a cutlass wound of his head, which in the surgeon's judgment disabled him and possibly placed him in peril of his life. Rumor says

that the sentence of the court sustained this pretension. The steam engineers also complain that their technical opinions and knowledge are not properly respected. And even the chaplains are not without grievance, as may be seen in the September number of the *Overland Monthly*, p. 201.\*

About a dozen years ago a captain of a frigate, at anchor in a port whose inhabitants do not speak English, shouted to the chaplain, while he was preaching from the text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," "Stop, sir: you are disrespectful and insubordinate!" The supposed reason for the charge was that a party of sailors had been ordered by the captain to paint the outside of the ship during "divine service," as it was called. The chaplain, however, protested that he was not aware of the circumstance when he took the text, and deprecated the idea of disrespect or insubordination. Nevertheless, he was not permitted to continue his sermon, and the boatswain was ordered to "pipe down," the usual mode of dismissing the congregation, and the painting of the ship was continued. Since then, both captain and chaplain have gone where there is no reckoning of time, and all days are Sabbath days to them.

Apparently the staff men are at the mercy of those of the line. Whether they are comfortable or happy on board ship is contingent upon the good sense and manliness, or the martinetism and narrow-mindedness, caprice, meddlesomeness or tyrannical temper, of those of the line who happen to be associated with them in the performance of duties the object of which is the efficiency of the ship. Men clothed with power do not always exercise it with forbearance or judgment over subordinates, especially when the latter are left without the protection of legal barriers against this sort of imposition. There is a large share of human nature manifested in the navy as well as in other organizations of men; and for this reason it is necessary that wanton explosions of it should be checked by laws binding equally on all grades and ranks. There is a petty spirit of self-assertion or arrogance ascribed to the line, which leads to a

\* "The Cruise of the Monadnock." By Rev. J. S. Bush, D.D.

notion that men who use their hands as well as their heads in the exercise of their professional functions are necessarily of a caste inferior to those who only order to be done what they themselves have not the instruction or skill to do. Such false doctrine, if it really is entertained, should not be countenanced by a republican government. Its laws ought not to recognize any such pretension as that physicians, accountants or engineers, because they employ their hands in their vocations, cannot be the equals of a caste composed of those who constitute the line of its navy or army. It is true that under aristocratic and monarchical systems of government, kings and nobles exercised the profession of arms, and no other. But this is not a conclusive reason why all other professions are degrading; nor does it make manifest that those of a republic who are bred to arms at the public expense are thereby endowed with that quality of blood which, it is imagined, distinguishes kings and nobles and renders them superior to all other men, and so authorizes them to gratify all selfish desires at the cost of others without question. But regal and aristocratic blood is not the kind best fitted to equip a republican heart, which ought to be, and is, stout, just and gentle too in its movements. It seeks what it believes to be right, and submits to nothing which is clearly wrong.

The men of the staff, seeing that the defined positions which pertain to those of the line are respected by each other as well as by the Navy Department, ask Congress to assign to them also definite positions relatively to the line, which shall, in some degree at least, indicate the estimation or value at which the nation holds them in the naval organization. This they seek under the technical name of *rank*, the word meaning nothing more nor less than relative military position. The position of an officer of the line relatively to all others of his class, both above and below him in the scale of grades of which it is composed, is technically designated his rank. He prizes his rank because in general terms it is the measure of his official compensation and authority, as well as of his personal importance, privileges, immunities, accommodation, comfort and happiness. The staff corps believe that they too should have a rank which will lawfully carry with it analogous, if not identical, virtues in these respects. They do not seek a right to command in the line or to act outside of the sphere of their professional duties. The

chaplains wish to be allowed to inculcate the observance of the Sabbath and all Christian rules; the surgeons, to care for the sick and wounded; the paymasters, to expend public moneys and stores for which they are responsible only to the Navy Department; and the engineers, to run and keep in order the machinery in their professional charge without risk of useless and annoying interference while faithfully performing their duties.

In support of their pretension they argue that during the war they were exposed equally with those of the line to the perils, privations and toils incident to life on board ship, and that members of the staff corps were killed in battle, suffered in rebel prisons and sacrificed health and life in the execution of their duties. From such premises they conclude that their claim is entitled to respectful consideration.

They urge, too, that in recognition of their services Congress increased the grades and rank of those of the line, and passed by the staff without any notice—that the small addition of merely nominal rank which President Lincoln and his Cabinet, after careful consideration of the subject, conferred on staff officers, was taken from them by the existing administration, with the effect of reducing the small pay of all staff officers on the retired list—men ranging now from sixty-two to eighty years of age—who had spent all the vigor of their lives in the nation's service.

Our limits do not enable us to present the details of the arrangement proposed to settle this long-mooted question. The arguments are fully presented in the pamphlet from which we have derived our general view of the subject. It is well written: sometimes the author expresses himself warmly and strongly, but always with that decorum which characterizes the well-bred gentleman.

The Stomach and its Difficulties. By Sir James Eyre, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 113.

Works on medicine are not usually very entertaining reading, and it is rare to find a treatise on dyspepsia which one devours as he would a novel. But Dr. Eyre has invested an intrinsically dry subject with an unexpected charm. He gives the reader rather the results of his own experience as a physician than the dry details acquired from books, and he enlivens his page with humorous anecdotes bearing on the subject in hand. For instance, in illustration of the annoyance which doctors are often subjected to by the lo-



quacity of their patients, he tells the following anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy :

"A very talkative lady, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, which was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. 'Now, pray, madam,' said he, playfully, '*keep it out.*' The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match ; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an innkeeper who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, 'Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus ? the husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, madam, in fact.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head ?' Upon this, her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once."

Sir John endorses the opinion of Abernethy, that almost everybody eats too much. Quantity of food he considers of much more serious importance than quality, and he rejoices over the perfect liberty in this respect conceded in these halcyon days at the most hospitable tables. In his youth it was not so. "I once escaped," he says, "at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next. This had been so often repeated that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, *as a teacher by example*, might suffer, and replied that, 'If she pleased, I would take *breath.*'"

The author is of opinion that the main object of medical science should be to prevent rather than to cure disease, and hence this little book is rather a treatise on the laws of health than on therapeutics. After reading it, one does not wonder that it has gone through six editions in England.

### Books Received.

A Guide-Book of Florida and the South for Tourists, Invalids and Emigrants, with a Map of the St. John River. By Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia : Geo. Maclean. 24mo. pp. 136.

Minor Chords. By Sophia May Eckley. London : Bell & Daldy. 16mo. pp. 277.

Man in Genesis and Geology ; or, The Biblical Account of Man's Creation tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Antiquity. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. New York : Samuel R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 149.

Mental Philosophy : Embracing the three Departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities and Will. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D. In two volumes. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 561, 705.

Under Lock and Key : A Story. By T. W. Speight, author of "Brought to Light," "Foolish Margaret," etc. Philadelphia : Turner Brothers & Co. 12mo. pp. 389.

Henry Esmond and Lovel the Widower. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the author. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 193, 60.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage ; or, Polygamy and Monogamy Compared. By a Christian Philanthropist. Boston : James Campbell. 16mo. pp. 256.

Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. Frederic Bastiat. Translated from the Paris Edition of 1863. Chicago : Western News Company. 12mo. pp. 398.

Apropos of Women and Theatres. With a Paper or two on Parisian Topics. By Olive Logan. New York : G. W. Carleton. 12mo. pp. 240.

Roland Yorke : A Sequel to "The Channings." By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 278.

In Silk Attire : A Novel. By William Black, author of "Love and Marriage." New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 126.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 464.

Sleep and its Derangements. By William A. Hammond, M. D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 318.

Dream Numbers : A Domestic Novel. By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 399.

Ruby Gray's Strategy. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 393.

The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 364.

Found Dead. By the author of "A Beggar on Horseback," etc. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 110.

Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 452.

One Poor Girl : The Story of Thousands. By Wirt Sikes. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 255.

